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THE *Atlantic*

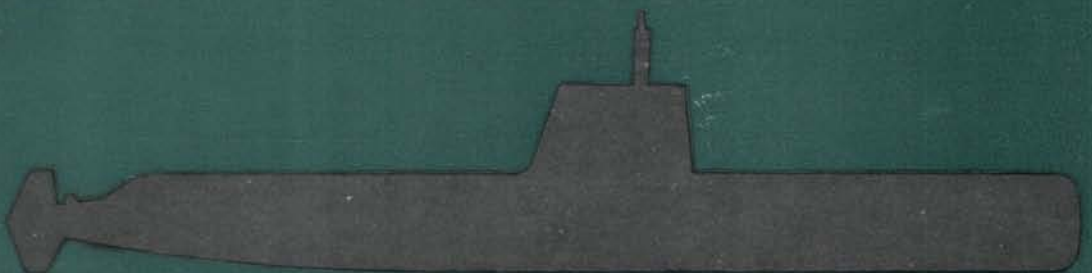
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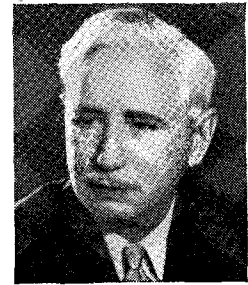
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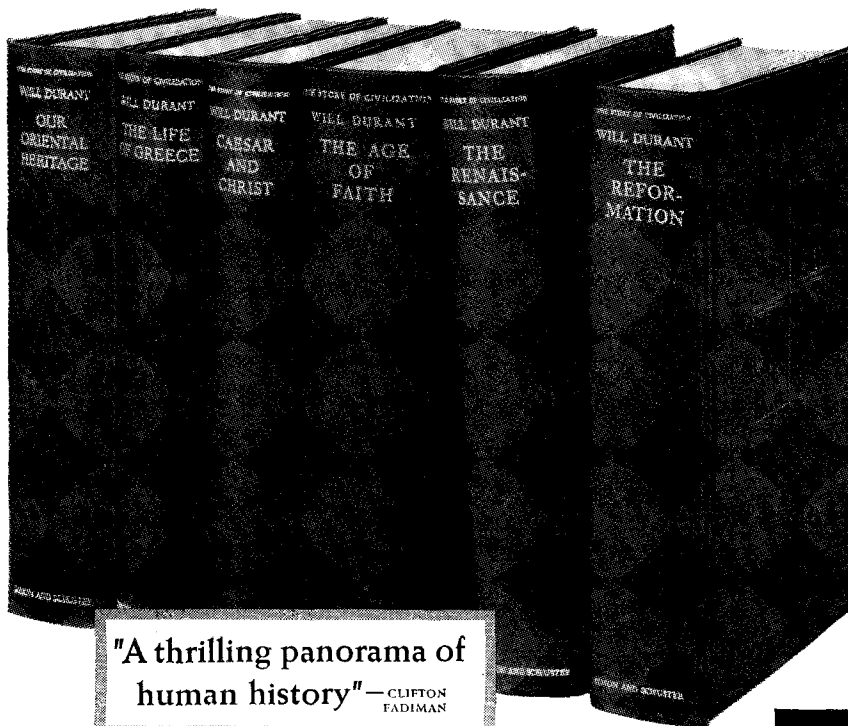
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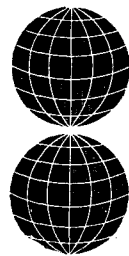
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The Atlantic Report



on the World Today

LONDON

LONDON is a city still armed with a fine civil assurance. Even today you may sometimes see a bank messenger, conspicuously uniformed, probably wearing a topper, striding alone along the sidewalk carrying in one hand a small Gladstone bag full of money. One recent Thursday morning at 11:15 A.M. a messenger and a clerk went out of the Midland Bank, Commercial Street, Stepney, with \$45,000 in two such bags strapped to their wrists. Outside they hailed the first cab to come along, got in, and quietly told the driver where they wanted to go.

They were driven instead around the block into the yard of an unused market that was once Stepney's Jewish Free School. There four masked bandits attacked them, cut the straps, took the bags, and locked the messengers in a closet in a derelict office. It was later said that the taxi, which had been stolen four days previously, had been waiting twenty yards from the bank's doors for ten minutes before the messengers appeared.

The event caused an uproar. By an ironic coincidence in their timing, the bandits had chosen for their crime the very morning that the annual criminal statistics were published. The impact of the figures stunned the British. Crimes of violence are four times more prevalent now in Britain than in the poorer but more peaceful years between the two world wars. R. A. Butler, home secretary, told the House of Commons, "This is no sudden crisis, but a deep disorder in society." It is not the amount of crime that most alarms the British. What hurts is that the growth of crime has disturbed the roots of understanding.

Crime in prosperity

The British have always considered the two main causes of crime to be poverty and slums. But crime has increased almost in proportion to the

rate at which those two evils have been successfully combated. During a decade of full employment boys and girls straight out of school have been able to command immediate jobs at high wages. Yet in 1956 juvenile crime reached a new high. And in 1957 the number of boys under seventeen convicted of indictable offenses topped the 1956 record by 20 per cent; the number aged seventeen to twenty-one who were convicted of indictable offenses increased by 26 per cent.

Are there too few police? Britain has never had more policemen than it has today. Spectacular developments have been made in radio communications and mobility. Yet in 1957 robbery was up 28 per cent, burglary 25 per cent. There were more than ten thousand cases of "violence against the person." Provisional figures for 1958 show a further increase of 15 per cent.

Why? The question harasses the experts. Is this just the criminal aspect of a pattern of violence spreading throughout society: angry young men, sadism in the theater, gunplay on television, horror at the movies, new brutalism in architecture, Cyprus? Is it perhaps a reaction by British society in particular to the loss, internationally, of power and possessions? Or is the flaw in the British home?

Nobody knows. The most urgent aim of the government is to find some of the answers. Butler himself has organized a new research unit for the Home Office. Cambridge University is about to open a new institute of criminology. At Scotland Yard the new chief commissioner, Joseph Simpson, a career policeman, has taken over the formation of an expert committee representing all sections of the metropolitan police constantly to study and analyze the capital's crime sheet. More material for study is being asked from the United States.

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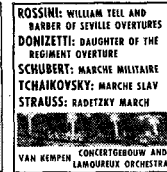
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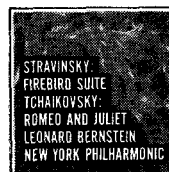
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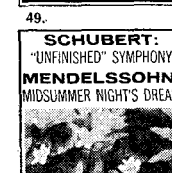
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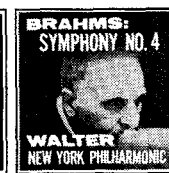
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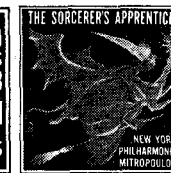
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61. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.

K-38

Report on London



An inquiry is also being conducted for Butler by Justice Streatfeild to investigate the best methods of providing the courts with information so that in future the punishment may suit the prisoner and not only the crime. The accent where possible is to be placed on the individual, particularly in the case of correction. Application of this good intent is hampered by lack of buildings — even convicts must await accommodations — and a big new building program is now being planned. But no direct measures to deal with the crisis itself were immediately announced. “I refuse to operate on insufficient information,” Butler said. “We must enlist the cooperation of the House [of Commons], the country, the family, the churches, and the schools.”

Race riots

Another aspect of violence has simultaneously shaken some of Britain's other beliefs about itself. This has been the racial trouble, such as flared briefly in Nottingham and Notting Hill (places, incidentally, a hundred miles apart). Victims of these riots have mainly been colored West Indians, nearly two hundred thousand of whom have come to Britain looking for work. With many thousands of them unable to find jobs, and with work denied to half a million native Britons, pressure has been mounting to restrict immigration.

The only immediate measures to be taken have been, first, on the part of the judiciary, heavy prison sentences for youths stirring up race trouble, and secondly, on the part of the executive, steps to acquire the power to exclude immigrants with criminal records.

For centuries the British government has had almost no power to keep out any citizen of the Empire (now the Commonwealth) if he or she held a valid passport. Absolute freedom of entry into the mother country, without discrimination, was established under the law by the Calvin case in 1609, when Lord Chief Justice Ellesmere ruled: “He that is born an entire and perfect subject ought, by reason and law, to have all the privileges and benefits pertaining to his birthright in all the King's dominions.”

These days the dominions are independent. Nevertheless their citizens still have all the free-

doms, privileges, and benefits pertaining to their birthright, at least in the Queen's own United Kingdom. To deal with the West Indian immigration problem through discriminatory legislation would be to flout the law, tradition, and liberal opinion. To control immigration from every Commonwealth country would seriously weaken the concept of the Commonwealth.

Competition from the Commonwealth

The infrequent bursts of racial violence are evidence that a considerable crisis already threatens the Commonwealth. The crisis is fundamental. Great Britain and the Commonwealth are for the present going different ways. Not all the aid and investment yet imagined has been sufficient to bridge the widening gap between them.

The extent of this aid should not be underestimated. Britain has done well by its former empire. In the past five years British aid to Commonwealth countries has exceeded \$3 billion. Of the new capital invested since 1947, some 15 per cent has come from the United States, 10 per cent from the International Bank, and 70 per cent from Britain.

But outside of Canada and Australasia, this great area — which produces more than half the world's precious metals, one third of its precious stones, half its wool, and more than a quarter of its rice, wheat, and sugar — is poor. It must have industries. It needs 650 million jobs; they are the precious metals of today. And industries mean competition. The full weight of this low-wage competition is likely to fall on Britain because, under the system of Commonwealth preferences, the entry of goods is restricted almost as little as the entry of people.

What this means can be seen most clearly, and poignantly, in Lancashire. In face of unrestricted imports of cheap cloth from India, Pakistan, and Hong Kong, cotton mills have been closing every week in Lancashire — ninety during 1955, ninety-six in 1956, sixty in 1957, and five or six every month during 1958. Whole towns are now temporarily on the dole.

India and Pakistan are voluntarily restricting their exports of cloth to Britain for the present. Nothing can be done about Hong Kong; it is a crown colony, and as such it is a part of Britain. “How are the people of Hong Kong to increase their standard of living except by exporting more?” Reginald Maudling, Macmillan's brightest young man, asked in a statesmanlike rebuttal of strong parliamentary demands for protection for cotton. The question has not been answered. And the silence hangs over Lancashire like a life sentence which may or may not be commuted through new jobs in engineering for the young.

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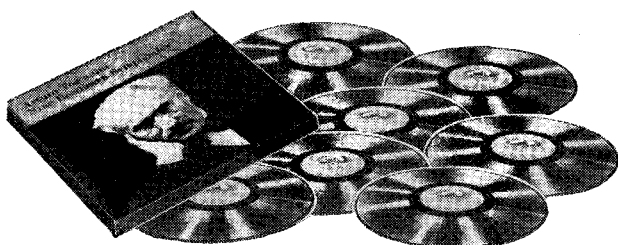
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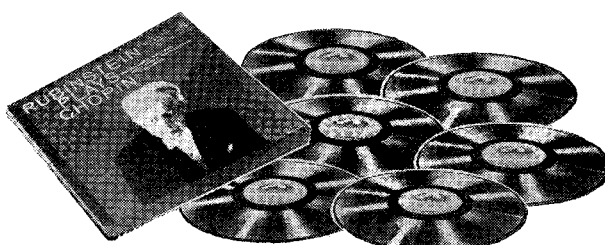
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Report on London



That is only part of the story. Another aspect can be seen in the Middle East, the center of Britain's oil wealth, where in Kuwait, Aden, and the coastal sheikdoms the tide of nationalism floods in to cover all Arabia and threatens the last direct links with Whitehall and the bank in Threadneedle Street.

The paradox of prosperity

Britain's recent months of price stability and, in part, its present prosperity have depended on "the favorable terms of trade." This today could seem almost a euphemism for the impoverishment of the Commonwealth.

The key factor in stability has been the reduction of 10 per cent in the prices of Britain's imports of food and raw materials — which happen still to be the Commonwealth's chief wealth. At home, Britain's own

costs of production have risen 5 per cent. The incomes of Britons have risen 5 per cent also. Meanwhile British output has fallen 2 per cent. Without the Commonwealth's contribution in lower prices, a sharp continued inflation in Britain would obviously have been inevitable.

As things are, Britain has a tremendous surplus of trade, the greatest it has had in a century. The pound is strong. Gold and dollar reserves have grown continuously for fourteen months. Has this been made possible simply by a totally new type of exploitation?

One cannot deny some credit, of course, to strong financial discipline imposed here a year ago. But however the credit, or blame, is apportioned, the fact is that a unique situation has arisen. A chance has come to grapple with the recurring paradox of prosperity: when the nation is rich, the people feel poor.

Total output in Britain has been static or falling for three years. Unemployment has doubled in a year. Production must be increased. To

force production to rise, a great increase in demand is necessary.

In view of the tremendous surplus of trade — a billion dollars — and the overall price of stability, made possible by cheap imports, Chancellor of the Exchequer Heathcoat Amory believes he can with fair safety now stimulate demand by the cheaper money, easier credit, and lower taxes that in the past have always immediately caused a crisis in the balance of payments.

It is hard to imagine a more popular program for a chancellor of the exchequer. But the situation that makes it possible may not last for many months. The increased demand Amory is generating, the increased international aid promised underdeveloped countries, and still higher British wages — all are likely sooner or later to push the price level up once more. On the judgment of Tory experts as to how long the unique current circumstances will continue depends the date of the next general election.

Bait for the voters

The fact that the Queen's speech at the opening of the new session of Parliament contained a relatively small program of bills leads many observers to expect that date to be early. But it may be that the Tories will wait until unemployment falls. Then their cup of success would appear to be running over.

The Tory political line seems already succulently baited. More money for farmers; higher state pensions; grants to make possible no-deposit house purchase; heavier investment in schools, roads, railroads, and power. These promises seem today as much necessities as virtues.

Amory already has been able to cut interest rates almost in half. He has completely removed the onerous curbs on installment buying. It had to happen. In fact even before the chancellor took action the big banks had done so on their own initiative. One bank started it; now they all offer no-security overdrafts and loans up to £500 at low interest for the purchase of such durables as cars and modern kitchens. The bank that started it, the first to offer this kind of easy money, was, curiously enough, the Midland Bank.

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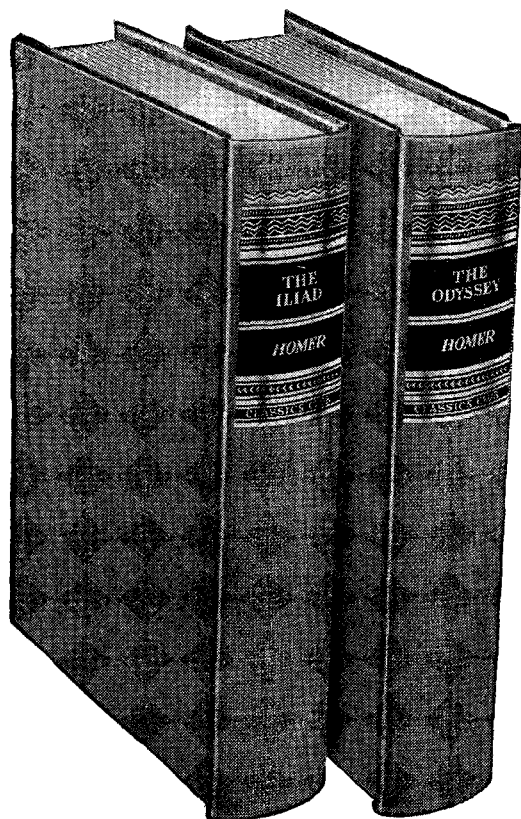
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WITH all its faults, the American voting system has one great virtue lacking in the totalitarian nations: it measures and discloses the changing moods and desires of the people of the United States. The measure is not perfect — too many fail to vote or are prevented from voting, and some votes are registered disproportionately. Often the issues are befogged by political maneuvering, or they are oversimplified or deliberately distorted for partisan gain. American elections have made possible peaceful change within the nation, with the single tragic exception of the leadership failure which led to the Civil War.

The 86th Congress, now about to meet, reflects a major shift in the voters' opinions. President Eisenhower said, the day after the Republican debacle, that he had tried to keep the nation sound financially and to work for peace, and "if they [the voters] want me to do anything else, I don't know exactly what it is." But somehow the voters knew they wanted something they were not getting from the Eisenhower Administration. And they showed it at the polls.

On domestic issues the voters wanted the center of gravity in Washington to move several degrees to the Left. Regarding foreign policy, the voters showed an uneasiness over Dulles' brinkmanship and the declining world position of the United States vis-à-vis the Communist bloc. At least, these are the judgments of most Washington political observers after having reflected on the election returns.

Such judgments raise many questions. What can the new Congress do about these signs and portents from the voters? Especially, what can the overwhelmingly Democratic Congress do in the foreign policy field while Eisenhower and Dulles remain in control of the Administration two more years; and what can the Congress do in the domestic field when even the influx of liberal Democrats hardly more than brings a balance between the Northern and Western liberals (mostly Democrats but with a number of Republicans included) and the conservative coalition

of Southern Democrats and old-guard GOP members? Finally, what do the election returns mean for the future of the Republican Party? And how will they affect the 1960 presidential election?

What will Congress do?

The immediate reaction of the stock market was the same as Eisenhower's: the "spenders" had won, and more money would pour forth from the federal Treasury. In a sense, this is correct. There will be a new measure to replace the depressed-areas aid bill vetoed last summer by the President. There will be efforts to make federal supplemental unemployment a permanent policy and to force higher state standards. There will be more money pumped into urban renewal, redevelopment, and slum clearance, and there will be further efforts to increase expenditures for public housing.

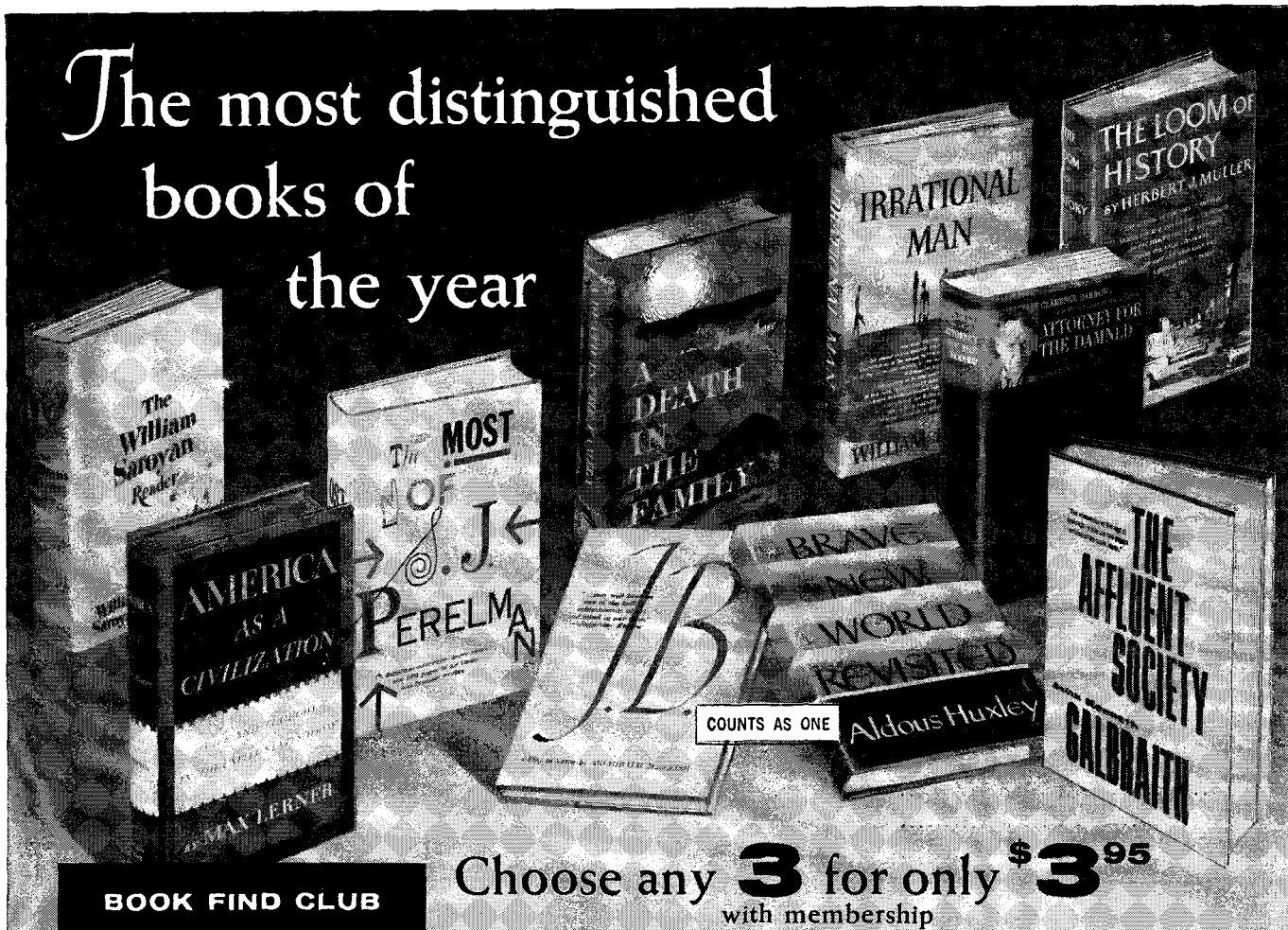
There will be labor's almost instantaneous demand for raising the minimum wage from \$1 to \$1.25 an hour. There will finally emerge a new labor bill, aimed at the labor racketeers, but not before a major squabble takes place over altering the Taft-Hartley Act, especially the section permitting states to enact right-to-work laws.

But the Congress will not run hog wild. The new men are not the Northern and Western "radicals" the President, Vice President Nixon, and GOP Chairman Meade Alcorn tried to frighten the voters into thinking they were. The best measure of this fact is that the extremist in the Democratic camp, Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, won this time by a reduced margin.

Filibuster control in the Senate

The first issue between the liberal and conservative Democratic wings in both Senate and House will be one of procedure. In the Senate, the issue will be liberalization of the filibuster rule which now requires an impossible two thirds of all the senators — not just those present and voting — to limit debate.

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Atlantic Nonfiction Award

The \$5,000 Atlantic Nonfiction Prize has been awarded to George Paloczi-Horvath for his autobiography **THE UNDEFEATED**.

This is the personal history of a Hungarian writer who embraced Communism but found it wanting. George Paloczi-Horvath revolted against the old order in his native Hungary, went abroad and served with the English during the war. In 1946 he returned to Budapest as a fellow traveller, became the managing editor of a political weekly, and joined the Communist Party. After two years he suddenly found himself in jail, charged with being a British spy. Here is the prison inferno to the last detail. Here are the forged confessions, the cynical torture of the innocent, the trumped-up charges against intellectuals, soldiers, workers and serfs — the most degrading example of dog eat dog that has ever been so starkly revealed to the Western world. The prisoners, despite the cruelty, kept each other alive and sane with compassion and with an ingenious underground of their own. George Paloczi-Horvath, revolted by what he saw of corruption, withdrew from the party when he was liberated in 1955. He took a leading part in the Hungarian Revolution and finally escaped with his wife and their one-year-old son through the marshes to the Austrian border and the free world.

The book is scheduled for publication under the Atlantic Monthly Press-Little, Brown imprint for mid-summer — early autumn 1959.

Report on Washington



That this rule was going to be changed was a foregone conclusion even before the election; the Southerners knew it and were ready to fall back to a well-prepared position, accepting two thirds of those present and voting. The thirteen-seat Democratic gain (not counting the Alaska results) imperils this Southern solution. The Democratic liberals, both out of their own conviction and because of their estimate that Nixon, if he is the GOP nominee in 1960, will make civil rights the chief issue, are talking of changing the filibuster rule so that a constitutional majority, one more than half the total membership (fifty votes, now that Alaska has two senators), can cut off debate after an appropriate period — say, two weeks.

The outcome is still cloudy, because involved in the attack on the current rule is the issue of whether or not the Senate is a continuing body inasmuch as only one third of its membership is elected in any one year. Here the Southerners have a powerful ally in Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. He has urged a change to the two thirds present-and-voting plan, but he is traditionalist enough to resist any change in the concept of a continuing body.

The House Rules Committee

In the House, where minorities are swept to one side by debate limitation and the power of the Speaker, the focus of liberal discontent is once again the House Rules Committee. Here a conservative coalition has hamstrung legislation, because the Rules Committee must clear all bills before they can reach the floor for a vote.

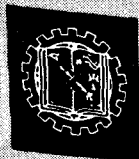
The Rules Committee in the past has often served as a useful restraint. On occasion, congressmen have bowed to public pressure and have voted for measures in committee despite their own misgivings, secure in the knowledge that Rules would pigeonhole the measure. But the pigeonhole has become all-embracing of late. Some change thus is indicated early in the new Congress.

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Hardly had the votes been counted when schemes to effect that change began to emerge. Among these were plans to enlarge the Democratic membership by adding liberals and a return to the twenty-one-day rule, in use in the past when liberals were powerful, under which a bill can be brought to a floor vote after three weeks despite a negative Rules Committee vote. Some change is coming here, as in the Senate filibuster rule.

But neither house will alter the seniority system under which those from the "safe" states and districts work their way to the powerful committee chairmanships and stay there, regardless of the changing moods and desires of the nation. Southern Democrats, mostly conservatives in economic matters, will continue to hold the bulk of the chairmanships. But the addition of thirteen new senators and forty-eight new representatives, largely liberal Democrats,

will mean new pressures on the committee chairmen which they can resist less easily than in the previous, narrowly divided Congress, where they had conservative GOP support on most committees. This seniority system has long been under attack. But it has prevailed because it has proved to be flexible enough, in the main, to give way to majority pressures.

The pressure of events

In both domestic policy and foreign affairs, the controlling factors are to be found in the course of events: what happens to the economy at home, what happens around the globe. There is certainly no reason to doubt that events abroad, looked at in terms of the interests of the United States and of the free world, are going to get worse before they get better. The Communist bloc is gaining in the economic race. Politically, instability is the word for the Middle East, for most of Asia, and increasingly so for both Africa and Latin America. Eruptions hither and yon are a certainty.

Secretary Dulles has no idea of resigning. He will make more of a

show of cooperation with the Democratic congressional leadership. But he is largely incapable of true cooperation, being the kind of foreign policy-in-the-hat operator that he is. And true cooperation is largely fiction anyway, since the Constitution assigns responsibility for setting foreign policy to the executive branch. The result more likely will be increasing congressional harassment of Dulles and less sparing of the President now that he is in the final two years of his lame-duck Administration.

The foreign policy prospect is, in fact, appalling. The President, with a \$12 billion deficit on hand for the current fiscal year, is trying to trim the new budget. This will mean all sorts of battles with Congress on domestic programs, but the big money cuts are possible only in the foreign defense field. Here the rising chorus of criticisms over defense policies will mean continual fighting with a Congress which will be in a mood to spend more.

In the foreign economic field the President's budget will please hardly anyone. To those who see the critical danger in Communist economic warfare of all sorts—and this includes many within the Administration itself—the Eisenhower proposals will seem tragically short of the needs. Yet the conservative Republicans and increasingly economic isolationist Southern Democrats will combine, especially in the House, once again to pare even the Eisenhower requests. Here, also, the outcome in Congress will depend to a large extent on the course of world developments.

The future of the GOP

If there is any one measure of agreement among Washington observers, it is that one of the great failures of the Eisenhower Administration has been the President's failure to reshape his own party. "Modern Republicanism," said conservative GOP Senator Styles Bridges, "will fade away." Premature obituaries have too often been written for both the major parties. It would be foolish to write one for the GOP today. But the party's problem is worth examination.

The fact is that the Democrats last November piled up a large majority

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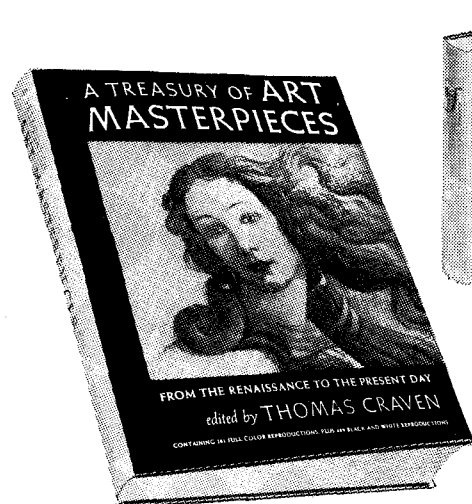
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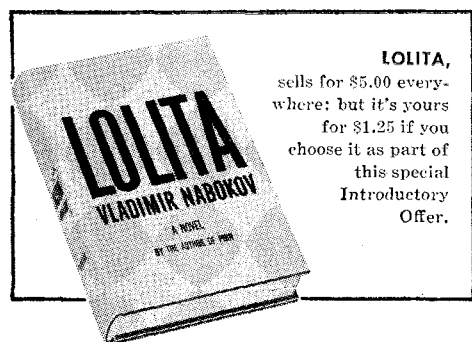
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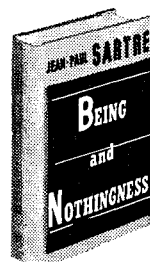


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A TIP ON TIPS

Back in the days of vaudeville, comedians used to say, "So you went to college. OK—say a big word for me."

There's a variation on this hoary joke that we hear in our business all the time, and it goes like this: "So you're in Wall Street. What's hot in the market?" Unfortunately, more often than not the question is asked in dead earnest.

Well, as far as we're concerned, tips are a dime a dozen—and that's just about what they're worth. After all, it stands to reason that in those rare cases when a man does have genuine "inside" information about the affairs of some company—information on which money can be made—he will keep it pretty much to himself. He knows that the more people have the information, the less valuable it is likely to be.

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Report on Washington



not only in Congress. They also increased their governorships to thirty-five, including Alaska, and they took over control of both houses of twelve state legislatures not held before. Included in this last group were the legislatures of California, Massachusetts, and Ohio.

These legislature changes within the states constitute the real measures of Democratic strength across the nation. For the state legislatures are usually rurally dominated and so gerrymandered as to all but preclude liberal control. In many ways, they have been the last fortress of conservative Republicanism.

What has happened? The only answer would appear to be that the voters want government, state as well as national, to do a lot more for them than it has been doing—and that their general impression is that the Republicans are the stand-patters and the Democrats the party of action. So the people voted Democratic. Local issues include the whole range of public functions: schools, roads, public health and welfare, unemployment aid, housing.

The Republicans in many places seemed to be running against Walter Reuther. Indeed, in perhaps half the states GOP candidates tried to make him an issue as a symbol of evil, grasping labor dictatorship, of increased government often labeled socialism. The voters' response was more sophisticated.

The Republican politicians seemed to know less about the changing nature of the United States than did the voters. The President likes to keep his speeches up to date with the latest estimate of total population. But he and his associates seem not to realize the meaning of those figures. The voters, en masse, may not have either an economist's or a sociologist's view, but the election returns showed that they felt they knew something of the problems resulting from an expansive America and wanted something more done about them.

In *The Affluent Society* John Kenneth Galbraith attacks what he calls "the conventional wisdom" in the field of economics. The election returns were an attack on the conventional wisdom espoused by the Republican Party, a belief that government per se tends to be bad and that private enterprise per se is superior, and therefore that the public ought to beware of "Left-wing radicals" and "socialism." Perhaps the first job of the Republican Party's self-criticism session should be to examine the changing nature of the United States itself. Political parties die when they fall behind the times.

The great schism in the Democratic Party over civil rights, specifically over public school desegregation, is enough to keep the GOP going for some time. While many in Washington are convinced that there will be a third party in the South in 1960, they do not believe that the Northern-Western Democrats will wholly break with the South. Certainly, Lyndon Johnson's whole effort in the next two years will be to build a Democratic congressional record designed to avoid such a breach.

Looking toward 1960

The 1960 election may revolve on points still obscure today. Will the segregationists so harden the issue that no progress is possible, by tactics such as the write-in vote which defeated moderate Representative Brooks Hays of Little Rock? Or will Virginia give way to local option within the state, thus pointing an honorable way toward gradual compliance with the Supreme Court's mandate?

The Democrats have a multiplicity of presidential candidates but no outstanding, obvious leader. The Republicans now have two candidates, Nixon and New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Nixon's tactic will be to move to the liberal side of the GOP. His instant reaction to the emergence of Rockefeller was to discount the idea that he would play Taft to Rockefeller's Eisenhower in 1960. Nixon's position was: I am an internationalist, not an isolationist as was Taft, and I supported Rockefeller within the Administration when he was an Eisenhower assistant—so what have we to fight about?



Honeymooners at El Rancho—less than an hour's drive from San Juan. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

Honeymoon in Puerto Rico

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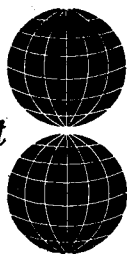
Sit out a dance on the patio. It's hard to believe that those lights in the valley are the boulevards of San Juan. And it's even more incredible to think that a plane can whisk you to New York between midnight and breakfast.

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The Atlantic Report BONN



THE Khrushchev statement on Berlin of November 10 came to the West Germans with the bleak suddenness of the first black frost of winter. The Soviet plan to hand over to the East Germans Berlin and its communications with the West was less a physical threat to the city than a clear pointer to possibilities of pressure which the East Germans may apply in the future.

A slow political squeeze in Berlin, West Germans knew, could do several things. It could raise East German prestige and diminish Western prestige. It could make the Ulbricht regime in Berlin-Pankow a more necessary, even a desirable, negotiating partner. In time, it could possibly check the (for Ulbricht) frightening flow of refugees to the West. It is conceivable that eventually Eastern Germany could force acceptance of the Soviet-East German plan for a German confederation of two sovereign states. Berlin has not, this time, produced a mere political jolt; it has become a chronic pain in the neck, although it may take time for most Germans to grasp the implications.

Political events of the previous three months had suggested that the Federal Republic was going steadily along that comfortable road of little bourgeois narrow-mindedness which so many Germans have discovered and execrated in the national character of their Swiss neighbors. Adenauer's Christian Democratic Union had repeated last year's federal election victory in the Laender of North Rhine-Westphalia and Schleswig-Holstein. It was about to score another impressive success in Bavaria, and in September's annual CDU congress in Kiel there was only slightly less back-slapping than at the British Conservative Party conference at Blackpool three weeks later. The CDU guaranteed internal political stability by making rich promises of tax reductions and special credits to the middle classes and by thrusting to the fore the Bundestag speaker, dapper, bespectacled Eugen Gerstenmaier.

Gerstenmaier is a rare type of person in present-day Germany, a man with a highly developed social instinct. To him were due such slogans as

"Private property for everyone and more property for all" and resolutions that pension rates should be raised for the middle classes (he was thinking chiefly of the white-collar workers), that special credits should be given to small independent businessmen, and that turnover tax should be modified in the middle-class interest.

Gerstenmaier's part at Kiel has a special significance. The Left Wing of the CDU — which has split the trade union vote and ensured a degree of industrial peace enjoyed by no other large Western country — has had severe losses lately. Karl Arnold, peace-making prime minister of North Rhine-Westphalia (containing the Ruhr), died at fifty-seven last spring. Jakob Kaiser, trade unionist and former federal minister for all-German affairs, is bedridden after having suffered two strokes. Federal Labor Minister Theodor Blank has been casting away his last shreds of tact by bluntly refusing to consider the claims of some classes of pensioners.

A drift to the Right in the CDU, with Defense and Interior Ministers Franz-Josef Strauss and Gerhard Schroeder in the foreground, would exactly suit the Social Democrats. Men like Strauss and Schroeder might even succeed in alienating the progressively more prosperous middle classes whose votes keep the CDU in undisputed power.

Wooing the liberals

Gerstenmaier, again, is probably the main force behind the new CDU policy of wooing not only the liberals but their political leaders. The Free Democratic vote, which constituted 12 per cent of the 1949 poll, dropped to 9.5 per cent in 1953 and 7.7 per cent in 1957. The CDU is not only as voracious as a skua gull in its gobbling-up of votes; it is prepared to smother this decaying third party by kindness, taking it in as coalition partner in the Laender and quietly freezing out its "angry young men" who turned the CDU out of office in North Rhine-Westphalia two years ago and who turned down tentative CDU offers of representation in the Federal government last autumn.



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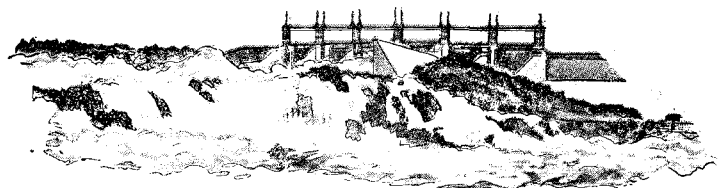
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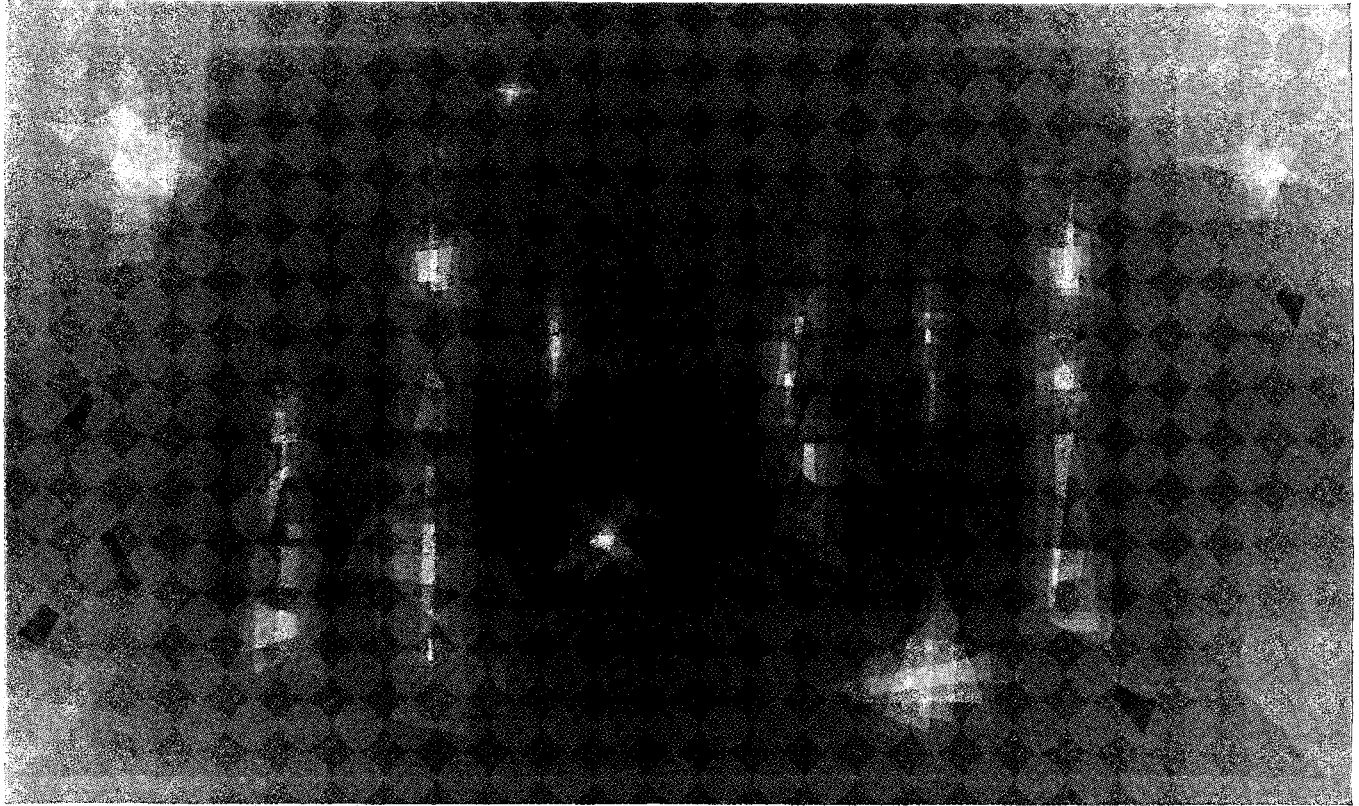
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BOEING



These angry young men have only succeeded in driving many liberals into looking for a political refuge in the CDU. They are out of favor with their own party chairman, Reinhold Maier, and he may reverse their anti-Adenauer policies during the next few months. The failure of a political middle to combine allowed the Nazis to come into power in 1933; its successful combination today is, paradoxically, making the Federal Republic look increasingly like a one-party state of a more genteel kind.

CDU dominance and consolidation is one reason for the aura of impressive smugness which emanates from the "federal village" of Bonn and pervades prosperous, materialistic Western Germany. Yet this smugness has been shaken lately by a series of totally unconnected events which has suggested that even a world of highly successful technocrats is liable to be disturbed periodically.

Scandal in the ranks

First there was the Schneider scandal. Robert Schneider, who practiced without qualifications as a doctor and obtained jobs with the help of forged certificates, became chief psychological adviser to the West German armed forces. He laid down principles for the psychological qualifications of eighty thousand officers and men. Roughly half of those serving today in the Bundeswehr have, in fact, been approved by a quack.

Defense Minister Strauss had already suffered the first installment of another setback. He told the driver of his official car to turn into the gates of Dr. Adenauer's Palast Schaumburg at one of Bonn's busiest crossroads, ignoring the signal of the policeman on duty. When the latter expostulated, Strauss filed a demand for his dismissal. Strauss and his driver had to appear in court and listen to the reprimand of a judge for a traffic offense which Strauss himself had lifted into the realms of higher politics.



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An orphan, Liang Mei lives with a widowed stepmother in a squatter's hut, 12 x 12 feet in size, in which three other families exist. This is in a section of Hong Kong where three to five people sleep to a bed, with a population of 2,000 to the acre, where 80% have TB, 95% need dental care and 75,000 children are unable to attend school. Liang Mei begs for and collects garbage ten hours a day and acts as a baby sitter for two or three extra hours after she gets to what she calls home. It is true that she is not quite as bad off as some refugee children because she gets first pick of the garbage which is really pretty much what she lives on.

But she deserves a glass slipper because she is by nature a sweet, bright and interesting child. It would not be difficult to make a fine lady out of this little garbage collector. A month in a CCF Home and she would be transformed into "a beautiful princess."

Hong Kong, a British possession adjacent to Communist China, in 1947 had a population of 1,800,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has increased the population to approximately 4,000,000. The Hong Kong Government is doing a noble work in



Liang Mei

trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers but the task is gigantic. Children like Liang Mei can be "adopted" and admitted to the nine CCF Homes in Hong Kong, which include Children's Garden, the largest cottage-plan Home in the Far East. The cost is the same in Hong Kong as in all the countries listed—\$10 a month.

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Report on Bonn



Simultaneously the Federal chancellery became involved in the Kilb scandal. Johannes Kilb, for six years an administrative official in the chancellery and known as "Adenauer's shadow," was found to have accepted two Mercedes cars from the Daimler-Benz firm. What looked suspiciously like a bribe was passed off jocularly by Dr. Adenauer with the remark that Kilb might now cease arriving late in duty cars vainly pursuing the Chancellor's own hard-driving chauffeur. The Social Democrats linked the Kilb affair with the earlier scandals of the Bundeswehr's commissariat department in Coblenz.

These blows to Bonn's complacency were supplemented by a vicious attack on the morals and manners of German big businessmen. In his Munich flat, writer Erich Kuby produced the script of the film *Das Mädchen Rosemarie*, the undisguised life story of Rosemarie Nitribitt, the most expensive post-war courtesan in Western Germany. Rosemarie plied her trade in Frankfurt, where she charged upwards of \$250 an evening for padding her adept sexual favors with a fat layer of badinage, baby talk, and "understanding."

Kuby depicted Rosemarie's clients, the twentieth-century conquistadors of industry, as gross, unattractive figures with a gift of the gab and precious little else. He showed them drifting drearly into Frankfurt's noted night spots, picking up prostitutes at street corners in their elegant Mercedes 300s, toting overfed, dowdy wives to overdone social functions. Kuby's vision of a German plutocrat's paradise without taste, tradition, wit, or moderation profoundly shocked the business world. And the murderer of Rosemarie Nitribitt, who strangled her a year ago, is still at large.

Scandals of this kind may help to stir the sluggish German moral conscience. The German political conscience is being more sharply assailed by the beginning of a series

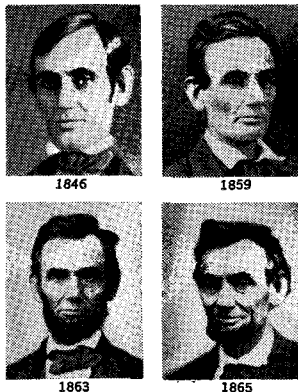
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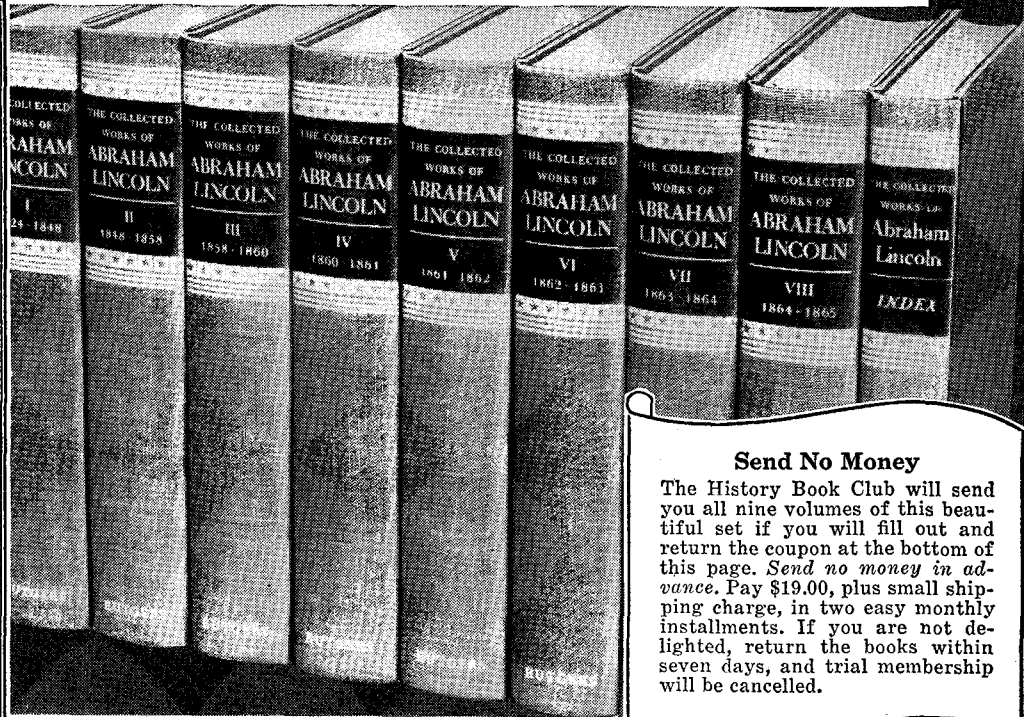
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Report on Bonn



of trials of war criminals by German courts. These trials are doing more than anything else to prevent Germans from—in President Theodor Heuss's words—"making a technique of forgetfulness."

Remembrance of things past

The judgments of Allied courts on German war criminals were conveniently assumed to be acts of revenge. But in August a Bayreuth court had to sentence Martin Sommer, a former SS guard at Buchenwald concentration camp, to life imprisonment for his shocking brutalities. In the summer, too, an Ulm court sentenced a dozen SS men for their part in the wartime mass murder of Lithuanian Jews. In October Gustav Sorge and Wilhelm Schubert were brought to trial in Bonn for the murder of eleven thousand prisoners of war and the torturing to death of hundreds of Jews.

In the same month the ministers of justice of the Laender decided to set up a central office for the coordination of measures for dealing with crimes committed under the Nazi regime. The need for such an office had been underlined when Dr. Hans Eisele, Buchenwald concentration-camp doctor who carried out medical experiments on human guinea pigs and murdered many by injecting petrol and air into their veins, fled to Egypt before he could be arrested.

There are two widely held views about these present-day trials. Many Germans feel it is high time that German courts undertook the logical legal examination of war crimes which had previously been done by the occupying powers. This examination could bring home to the unsuspecting, as well as to the deliberately unheeding, Germans something of the awful story of Nazi cruelty. In addition, former Nazis who can still poison the social atmosphere and whose ideas are especially dangerous to the younger generation could be exposed. A small cancer (one estimate is that

there are at least a hundred and fifty Nazi criminals still at large and untried) could be cut out of the vitals of the German community.

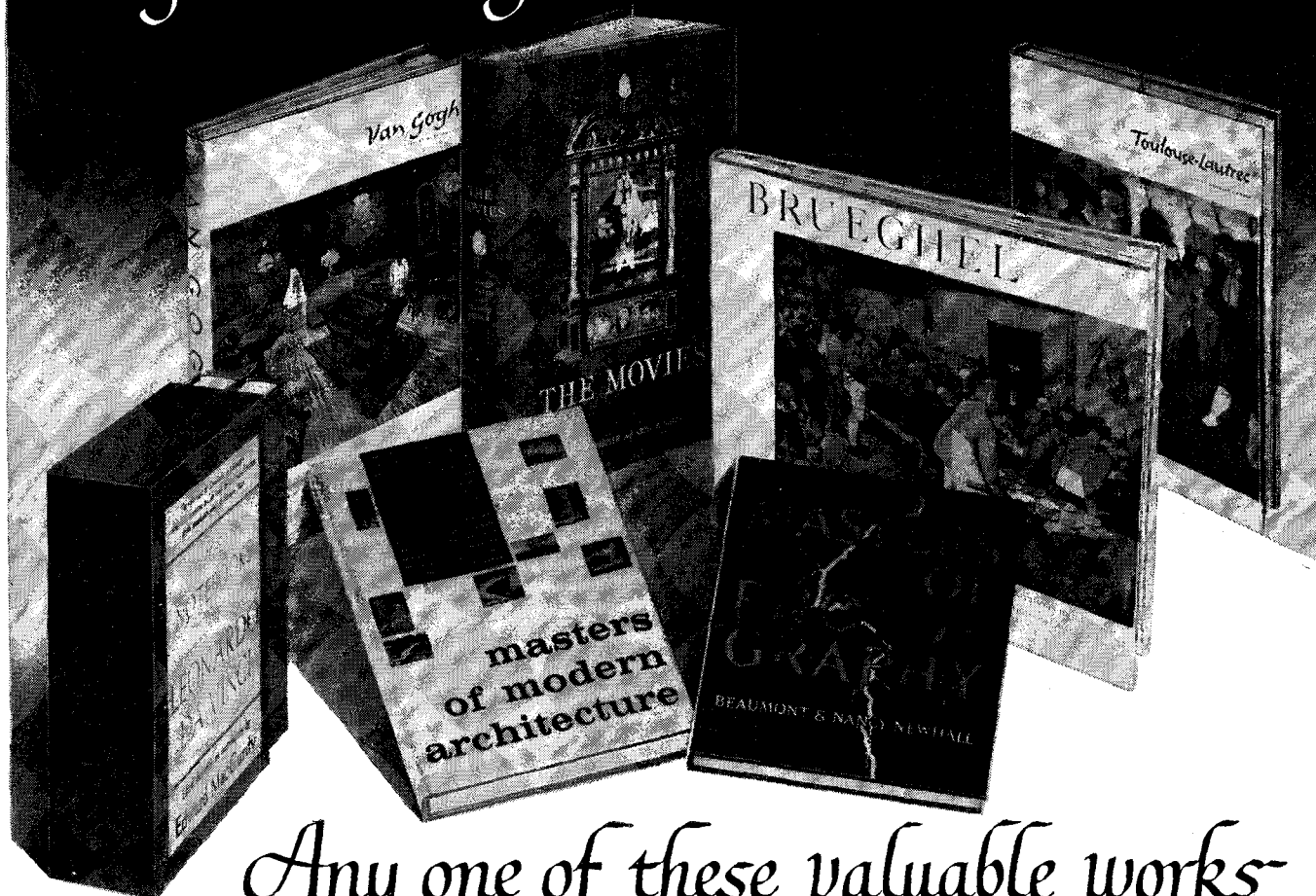
On the other hand, still more Germans want the past to remain buried. They do not condone the crimes committed by the Nazis, but they think that raking them up will bring new legacies of hatred and frustration and that democratic development in Western Germany may actually be retarded.

In view of the strength of this second group, the present series of war crime trials may be doubly salutary. German history books avoid, as far as possible, mention of the Nazi past. Schoolteachers were often Nazi Party members or at least strong nationalists. It could even cease being unfashionable to have been a member of the SS; the Christian Democrats adopted four candidates in the Bavarian election who were either members of or closely connected with the SS and only withdrew them in face of a hostile press. As long as the German future remains uncertain, the German past has to be exactly remembered.

Meanwhile the third Adenauer government goes into its second year in office, and Adenauer moves on briskly into his middle eighties. And after Adenauer? Sure of himself, spry though he is, that is the question which people are asking.

However long the Adenauer era may turn out to be, German economic expansion—a dwarf, perhaps, by American standards but a leviathan in Europe—rolls on without serious check. The Federal Republic has granted a \$75 million loan to the World Bank. Public confidence has been registered by buoyant stock markets and the doubling of the assets of mutual funds in less than a year. In September unemployment reached the all-time low of 1.7 per cent of the labor force. In October the German merchant fleet reached its pre-war tonnage of 4.1 million, and this year Western Germany will produce more than a million and a half automobiles. Germany may stay divided for generations, but in the meantime all sorts of little private dreams will come true.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The great antagonism

SIR:

I read with intense approval and even with some excitement "The Great Antagonism" by Jerome D. Frank, M.D., in the November *Atlantic*. I couldn't agree with it more strongly. The various points brought out by Dr. Frank are, almost without exception, ones which I have tried to make, over the course of the years, in my own writings but for which I could not offer the authority of any knowledge of abnormal psychology.

GEORGE F. KENNAN
*Institute for Advanced Study
Princeton, N.J.*

SIR:

I want to express my gratitude to Dr. Frank for his very fine article. Most certainly an armament race is not the traditional road to peace, nor is mutual self-destruction a happy victory.

Over and above the technology of weapons, we are faced with the age-old and now compelling need to love our neighbor. If love is too remote, Dr. Frank's analysis shows that courtesy and understanding can be used to explore a pathway to survival.

DAVID D. JACOBUS
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

It is easy to formulate a glib, monolithic interpretation of the present situation in terms of national psychopathology and to conclude that the Americans and the Russians are equally to blame for the present lack of trust between the two countries. One has the comforting feeling that one is being so much bigger

about it all, so much more understanding than most people.

But it is hard to reconcile this equal distribution of guilt with certain facts of history, such as the comparison of the records of the United States and the Soviet Union in regard to international agreements kept and agreements violated.

ROBERT W. HARRIS
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

What a relief to find someone talking sense at last! The enormous sums being spent by the major and minor powers in maintaining military establishments could go a long way toward solving the really essential human needs, removing the pressures and tensions that find their expression on the present neurotic international level of competition.

I wish this cogent and sensible article could be required reading for all statesmen and policy makers here and abroad.

ROGER KUNTZ
La Verne, Calif.

SIR:

I was very much stirred by, and should like to applaud loudly, Dr. Frank's article. I shall be surprised if no one writes to you accusing Dr. Frank of championing the cause of Communism.

I hope Dr. Frank's article is not the last to give the Russians credit for finding their goals. If we admit that the Russians are capable of getting somewhere, we can live with the fact, but we can only live with it if we fully believe in the United States.

JAMES R. MOYE
Custer, S.D.

SIR:

If "The Great Antagonism" is read by enough of the right people, and if these people forthwith govern their policies by principles in accordance with the facts in this article, Dr. Frank's contribution may prove to be the most important one the *Atlantic* has ever published! Reprints should be sent to every senator and representative in Congress, to all high officials in the administration, and to every preacher who has the courage to preach to the world that is.

F. CHAPIN BRECKENRIDGE
Chevy Chase, D.C.

Lord Rutherford

SIR:

C. P. Snow writes of Lord Rutherford, "Somewhere at the roots of that abundant and creative nature there was a painful, shrinking nerve." ("The Age of Rutherford," November *Atlantic*.)

Lord Rutherford's father was a shepherd, a widower, a Scots crofter. He lived in New Zealand in a sod hut on the boundary line between the estates of John Hall and John Cordy, my grandfather. Rutherford was a Scot among English immigrants more English than their families, who were left behind in the old country. Rutherford and his son lived on a pittance and an occasional handout from either the Halls or the Cordys.

The son was known to be brilliant even when he attended the local school, but his forebears were never forgotten, nor the land of his origin. My mother remembers going to formal balls in the neighborhood, while the boy who was to become

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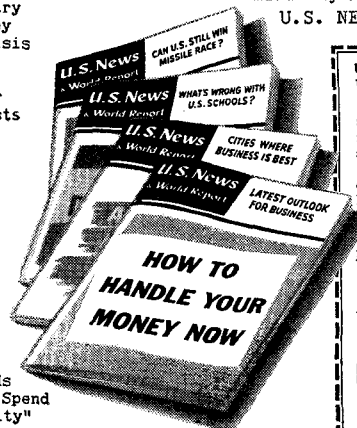
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LITTLE, BROWN

Lord Rutherford stood outside holding the horses, peering wistfully in the windows at the insufferable snobs who then, and now, consider themselves "the gentry."

When young Rutherford went to Canterbury College, by means of a scholarship, he was painfully shy among students whose parents were able to pay the tuition fees. Rutherford washed dishes in the university canteen and waited on table in the college to pay his board. Because of his uncouth accent and humble origin he remained a figure of fun as long as he stayed in New Zealand. No wonder that when success came to him he blustered a little.

LYDIA DAVIS
Elizabethtown, Ky.

Greensleeves forever

SIR:

In Emily S. Jones's article on recorders ("Greensleeves Forever," November Accent on Living) she mentions seeing an ad in which the recorder players were holding their instruments wrong. I couldn't help noticing that the illustrations accompanying Miss Jones's piece also show wrong fingering. Is it contagious?

In any event, "Greensleeves Forever" made enjoyable reading.

CAROLYN NELSON
New York, N.Y.

Folklore in Maine

SIR:

John Gould's effort entitled "Research Project" in the November Accent on Living is, despite the diverting innocence of its unintentional absurdities, a thoroughly Philistine performance. The author's misconceptions betray that he lacks the faintest understanding of the aims of folklore study, the matter which he aspires to teach "the professors" (I preserve his antic phrase in quotation marks).

While honest incomprehension is pardonable, militant ignorance and vulgarity, particularly when the writer artfully poses as one of the inscrutable natives and accompanies his exposition with yokel winks and elaborately droll airs, are offensive and become not merely sophisticated affectations of cloddishness, but cloddishness itself.

The professor at whom Mr. Gould gibes has written a number of highly perceptive and intelligent books and is by no means naïvely lusting after down-East oddities and local color.

If the professor recorded stories which all the "old coots" up and down the Maine coast know, the very prevalence of these stories is undeniable evidence that they belong to folk tradition. Mr. Gould's intimation that a strong blast of fisherman's profanity would bring protesting shrieks from one who is an unworldly academician is too arch to require comment and takes us from an atmosphere of crude buffoonery to one of primitive stereotypes, in which all professors are idiots and all sometime newspapermen are infallible sages.

BACIL F. KIRTLEY, *Co-editor*
Northeast Folklore
Orono, Me.

SIR:

"Research Project," apart from its lack of wit and its abundance of smugness, invites the reader to discredit a scholar, a most distinguished scholarly society, and its grantees. It also invites doubt about the work and merit of similar scholars and scholarly foundations.

The cartoon depicting a bespectacled, balding man of conservative dress, tape recorder in hand, as the "professor" lends support to Gould's ridicule of this individual's judgment and of his research methods, although probably neither the author nor the cartoonist is a qualified judge of genuine folklore study.

BARBARA JOAN GERKIN
South Bend, Ind.

I apologize humbly, and defer to these scholarly reprimands. I did not know that the down-East dead horse had so many, and such devoted, friends.
—JOHN GOULD

SIR:

And now Mr. Gould tilts back in his authentic Maine round-the-potbelly-stove-type chair and with homely pleasure anticipates the anguished howls of the pore professors who got took.

Mr. Gould's pseudo-folk-wise effusion is, as he probably well knows, merely a late model of the old, so very old, bit:

Jethro: What was the time you did the city feller?

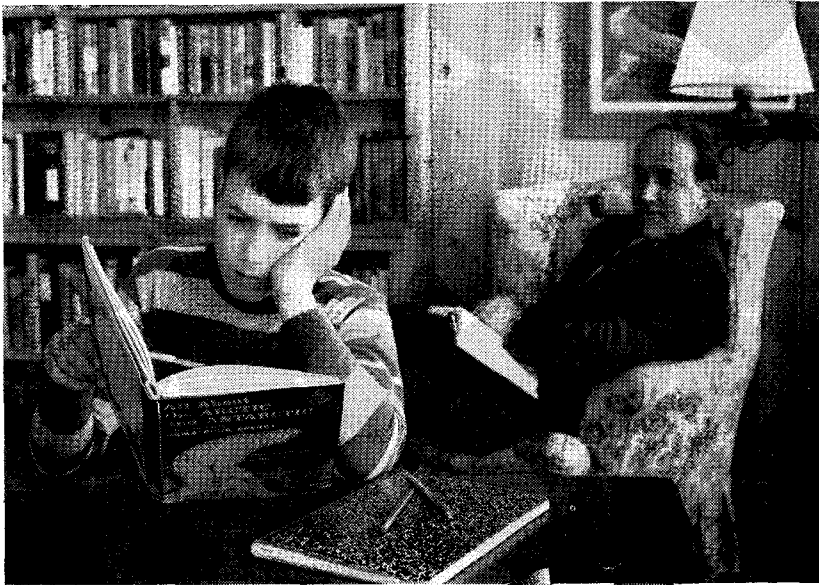
Johnny: Well, you see, this here, and I and he, then I Haw, haw!

Jethro: Yessir, that's a real knee-slapper awright!

HENRY F. BEECHHOLD
Cape Rosier, Me.

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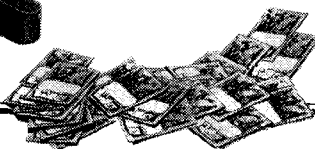
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ADMIRAL RICKOVER'S GAMBLE

The Landlocked Submarine

BY COMMANDER E. E. KINTNER, U.S.N.

An Annapolis graduate, COMMANDER E. E. KINTNER was project officer for the STR Project, responsible directly to Admiral Rickover for the two crucial years which he has described in his article. Since 1955 Commander Kintner has been nuclear power superintendent at Mare Island Naval Shipyard in California, which recently delivered the first nuclear submarine to be built on the West Coast.

THE highly dramatic and historic news that the submarine *Nautilus* had completed a passage under the roof of the world from the Pacific to the Atlantic excited the imagination of men everywhere. An equally dramatic and historic event, which proved that the *Nautilus* voyage could eventually be made, occurred five years earlier.

The Submarine Thermal Reactor plant (STR Mark I), the test version of the *Nautilus* machinery, commenced operating on May 31, 1953, in the desert of the Snake River plain, fifty-five miles west of Idaho Falls, Idaho. Its successful operation on that date, the first generation of any significant quantity of controlled atomic power, was the culmination of one of the largest, most daring, and most aggressive scientific ventures in history. No less than the polar voyage of the *Nautilus*, the design and operation of its prototype machinery required facing the hitherto unknown with physical courage, technical skill, and forceful and energetic leadership.

In 1946, one year after the unleashing of nuclear forces for destruction at Hiroshima, a Navy group, headed by then Captain, now Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover, was sent to Oak Ridge for a year's study of all available information concerning pro-

duction of useful power from the atom. The Navy students decided that the first practical application of nuclear power should be made in a United States submarine. They realized that installation of an atomic power plant would be much more difficult in a submarine than in a surface ship, but they made the decision — the first example of the daring aggressiveness of Rickover's methods — because the rewards of success would be greater in a submarine than in a surface ship. A nuclear submarine, not requiring air for combustion of fuel in its engines, would be able to divorce itself from the earth's atmosphere and thus would be a true submarine rather than a surface ship which could submerge only for short periods. It would be an "underwater satellite." To many in high places, however, the proposal sounded like a trip to the moon.

Upon his return to Washington in 1947, Rickover organized a unique joint agency with authority in both the Atomic Energy Commission and the Navy. Drawing on both AEC and Navy engineering experience and funds, this Naval Reactors Branch during the next three years organized and directed a huge research and development effort. Westinghouse Electric Corporation

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was given a contract to design and build the nuclear reactor and power plant. The Electric Boat Company of Groton, Connecticut, which had long experience in the design and construction of submarines, was chosen as a subcontractor to Westinghouse, responsible for ensuring that the reactor plant was adapted to the rigid requirements of service in a submarine.

Because so many unknowns could be solved only in theory prior to the operation of a complete atomic power system, it was decided early that a full-scale land-based model should be built at the National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho. This prototype was named STR Mark I. The propulsion plant which followed in the *Nautilus* would be STR Mark II.

IN THE early stages of design, the problems of obtaining some small amount of power from uranium fission seemed so overwhelming that it was planned to build Mark I as a "breadboard" arrangement, with machinery and piping systems spread out over a large floor area to allow easy access for installation, test, modification, or replacement. Rickover opposed this plan. He felt that years would be lost by breadboarding, since it required an additional stage in the development — the redesign of an operating breadboard model into a submarine hull. After several bitterly argued discussions within the project, Rickover made the decision to build Mark I as a land-based submarine to all the Naval specifications later to be required of Mark II. Here was the second example of courageous leadership which contributed directly to the *Nautilus* success.

And so Mark I, although located almost as far from sea water as possible in the North American continent, was a true seagoing power plant — no shore-based engineering short cuts were allowed in its construction. As the Naval Reactors Branch engineers put it, "Mark I equals Mark II." This meant that while they were designing the world's first nuclear power plant, they also would have to meet the special problems of seagoing submarines. Some of these were:

1. At operating depths, a submarine experiences hundreds of pounds of sea pressure on each square inch of its surface — hundreds of thousands of tons on the entire vessel. This pressure must be resisted by the hull and by every piece of machinery within the hull which is in contact with sea water. Mark I and all its components could withstand very high sea pressures.

2. A submarine and its machinery must be able to continue operation after enemy depth charges have exploded just outside the hull. Mark

I was built to the high mechanical shock standards which resulted from the Navy's World War II experiences. Some of its important units were shock tested to destruction in an actual submarine submerged in Chesapeake Bay, and then redesigned to strengthen the failures.

3. The *Nautilus* would need to take air into her hull while submerged to refresh the atmosphere after long cruises under water and to provide oxygen to her stand-by diesel engines if her reactor failed in enemy waters. Pressure variations due to this "snorkeling" might disturb sensitive instrumentation systems. Mark I could snorkel.

4. When a submarine is submerged, the sea surrounding it tends to reflect dangerous atomic radiation back into spaces occupied by the crew. Mark I was placed in a large tank of water to test the atomic radiation problems of a submerged sub.

In short, Mark I was built to reproduce the conditions of an actual submarine power plant in every respect save one: it could not be tested in the motion of the open sea. The ability to withstand such motion was designed into the Mark I systems and components, however, and these items were individually tested for thousands of hours ashore under the conditions of ship motion experienced at sea.

As time went on and as the problems of reactor plant design became more forbidding, it became increasingly difficult for Rickover to hold the designers rigidly to the concept that the submarine problems must be faced simultaneously with the reactor problems. There were bitter technical debates between Rickover and his engineers, already hard-pressed by a tight schedule and almost insurmountable difficulties of simply obtaining atomic power for the first time and hoping to postpone the submarine problems until the Mark II design stage. An example was the discussion as to whether air conditioning should be provided in Mark I.

Surface ships ventilate heat out of boiler and engine rooms by blowing large quantities of air through them. The *Nautilus*, as the first vessel to be driven submerged by steam propulsion, could not be ventilated — at least not while she was submerged. All the heat escaping from her machinery would have to be pumped overboard by large air conditioning sets. This problem did not have to be settled for Mark I, which could have been adequately ventilated with cool Idaho air. But the Captain insisted that Mark I be air conditioned, and in a typical example of his uncanny engineering insight, he ordered three times as much air conditioning capacity as was required. "In 1917 the British built two submarines which used steam for surface operations," he said, "and

they were failures because they became too hot when they submerged. The *Nautilus* will not be a failure for such a reason." Operating experience has proved that the *Nautilus* would have been unsuccessful without the extra air conditioning.

Despite resistance, the concept that "Mark I equals Mark II" was maintained, and the problems of nuclear power and submarines were solved together for Mark I. When Mark II was designed for the *Nautilus* as an outgrowth of Mark I, none of the fundamental submarine problems remained; the entire effort could be applied to translating Mark I experience into an improved, simplified, more reliable propulsion plant for the *Nautilus*. Now Captain Rickover said, "But Mark II does *not* equal Mark I. It must be better in every practicable way."

As OPERATION of Mark I was about to begin in late 1952, there remained many unanswered questions, and there was not always assurance that satisfactory solutions would ever be found. Even Rickover, returning from a visit to Mark I at this time, said, "If the *Nautilus* makes two knots on nuclear propulsion she will be a success."

The most serious question lay in the area of safety. A power reactor is a tremendously concentrated source of energy. No reactor had generated enough power to propel a ship. Although scientists believed that the power of the STR could be safely controlled, this belief had to be demonstrated beyond doubt before there could be a practical application in a submarine. The controllability of STR could not be known with certainty until it had safely generated power, and that might be too late.

It was concluded that for reasons of personal safety the start-up should be made by television from a point a mile away, but there proved to be so many difficulties in doing this that the scheme was dropped. Instead, a highly sensitive system of eighty different control circuits was designed to anticipate any dangerous instability of the reactor and within a fraction of a second initiate an emergency shutdown, or in the jargon of the nuclear engineer, "scram" the reactor.

Because of high radiation levels associated with their operation, previous reactors had been encased in thick, heavy concrete blockhouses to protect operating personnel from dangers of irradiation by gamma rays and neutrons generated in the reactor core. Such cumbersome shielding could not be floated in a submarine of practical size. Mark I was provided with the first mobile radiation shield, lighter and smaller than any previously employed. Because it had to be so

compact and light, its ability to reduce radiation to safe levels was in serious doubt.

A submarine must be in exactly neutral weight equilibrium while submerged. The *Nautilus*, to save valuable time, was already well along in her construction period. If the STR radiation shielding calculations were too low, additional weight would have been necessary and the *Nautilus* would not have been capable of diving safely.

Another fundamental question of feasibility involved safe transfer of heat from the reactor core. The reactor plant must remove heat from the fuel elements where it is generated and carry it outside where it can be converted into useful power. Until this heat transfer had actually been demonstrated in the prototype, there was considerable doubt as to whether the STR would keep sufficiently cool, or whether, on the contrary, its fuel elements would overheat and destroy themselves, spewing enormous quantities of radioactivity throughout the plant. The higher the power level the more dangerous the heat transfer situation would become.

The "crud problem" aggravated the doubts of STR heat transfer capabilities. Only a few months before operation was to begin, a sample fuel element was removed from an experimental exposure of several months under irradiation in the Canadian reactor at Chalk River, Ontario. When it was examined, it was found to be covered with "crud" (Chalk River Unidentified Deposit), an impolite word applied to rust deposited on the fuel elements in the high radiation zones which exist in the heart of a reactor. The Chalk River results seemed to indicate that the STR reactor core, already a questionable heat transfer quantity, might clog up entirely and overheat like the radiator of the family automobile.

All the moving parts in the STR reactor plant were lubricated by hot, radioactive water instead of by oil. This, too, was something new. Much testing had been devoted to choosing moving parts which could operate dependably in hot water, but it was uncertain whether the many valves, pumps, and control rod mechanisms would continue to operate for long periods in their unusual lubricating medium.

Finally, there was the important question of core life. One argument for the *Nautilus* STR plant was that it would have a very long submerged range. If its power life was days or weeks, it would be acceptable for combat use. If it would provide continuous power for only a matter of hours, it would be no better than the electric storage battery used by conventional submarines. When Mark I began operating, it was feared that its core life was only a few hours and that much additional development would be necessary before

the *Nautilus* could operate long enough to be useful in combat.

These and many other serious problems remained unanswered when in late May, 1953, construction of Mark I was completed.

The pumps and valves and heat exchangers, turbines, electrical generators, thermometers, control panels — all the many hundreds of items which made up the complex and interrelated systems of the plant — had been mechanically and electrically tested until they were as nearly perfect as they could be made. The crews had practiced for a week at carefully opening the main turbine throttle from an oil-fired boiler so as to disturb the reactor as little as possible. They were rehearsed in casualty drills, and STR Mark I was ready for an attempt at power operation.

Captain Rickover, who had followed preparations on an hourly basis, flew to Idaho in company with Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, a man who had contributed much support to the Navy's nuclear propulsion program and who was to have the honor of opening the turbine throttle valve, admitting steam generated by a power reactor into a turbine for the first time. Murray knew that eight years had passed since Hiroshima and that, except for the Navy's program, no U.S. atomic power project was anywhere near fruition. He knew also that the Navy and the AEC were committing almost one quarter of a billion dollars to the project whose success was now to be determined.

That first operation was amazingly successful. After a two-hour run, during which power levels of several thousand horsepower were achieved, the reactor was shut down. Six years of study, organization, planning, conniving, fighting for funds, building laboratories, manipulating people, developing new materials and devices had paid off. The first day's performance of Mark I had surprised its most optimistic proponents.

THERE were many happy people in the Idaho desert the night of May 31, 1953. The happiest was Captain Rickover, who had had the vision, constantly forced the program against opposition, and provided the technical judgment to steer it through areas far beyond those previously known.

Then followed a month of careful, precise build-up in power level. Test operations went on night and day, seven days a week. Power was increased in small steps. What would happen on these increasing steps could only be conjecture until the trial run had been completed. Every man at the desert site knew the danger associated with each increase in power.

The first feasibility question to be answered affirmatively was that of safety. Mark I turned out to be a calm and stable machine and even when treated roughly, as its inexperienced operators often treated it, showed no tendency to become an atomic bomb. There was no indication of any dangerous overheating in the reactor fuel elements. The shield designers were surprised to find that radiation levels were less than half those which they had calculated, indicating that the *Nautilus* could easily carry her radiation shield. As additional physics data became available, the estimate of reactor life was greatly increased.

The major difficulty was with the numerous safety circuits, any one of which could cause the reactor to shut down suddenly. These circuits were meant to be extremely tender in their operation; they were, in fact, so sensitive as to provide a serious difficulty to the operators. A submarine propulsion plant not capable of operating without emergency shutdowns under sea motion and depth-charge attack would not be satisfactory, yet the Mark I had a constant plague of "scrams" from such slight causes as vibration from a crew member's walking through the reactor compartment or a bolt of lightning striking a Montana power line three hundred miles away.

As the crew gained operating experience, and as additional information was obtained concerning safety, the number of signals causing "scram" was selectively reduced to less than twenty. By this means, and by intensive crew training, the problem was licked. As a result, the *Nautilus* experienced very little difficulty of this sort.

On June 25, 1953, full design power was reached. Not one part of the plant indicated failure to meet the rigid specifications. In less than a month after power generation by the world's first nuclear power plant, Mark I was running smoothly at its maximum rating. The one remaining question was whether the machinery could withstand long high-power running.

The operating crews began a forty-eight-hour test at full power to obtain important physics information. At the twenty-four-hour point the data obtained seemed to be sufficient, and the engineers intended to shut down the plant. Rickover, who was at the site, inadvertently learned of this plan and immediately overruled it. He had visualized that if the forty-eight-hour run turned out well, they should continue on a simulated cruise across the Atlantic. He reasoned that such a dramatic feat, if successful, would end the doubts in the Navy that nuclear power was a feasible means for propelling ships. It would give the project the momentum and breathing space needed to carry on the development without constant harassment until the *Nautilus* could get to sea.

I was the senior Naval officer at the site. I felt that extension of the run was unwise considering the many uncertainties, and told Rickover that beyond forty-eight hours I could not accept responsibility for the safety of the \$30 million prototype. Rickover directed me to proceed with the simulated voyage.

Charts of the North Atlantic were posted in the control room and a great-circle course to Ireland plotted. The position of the ship after each four-hour watch was computed and marked on the chart. For watch after watch, the course plotted in the control room crawled toward Ireland. No submarine had covered more than twenty miles submerged at full speed. A propulsion unit, even for a surface ship, need steam only four hours at full power to obtain acceptance for Naval use.

At the mid-point of the Atlantic crossing, the operation seemed to be going well. As one of the *Nautilus* crew members standing watch in the hull stated, "She just sits there and cooks." A veteran marine engineer, familiar with the large quantities of fuel oil which would have been required to drive a ship so far with a conventional propulsion plant, pointed to the propeller shaft and then to the reactor and said, "So much comes out back here, and nothing goes in up there!"

At the sixtieth hour, however, difficulties began. Carbon dust from the brushes depositing in the windings caused difficulty in the vital electrical generating sets. Nuclear instrumentation, operating perfectly at the beginning of the run, became erratic, and the crews could not be sure what was happening within the reactor core. One of the large pumps which kept the reactor cool by circulating water through it began making a worrisome, intermittent whining sound. We had not had any check on "crud" build-up; we feared that heat transfer would be so reduced by this point that the core would burn up. The most pressing problem, however, was caused by failure at the sixty-fifth hour of a tube in the main condenser into which exhausted turbine steam was being discharged. Steam pressure fell off rapidly.

The Westinghouse manager responsible for the operation of the plant strongly recommended discontinuing the run. In Washington, the technical director of the Naval Reactors Branch was so concerned that he called a meeting of all its senior personnel, who urged Rickover to terminate the test at once. But the Captain was adamant that it should continue until an unsafe situation developed. "If the plant has a limitation so serious," he said, "now is the time to find out. I accept full responsibility for any casualty." Rickover had twice been passed over by Naval selection boards for promotion to Rear Admiral. As a result of congressional action, he was to appear within two

weeks for an unprecedented third time. If the Mark I had been seriously damaged, Rickover's prospects for promotion and his Naval career were ended.

The tensions surrounding the test increased the challenge to the crews, and as each watch came on duty it resolved it would not be responsible for ending the run prematurely. Crew members worked hard to repair those items which could be repaired while the plant was in operation.

Finally, the position indicator on the chart reached Fastnet. A nuclear-powered submarine had, in effect, steamed at full power non-stop across the Atlantic without surfacing. When an inspection was made of the core and the main coolant pump, no "crud" or other defects which could not be corrected by minor improvements were found. It was assured that the *Nautilus* could cross an ocean at full speed submerged.

A month after nuclear power was first produced, the most doubting among those who had participated in the STR project knew that atomic propulsion of ships was feasible, that it was only a matter of time before the technology developed for Mark I would bring about a revolution in Naval engineering, strategy, and tactics. We knew, too, that industrial nuclear power could be built on the same technological foundations. The Pressurized Water Reactor at Shippingport, Pennsylvania — the world's first solely industrial power reactor — was in fact developed from STR experience under Admiral Rickover's direction.

To those of us who had participated in the STR project, who knew how many chances were taken, how far previous engineering knowledge had been extrapolated, the fact that all the unknowns had turned out in our favor was a humbling experience. Rickover, paraphrasing Pasteur, put it this way: "We must have had a horseshoe around our necks. But then Nature seems to want to work for those who work hardest for themselves."

STR Mark I is now a flexible facility providing much of the experimental information for the Navy's nuclear propulsion program, which today includes thirty-three submarines, a guided missile cruiser, and the first nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. It provides the practical training for all the hundreds of officers and enlisted men who will man our nuclear fleet. The courage, the will, the judgment and resourcefulness which went into STR Mark I have made the United States Submarine *Nautilus* an outstandingly successful venture in man's long struggle with nature.

The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or reflecting the views of the Navy Department or the Naval service at large. — The Editor.

GEORGE F. KENNAN

During his recent residence in England, GEORGE F. KENNAN, our former ambassador to Russia, found himself obliged on several occasions to explain to European audiences the reasons for the American participation in the Allied intervention in Russia in 1918-1920. The following article represents the result of recent researches into an episode that was long surrounded by confusion and obscurity.

American Troops **THE TRUE RECORD** in Russia

IF WE reflect today on the psychological background of the great conflict of outlook and aspiration between the United States and the ruling party of the Soviet Union, we see that whereas the bitterness of feeling among Americans relates mainly to things the Soviet government has done since the final phases of World War II, Soviet grievances against the United States have a longer historical background and include the behavior of the United States government around the time of the Russian Revolutions of 1917 and in the years immediately following those events. The Allied military intervention of the years 1918 to 1920, in particular, continues to occupy a prominent position in Soviet memory. It has recently been the subject of a number of works by Soviet historians. It has been repeatedly mentioned, just within the past year, in the statements of leading Soviet personalities. And the dominant theme of all this material has been one of bitter reproach to the United States, as having been a leading instigator and participant in the intervention and as having acted, throughout this episode, from motives which were unworthy in themselves and hostile to the interests of the Russian people.

A clear and authoritative view of the Soviet attitude toward the Allied intervention was presented in the autumn of 1957 in the Theses published by the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in connection with the forty-year anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. These Theses dwelt at length on the intervention and described it as consisting of "military campaigns against our country." Nothing was said to suggest that these expeditions might have been directed to any other purpose. The world war was not mentioned.

When the Bolsheviks assumed power in Petrograd in November, 1917, this event caused great concern in the Allied capitals. The leadership of the Bolshevik Party was known to consist of men who not only professed deepest disapproval and contempt for the ideals of the Western governments and peoples but who also publicly denounced the Allied cause in the war as an unworthy and imperialistic one, called for an immediate cessation of hostilities on terms that meant the abandonment of the stated Western war aims, and made it clear that they were resolved to make peace with the Germans. Within a month of their advent to power they moved to

put this resolution into effect by entering into negotiations with the Germans. Coming as it did shortly after the military collapse on the Italian front, and with the German offensive of the following spring already looming ahead, the defection of Russia was a grievous and even heart-rending blow to the Allied cause.

One can have one's own view, in the light of history, as to the soundness of Allied war aims, and hence of Allied reasons for wishing to continue the war, in late 1917. But one cannot judge the people of the past by contemporary insights. It was idle to expect the Western governments and peoples to be anything other than deeply worried by the impending departure of Russia from the ranks of the Allied powers, with the prospects that some two million German soldiers might be transferred from the eastern to the western front and that the great physical resources of Russia might then become available to the German war machine.

In these circumstances, it was natural that Allied statesmen and military leaders should have thought of a possible Allied military action in Russia for the purpose of restoring an eastern front against Germany.

WE MUST remember that the Allies did not regard themselves, in the winter of 1917-1918, as being under any obligation to respect the decision of the Soviet government to take Russia out of the war. They did not regard that government as representative of Russian public opinion. They were aware that it had not been elected to office. The Soviet authorities, furthermore, did not at that time control all the territory of the former Russian Empire; there were regions controlled by elements which still professed loyalty to the Allied cause.

In the winter of 1917-1918, the United States was not yet taking a prominent part in the war and was not participating in the military decisions that governed the Allied war effort. It was primarily the French and British military planners who were interested in the possibility of restoring an eastern front. But France and Britain could spare no troops for this purpose. Therefore they turned to America and to Japan for possible sources of manpower and supply for such a military effort.

In the case of Japan, this suggestion raised very delicate problems. Japan was formally a member of the Allied coalition, though it had taken little active part in the war. The political turmoil in European Russia had now thrown Siberia into a state of chaos and weakness. Japan

could scarcely be expected to pass up so favorable an opportunity to improve its situation in Manchuria and Eastern Siberia at Russia's expense and thus to rectify the injustice it considered itself to have suffered in the outcome of the Russian-Japanese War.

So long as Russia had been an ally of the Western powers, the Western governments could not have encouraged any attempt by Japan to profit from Russia's weakness. But now that Russia was out of the war, now that the seats of power in Petrograd and Moscow had been seized by a political faction hostile to the Allied cause, now that the alternative to Japanese penetration of Russia seemed to many people to be German penetration, the question arose as to whether Japan should not be encouraged to enter Siberia, either in conjunction with other Allied forces or as a mandatory agent for the Allies as a whole. Perhaps — or so it seemed to the French and British military planners — perhaps Japanese forces might even be able to penetrate as far as European Russia and to make enough trouble for the Germans there to cause them to retain at least a substantial portion of their troops on the eastern front.

Throughout the winter of 1917-1918, while the Soviet and German negotiators haggled at Brest-Litovsk over the terms of the separate peace between Germany and Russia, the French and British repeatedly approached the United States government with suggestions along these lines. The American response was consistently negative. Neither President Wilson nor his Secretary of State, Robert Lansing, nor his intimate unofficial adviser, Colonel House, could see any merit in these proposals.

Secretary of State Lansing favored a policy of complete abstention from any interference in Russia. "‘Do nothing’ should be our policy," he said to the President in December, 1917, "until the black period of terrorism comes to an end." "This government," he said in January, 1918, "must continue for the present a silent witness of the internal confusion which prevails in Russia."

Colonel House similarly warned the President against any action in Russia. To treat Russia as an enemy would, he said, be sure to throw it into the lap of Germany.

That Wilson shared these views of his advisers is clear beyond question. His position was reflected in a number of official statements of the United States government in the winter and spring of 1918, all of which had his official approval and some of which he drafted personally.

A fair example of these was a communication to the Japanese government, of January 20, 1918, which stated:

the common interests of all the powers at war with Germany demand from them an attitude of sympathy with the Russian people . . . any movement looking towards the occupation of Russian territory would at once be construed as one hostile to Russia and would be likely to unite all factions in Russia against us.

The events of February and March, 1918 — the reopening in February of hostilities against Russia by the Germans as a means of bringing pressure in the negotiations, the final signature of the Russian-German peace treaty on March 3, its ratification on March 16, and the opening of the great German offensive on the western front five days later — these events caused the heaviest sort of pressure to be brought on Wilson to change his stand and to sanction an intervention in Siberia by the Japanese. Since the Japanese themselves were not yet ready to take any action independently, and refused to act as mandatory for the Allies generally unless the United States joined in making the request, everything appeared to hang on Wilson's decision.

Despite these pressures, the President remained adamant throughout the winter and spring of the year. The wisdom of intervention, he said in a communication to the Allied governments on March 5, seemed to the United States government to be most questionable. If any action were to be taken by the Japanese, he assumed it would be accompanied by a declaration to the effect that they were acting "as an ally of Russia, in Russia's interest, and with the sole view of holding it safe against Germany." But even with such a declaration, he thought the action would be misinterpreted, that

a hot resentment would be generated in Russia itself, and that the whole action might play into the hands of the enemies of Russia, and particularly of the enemies of the Russian Revolution, for which the Government of the United States entertains the greatest sympathy, in spite of all the unhappiness and misfortune which has for the time being sprung out of it.

IN THE absence of Wilson's approval the Japanese continued, for the moment, to abstain from action. In April, 1918, in the face of the new German offensive in the west, the French and British military planners conceived a somewhat more elaborate scheme for intervention in Russia. This scheme envisaged Allied landings both at Vladivostok and at the northern ports of European Russia. At Vladivostok it would be the Japanese who would bear the main burden; at Murmansk and Archangel a mixed Allied force, in which the Americans would play a prominent

part. The expeditions at these widely separated points would combine with local anti-Bolshevik forces loyal to the Allied cause, would advance toward each other, and would eventually link up, thus creating a solid Allied front from Siberia to the upper Volga region and forcing the Germans to reconstitute their military position in the east.

This was a wholly impractical plan. There was, as American statesmen repeatedly pointed out, no reason at any time to believe that the Japanese were interested in any objectives further west than Irkutsk or that they could be prevailed upon to send their troops beyond the Trans-Baikal area. The anti-Bolshevik Russians with whom it was proposed to collaborate were far too weak to play anything resembling the role assigned to them in this scheme.

It was obvious at the time that Wilson would never have given his approval to such a plan, and the idea was apparently never made known to him in its entirety. Nevertheless, the French and British military planners did not wait for American approval before going ahead to implement the project to the extent they were able.

Insofar as Siberia was concerned, they could, for the moment, do no more than continue and intensify the pressure on Wilson to agree to a Japanese intervention, and this they did to the best of their ability throughout May and June. But with respect to the northern ports, they proceeded to take action at once. Allied warships had already been stationed at Murmansk for many months; the local Soviet there had adopted an attitude friendly to the Allies; and a few British marines had been landed in March with the full consent of the local authorities. Now, in May, the British sent to Murmansk such few soldiers as they were able to spare, under the command of a general who was supposed eventually to command the entire northern expedition. Since this force was wholly inadequate to the purpose in question, the British approached the United States government with the request that an American contingent also be made available for service at the North Russian ports.

Nothing was said to Wilson, on this occasion, about the plan for penetrating into the interior and linking up with the Siberian intervention. The plan was put to him as merely an arrangement for the defense of the northern ports, particularly Murmansk, against the Germans. He was told that there was danger of the Murmansk Railways being attacked by anti-Communist Finns who were supposed to be under German influence and that the Germans might seize Murmansk and develop the port as a submarine base if the Allies did not take preventative action.

We can see today that these fears were greatly exaggerated. But they were sincerely entertained, at the time, by both British and American representatives in Russia.

In addition, Wilson was given to understand that American troops were needed in the Russian North to protect great quantities of Allied war supplies, said to have accumulated in the ports of that region before the October Revolution. Actually, the overwhelming portion of the stores had already been seized and hauled off to the interior by the Bolsheviks, but neither the British government nor Wilson appears to have been aware of these facts.

Despite all the arguments in favor of intervention, Wilson remained at all times skeptical of the merits of this proposed expedition. But he observed, finally, to his Secretary of War that he felt obliged to do it anyhow because the British and French were pressing it on his attention so hard and he had refused so many of their requests that they were beginning to feel that he was not a good associate, much less a good ally. Opposition was made harder for him by the pro-Allied attitude of the local Soviet at Murmansk and by reports from Allied representatives in Russia that the Soviet government was not really so averse as it pretended to be to the idea of an Allied landing in the North.

Wilson therefore finally replied to the British government, in June, 1918, that while he had no enthusiasm for the scheme, he would abide in this instance by the opinion of Marshal Foch, the Allied commander in chief on the western front. If Foch really thought the requested American battalions would be of more use in Murmansk than in France, they would be sent. Foch, at British urging, confirmed to the President in writing that he approved the diversion of this force. The American units were therefore turned over to the British in England in July and placed under British command, to be used in the Russian North as the British might see fit. This was the origin of America's participation in the northern intervention.

MEANWHILE, the situation in Siberia had been drastically altered by the outbreak at the end of May of the conflict between the Czechoslovak Corps and the Bolsheviks. This Czech force was made up largely of men who had been taken prisoner or had deserted from the Austro-Hungarian Army and who were desirous of fighting on the Allied side. In the spring of 1918, the Czech Corps was attempting to make its way from European Russia to the western front via Vladivostok. In April and May, it was strung out in

trainloads along the Trans-Siberian Railway all the way from the Ukraine to Vladivostok. As a result of the breakdown of the old Russian Army, the Czech Corps was now probably the strongest single armed force in Russia.

On May 26, hostilities broke out between the Czechs and the Soviet authorities along the route. This uprising of the Czechs was not, as has been frequently alleged, the result of Allied instigation. It was a product of the frictions and misunderstandings occasioned by the effort of the Czechs to move across Siberia in the chaotic conditions then existing, and especially of the incidents which occurred when the Czechs encountered parties of Austrian or Hungarian war prisoners who were, after the conclusion of the Brest-Litovsk peace, due for repatriation and were trying to make their way along the railway in the opposite direction.

Not only were the French and British not responsible for the Czech uprising, but the uprising actually came as a setback to the Allied military planners, who had hoped to use a portion of the Czech Corps in the northern ports and had just made arrangements with the Soviet authorities to have this portion of the corps routed to the Russian North. The outbreak of the conflict between the Czechs and the Bolsheviks made this impossible, and the failure of the Czechs ever to arrive at Archangel had a good deal to do with the eventual failure of the northern expedition.

As a result of their uprising, the Czechs were successful in seizing, within a few days, most of the Trans-Siberian Railway from the Volga to Irkutsk. Another body of some eighteen thousand Czechs had by this time arrived at Vladivostok, but there were, at the time of the uprising, no Czech trains in the area between Vladivostok and Irkutsk. This territory thus remained initially in Soviet hands.

The Czechs in Vladivostok were now concerned to re-establish contact with their compatriots in Central and Western Siberia and to ensure the security of the passage of the main body of the corps to the Pacific. To this end, they seized Vladivostok at the end of June and mounted an operation westward to clear the railway toward Irkutsk. Finding themselves opposed by Communist forces in the neighborhood of Vladivostok, they appealed to the Allied governments, and particularly to the Japanese and United States governments, for military support. In doing so, they contrived to convey to official Washington the impression that the opposition with which they found themselves faced was provided not by Russian Communists but by German and Austrian prisoners of war who had been rearmed

by the Bolsheviks and who now threatened to seize Siberia on behalf of the Central Powers.

Again, this was a very distorted impression. We know today that very few of the war prisoners in Siberia — two or three thousand at the most out of some eight hundred thousand — were armed by the Bolsheviks. These were all prisoners who had accepted the Communist orientation. They were mostly Hungarians. There were scarcely any Germans among them. Neither the German nor the Austrian government had had anything to do with the rearming of these men; both governments had in fact opposed it vigorously. But the myth of Siberia's being about to be seized by Germany through the agency of the war prisoners was diligently propagated by all those Allied officials, particularly the French, who wanted intervention; and the Czechs, who were now very anxious for American support, did not hesitate to avail themselves, sincerely or otherwise, of the same suggestion.

To Wilson, this apparent plight of the Czechs presented a wholly new situation. Here was an Allied force, apparently fighting to keep Siberia out of German hands, and it needed American support. Wilson had extremely friendly feelings for the Czechs, as he did for the other Slavic peoples of Eastern Europe. And he had, like many other Americans, a sentimental prejudice in favor of little countries. Little countries, he thought, were good; big countries (aside from his own) were bad. Thus the plight of the Czechs as he understood it appealed to him, and he thought he saw in it at long last a possibility for putting an end to the pressures of the British and French for action in Siberia without associating himself with their political schemes, of which he was deeply suspicious. He therefore arrived, on July 6, 1918, at his final decision. The text of it, as recorded in a confidential cabinet document, is now available. Wilson wrote every word of it himself.

In this memorandum, the President once again dismissed emphatically the whole idea of attempting to restore an eastern front against Germany by an action through Siberia. With this he would have nothing to do. But he did see justification for helping the Czechoslovaks at Vladivostok to establish contact with their compatriots further west. He was prepared, he said, to send seven thousand American soldiers, provided that the Japanese would put up a similar force, to guard the line of communication of the Vladivostok Czechs as they advanced westward along the Trans-Siberian Railway to make contact with their comrades at Irkutsk.

Wilson's decision has often been portrayed as part of a general Allied decision for intervention

in Siberia. Actually, it was not this at all. It was in no way responsive to what the British and French had been urging on him, and he did not regard it as being so. He did not consider the action he was authorizing to be intervention against the Bolsheviks, and in communicating his decision to the other Allied governments he condemned the very idea of intervention in the roundest of terms. The British were furious with him over the whole affair; they regarded his decision as a unilateral one, not in any way responsive to their request, and in answer to it they proceeded to act on their own, with a view to realizing the plans they had conceived.

The Japanese, who were thrown into a great crisis of decision by Wilson's proposal, also proceeded after some hesitation to take what was virtually unilateral action, although they tried to present it as a response to Wilson's initiative. They sent to Siberia an expedition far greater than anything Wilson had proposed, and in conjunction with this they seized Northern Manchuria, an act which the United States government greatly deplored. At one moment, Wilson was inclined to withdraw from the entire undertaking, but it was too late. He realized that to withdraw would be to give the Japanese a free hand in Siberia and to forfeit all possibility of exercising any restraining influence on them by maintaining the semblance of Allied collaboration. The American force was therefore sent, as proposed.

SO MUCH for the origins of the American action in Russia. Now a word about the course it took. It is necessary to distinguish these two things quite sharply, for in both instances — North Russia and Siberia — the President's decision was taken against an inaccurate pattern of information, partly out of date, partly erroneous; and in neither case did the actual course of events resemble in any way what he had hoped would be the result of his decision.

The three battalions destined for service in the Russian North were turned over to the British in England in midsummer of 1918. Their fate was now in British hands. They were young recruits, mostly of Polish-American origin, from Michigan and Wisconsin. They had had very little training, no combat experience, and no political indoctrination whatsoever. I do not believe that one out of a hundred of them had the faintest idea why they were being sent to North Russia or against whom they were supposed to be acting. Equipped with British uniforms and Russian rifles, they were loaded onto troopships and dispatched northward at the end

of August. The Spanish influenza broke out on board all three vessels. Medical supplies were not available. Both men and crews were decimated.

The British, meanwhile, without awaiting the arrival of the Americans, had landed at Archangel with a small, inadequate force, consisting mainly of some six hundred British and one French colonial battalion. The Archangel Soviet, in contrast to that of Murmansk, was not friendly to the Allies, and the bloodless entry of the Allied force was made possible only by a *putsch* carried out in the city by anti-Communist elements on the eve of the arrival of the Allied expedition. But the Bolsheviks mounted resistance on the outskirts of the city, and the British soon found themselves hard pressed even to maintain a perimeter some hundred kilometers from the center of the place. The American units, which were originally assigned to Murmansk, were therefore hastily rerouted to Archangel, where they arrived on September 4. Of those who were healthy, the majority were packed off the same evening for the front. By the next day, they found themselves deep in the swamps and forests of Northern Russia, under fire for the first time in their lives, and facing an adversary of whose identity they had no clear idea.

In the ensuing weeks and months, things developed in a highly unfavorable and unexpected way in the area held by the Allies around Archangel. The anti-Communist Russians within the Allied perimeter fell into two main categories: the Social Revolutionaries and the conservative former officers. These two factions loathed each other as violently as they did the Bolsheviks, and agreed on nothing. Their squabbles, superimposed on a complete lack of unity and of political understanding among the Allied representatives themselves, disgusted and antagonized the local population. It proved impossible to recruit any sizable and reliable Russian armed force. With the few foreign troops he had at his disposal, the British commander was able to do no more than to hold on to his perimeter around the city. The early descent of the arctic winter pinned the troops to their defensive positions, and any deep advance into the interior became out of the question.

In Siberia, things were no better. There, too, the Americans arrived in September. The junction of the Vladivostok Czechs with those on the western reaches of the Trans-Siberian Railway had, ironically enough, been effected on the day prior to the arrival of the main body of the Americans. The Czechs, furthermore, had decided, under Allied encouragement, not to try to make their way out of Russia through Vladivostok but rather

to remain in Siberia and to fight the Bolsheviks in the area of the Urals. But the Japanese were now in Siberia, with ten times the number of troops Wilson had envisaged. No one wanted to leave the field entirely to them.

The Americans therefore settled down to guarding sections of the Amur Railway thousands of miles from any place where fighting was going on in the Russian civil war. It does not appear that any of these American forces ever fired a shot in regular combat against any unit of the Red Army during the year and a half of their stay in Siberia. There was one advance contingent of the Americans who, before the arrival of the American general, allowed themselves to be taken under Japanese command and were thus included, though not on the firing line, among the forces used in one small battle between the Japanese and the Czechs on the one hand and the Communists on the other. The American commander, General Graves, who arrived a few days later, put a stop to this use of his men. Graves was a fine soldier with an iron-clad sense of duty. He took very seriously the President's injunction that he was not to get mixed up in Russian politics. He was extremely unpopular with the Allied representatives in Siberia, precisely for his firm refusal to participate in any action against the Bolsheviks or against any other Russian faction as such, and there were even charges from the British and French side that he was pro-Bolshevik.

ONLY a few weeks after the arrival of these American units in North Russia and Siberia World War I came to an end. This rendered unsubstantial the main military objectives for which the expeditions had been dispatched and raised the question of what should be done with them. In view of the fact that the situation in Russia was certain to be one of the first subjects for discussion among the senior Allied statesmen at the forthcoming Paris Peace Conference, no action was taken regarding the Allied forces in Russia in the initial weeks following the armistice.

At Paris, the whole question of Russia and the intervention was repeatedly discussed by the senior Allied figures. Wilson came to the conference convinced that the Allied intervention in Russia was a mistake and a failure. The Allied forces there, he said at one of the sessions of the Council of Ten in February, 1919, were doing no good. They did not know for whom or for what they were fighting. They were not assisting any promising common effort to establish order. They ought to be removed at once.

This remained his opinion throughout, and as soon as it became clear that the Peace Conference could find no useful action to take in the Russian problem as a whole, the British government was advised that the United States government desired that the American forces in North Russia should leave at the earliest opportunity. This could not be before late spring or early summer, owing to the ice conditions in the approaches to Archangel. Also, the United States government had no inclination to pull the troops out so abruptly as to cause military embarrassment to those Allied forces with whom they had been associated. They actually left Northern Russia in June and July, 1919, which was just about as soon as their departure could be decently arranged.

In the nine or ten months of their service on Russian soil, these Americans had taken no part in any actions other than ones of a defensive nature. Even this they had done under British command, and in the execution of a scheme which their President had never understood or sanctioned. They were a small force, three or four thousand men in all. Their withdrawal had nothing to do with any defeat in battle.

In Siberia, the situation of the American force was complicated by the fact that during the winter of 1919, before and during the Paris Peace Conference, the French and British succeeded in bringing about the establishment in Central and Western Siberia of an anti-Bolshevik authority under Admiral Kolchak. The Americans, who had nothing to do with this development, found themselves in effect guarding Kolchak's line of communication, or at least a small portion of it, far from the front. As the Peace Conference neared its end, reports were received in Paris that the Kolchak forces were doing well in their struggle against the Bolsheviks, and heavy pressure was brought to bear on Wilson, both by the British and by subordinates in his own American establishment, to give recognition and support to the Kolchak cause. Wilson authorized an investigation of Kolchak's situation, and pending the outcome of this investigation, he delayed the removal of the American force in Eastern Siberia. The investigation was not completed until late summer. It revealed that Kolchak was not doing well at all; he was doing so badly, in fact, that nothing short of a rescue expedition in the number of fifty thousand Allied troops could save him. Anything of this sort was out of the question.

By the time this report was received in Washington, Wilson was already embarked on his tragic speaking tour, trying to assure American ratification of the peace treaty and membership in the League of Nations. In the course of this

tour he suffered a stroke, and he was never able fully to resume his control of American policy.

With Kolchak's defeat in the late autumn of 1919, it became clear that the American force could no longer be left in Siberia without danger of its becoming seriously embroiled in the Russian civil war. The decision to withdraw it was therefore taken, in the early winter of 1920, and the troops were removed as soon as this could be physically arranged, which was in April.

In 1933, when negotiations were undertaken between the United States and the Soviet Union looking toward a resumption of diplomatic relations, the Soviet negotiator, Litvinov, arrived in Washington prepared to advance a major claim against the United States government for damages allegedly done by the Americans in the course of the Siberian intervention. He was then permitted by the United States government to see certain of the materials in the American archives dealing with this subject. After examining these materials and communicating with his government, Litvinov addressed a letter to President Roosevelt formally renouncing, on behalf of the Soviet government, any claim for damages arising out of the American expedition in Siberia. The matter has never, to my knowledge, been officially raised since that time, though the Communist propaganda machine has worked the issue for all it was worth.

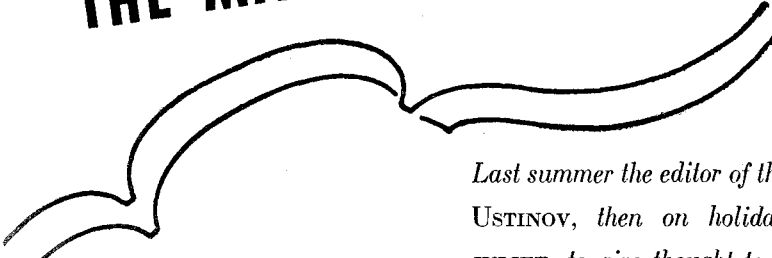
Viewed in their entirety, the American expeditions to North Russia and Siberia appear today as pathetic and ill-conceived ventures, to which Woodrow Wilson — poorly informed, harried with wartime burdens, and torn between his own instincts and his feeling of obligation to his Allies — was brought against his own better judgment. He did his best at all times to keep the American action from assuming the form of an interference in Russian internal affairs, and there is no suggestion more preposterous than that he was animated in these decisions by hostility toward the Russian people or by a desire to overthrow the Soviet regime with American forces. In both cases, his original decision was closely linked with America's wartime concerns. Had there been no great European war in progress, neither expedition would ever have been dispatched.

That the expeditions were regrettable — that it would have been better, from the standpoint of American interests, had they never been sent — seems hardly open to doubt. That they reflected imperialistic motives and constituted a serious injury to the Russian people is a figment of the imagination of Soviet propagandists, useful to their political purpose but not to the development of historical truth.

PETER USTINOV



THE MAN WHO TOOK IT EASY



Last summer the editor of the ATLANTIC invited PETER USTINOV, then on holiday from ROMANOFF AND JULIET, to give thought to writing a series of stories for us. The manuscripts began flowing in to us in September, each one distinctive, entertaining, and penetrating. This is the third of what we believe will be a celebrated series.

ERHARDT VON CSUMLAY was dressed in black, not because his wife had recently died, but because black is a serious color. He watched a smartly dressed crowd streaming into the auditorium of the University of California, and cursed Stravinsky. That fellow had got away with murder. Nothing admirable about him except that he had stuck to his guns. Full marks for tenacity, for belief in himself. But as for talent? What did those minked and sabled ladies know of music? Stravinsky was just a great name for a composer, exotic but not too difficult to pronounce. It looked good on a program. Like Picasso, there's another one. Catchy. Easy to remember. Von Csumlay was exotic, all right, but too authentic to be popular, too true to itself.

The concert was about to begin. Dr. Von Csumlay did not deign to enter. Had Stravinsky appeared in person, his arms outstretched, and said, "Erhardt Von Csumlay, at last we meet, your passacaglia for strings, two trombones, and percussion has always been the greatest inspiration to me," Erhardt would have turned away sourly and said, "I wish I could say the same for a single bar of your music, Herr Stravinsky." But Stravinsky did not appear. At the time he was in Venice, conducting a new work of his at the festival.

As the first notes of the *Sacre du Printemps* were heard faintly from the interior of the hall, Dr. Von Csumlay turned away his head and winced. Then he walked off into the balmy night, searching the past for consolation. He remembered his youth

in Hungary, how his grandfather had given him his first undersized violin and taught him the tunes of his native soil. His father had been a professor of music at Nyíregyháza, underpaid and deservedly so. Whereas his grandfather had been an out-and-out peasant, a simple jolly soul with an agreeable smell of toil about him, his father had tried to better himself by glorifying all that was German and academic.

Erhardt remembered him as a small man, prematurely bald, immaculately dressed as a bank manager, his dull eyes staring arrogantly behind a mean pair of pince-nez. He had seemed determined to prove that music was a reputable profession, fit for gentlemen, which had rules as inflexible as the rules of science. As Erhardt practiced the violin, for which he had talent, his father would stand by, counting like a human metronome, cane in hand ready to rap Erhardt's fingers at every false note. There were no feelings to the man, just a conviction of what was right and what was wrong. Anything contemporary was automatically wrong.

The boy, who loved music, revolted both against the colorless professionalism of his father and against the gaumless spontaneity of his grandfather. At the end of World War I, a new spirit

swept across the arts, a spirit chaotic, iconoclastic, and mechanical. God was unseated from the celestial throne by the accumulated bitterness of the defeated, and the man-made machine set up in His place. Melody was displaced by rhythm, beauty by freakishness.

Young Erhardt embraced the new creed with fervor. It spelled liberation from all academic responsibilities, from all the rigidity of which his father was so proud. He grew his hair very long, wore the expression of revolt permanently on his face, and set up house in a Budapest garret with a very dirty Romanian lady twice his age, who believed he could do no wrong.

He caroused all night, talking black philosophy to his cronies while his mistress smoked knowingly from an immense cigarette holder, and during the day he wrote violent, formless, cruel music, occasionally making love as violent and as formless as his composition. His sonata for three drums was an immediate success and had the honor to be hissed at the annual meeting of the International Society for Contemporary Music. The news of this fiasco d'estime spread far and wide, and he was asked to lecture in America, which he did, marrying the Romanian lady for the sake of American morality. His symphonic poem, *Test Bench*, dedicated to the city of Cleveland, was hissed in that city, and the first performance of his opera for a single voice, accompanied by a double orchestra and a chorus of masked dancers, entitled *Formula 21*, caused a riot at the Metropolitan before the end of the first act. His appearance in Paris unleashed an equal furor. Here he divorced the Romanian lady for the sake of Parisian morality, although they continued living together, and the world première of his concerto for musical saw and nine woodwinds caused a duel between two cabinet ministers, in the course of which one was seriously wounded.

GRADUALLY the world calmed down, and certain of the leaders in the musical world were stealthily reintroducing melody into their works again. Slowly, boogie lost its interest for the intellectuals, and applause began to gain ground as a standard of appreciation. Erhardt found it more and more difficult to place his works, and the Romanian lady, with barometric instinct, left him and went to live with a young painter who was making a name for the subtlety of his compositions and the gentleness of his colors.

Erhardt was still a young man, and yet music critics, on those rare occasions on which they mentioned him, attached him so firmly to the very early twenties that he might as well have been

dead. Listlessly he remembered the painful interview with his publisher in Vienna. The publisher had asked him to lunch, but changed the invitation to a quick drink, owing to the pressure of business. A bad sign.

"Believe me, it isn't that you are without talent but that you have a deficient critical faculty," the old man had said, glancing at his watch. "I am a publisher, not an artist. It is my job to keep my ear to the ground. When the war ended and the Austro-Hungarian Empire had disintegrated, we were all so bewildered that we went wild, and we followed the noisiest leaders, not the best. Cacophony was a valid expression of our desire to destroy, to plunge ourselves into mediocrity, to say to the pleasant, green, Schubertian world the words of the villain of the melodrama, 'If I can't have her, nobody shall.' But all that has changed now, Herr Csumlay." The publisher always left out the "Von" as though he knew it had been added gratuitously by Erhardt himself.

"What do you want me to do?" he had asked the publisher rather foolishly, and he wanted to kick himself now when he remembered it.

The publisher had laughed sourly and said, "Why ask me? You are the artist, not me. If you feel compelled to go on writing as you have been writing, then go to another house, that may be more tolerant toward outworn shock tactics. If, on the other hand, you decide, or are able, to write more maturely, then submit your stuff to us by all means. But let me tell you this, my young friend: the only music worth publishing, apart from salon pieces, is music produced by compulsion, by an inner urge, and even if the result is unpleasant, it is inevitable. Your music is never inevitable. We discern a desire to shock, and it repels us. Take my advice: if there is no force within you which tells you how to write, try salon music, simple tunes which spinsters can play and which may even reach the restaurants. After all, that is music too, and it invariably pays more than the serious sonatas. Think it over. Forgive me for leaving you, but I have an appointment." And the publisher had left the furious, humiliated Erhardt to finish his beer alone.

Now, as Erhardt walked the unlit street, listening to the summer cicadas and taking in the flickering red halo over Los Angeles, where the neon signs drummed their nervous fingers on the tranquil sky, he thought about that inner urge. So much time had passed that he could now look the publisher square in the eye and dispassionately recollect the criticism leveled at him. After all, what is music? It is a part of nature, a translation of nature with other terms.

The great romantics would have turned the majestic panorama into a splendid, turgid tone

poem, evoking by quite conventional means the warm mystery of an August night, with its voluptuous orgy of stars, scattered in profusion over the heavens. Emphasis on the cellos, with some muted brass for a timeless quality. Occasionally a single violin might dislodge itself from the symphonic soup and wander selfishly over the high register, evoking the emotions of the poet, alone with his world.

But what would the romantics have done with the neon-signed, the stuttering, multicolored manifestations of restlessness and fever over on the horizon? Had they the equipment to write about what man has done with nature? No, they were only at home with nature itself, with tempests, not with traffic. It would be unreal to be a romantic today.

And yet, had he not perhaps erred by expressing only the sleazy aspects of civilization? He had written only of smoky caverns, of metal structures, of cement and electric light. Outside, in the open, there still were trees, grass, water, the same phenomena which had sparked Beethoven in his boy-scout hike in the hackneyed Sixth and Mendelssohn in his Cook's tour in the Scottish and the Italian Symphonies. Ah, if only he had lived in the nineteenth century, he could have known real success! He was good-looking, better-looking than Liszt. His white hair and anguished brow, his blue eyes, tortured enough to be interesting, would have made the ladies swoon in those ample days of facile emotions and diabolical virtuosi. He could have written a splendid Hungarian Symphony, with each movement carefully named after a recognizable Magyar mood. In his mind, he could read the program notes. A slow opening movement, "Moonlight on the Puzozta," leads without break into the tumultuous "Hungarian Village Wedding," and from these the work broadens into the glorious "Lullaby to a Transylvanian Baby," ending with controlled abandon in a "Symphonic Czardas" of incredible technical accomplishment. And the violin works! Humoresque upon humoresque, elves' dances without end.

But it was not to be. Here he was, in Los Angeles, in the middle of the twentieth century, faced with both town and country, and without an inner urge to call his own. Just then a police car drove up. It had been following him at snail's pace for ten minutes.

"Where you heading, Mac?" asked the policeman at the wheel. Walking in Los Angeles is tantamount to loitering.

"I am going to a restaurant," answered Erhardt, who knew better than to be annoyed.

"Mind telling me which one?"

"Antal Laszlo's Rhapsody Room."

"Car broken down?"

"I don't have a car."

"You don't have a car!"

The policeman's face hardened, and he braked. This certainly was suspicious. "What's your name?" he rapped.

"Professor Erhardt Von Csumlay."

"Engaged in atomic work?"

"Music."

"Music? D'you know Perry Como?"

"No."

"You're a music professor, and you don't know Perry Como?"

The policeman was more suspicious than ever. "Where d'you work?" he asked.

"Warner Brothers."

"Warner Brothers? You a movie composer?"

"I am a serious composer, engaged occasionally in writing music for motion pictures."

"What's your name again?"

"Erhardt Von Csumlay."

"When I see a name on the screen I can't pronounce, I'll know you wrote the music."

Erhardt tried to smile.

"What's that restaurant again?"

"Antal Laszlo's Rhapsody Room."

"Know how to get there?"

"Yes."

"OK. Take it easy."

The policeman drove slowly into the night.

Erhardt detested encounters with officials, but was never surprised or even outraged by them. Europeans had become used to persecution and endless delays on frontiers, and in the process they had learned to talk themselves out of trouble without blushing.

WHEN Erhardt had said that he worked for the Warner Brothers Film Company, it was not quite true. What had actually occurred was that round about 1930, when he was living in Paris, teaching, he had gone to a Montmartre café one night to drink away his sorrows, when he had heard Hungarian spoken at the next table. Listening carefully, he gathered that the party of two men and two women consisted of a film producer, Geza de Amrassy, and a film director, Lajos Dubay, and that the ladies had no permanent connection with the gentlemen. They were at the sentimental stage of inebriation, and gradually, as coherent conversation petered out, they began to sing the popular hits of their youth with clouded passion.

Erhardt wandered to the upright piano, temporarily abandoned by the resident pianist, and began to hammer out the old tunes, carrying the moribund voices of the four Hungarians on the drooping wings of the yellowed notes into their

chosen Elysium. After a while, names and addresses were exchanged, and soon Erhardt found himself writing the music for a German-language film based on the life of Lajos Kossuth, the liberator of Hungary. It was a musical, and Kossuth sang Hungary to freedom in a somewhat frivolous fashion. Erhardt's success was immediate. He even had an affair with one of the ladies at the table. More films followed. A musical about Elizabeth and Essex, and a gay piece about Rasputin entitled *The Devil's Monk*.

It was inevitable that sooner or later the talented Geza de Amrassy would be summoned to Hollywood, where he was known as Gaylord de Race. It was also inevitable that, when faced with producing a Biblical outburst based on Judith and Holofernes, a subject for which he had no aptitude whatever, he would send for Erhardt simply in order to have someone to talk to. All of Erhardt's facility for the ear-catching emotional trick was brought into play, and the high executives raved about his music for *That Judith Woman*, telling him confidentially that without the tunes the film would have been a dead loss.

Other movies followed without intermission, with subjects as diverse as jail breaks from Alcatraz and sexy follies in the court of Ivan the Terrible, erotic encounters in the Sahara and the escapades of a ninety-foot orangutan which threatened the known world. His life took on a new and successful rhythm. He built himself a house in a curious Mexican-Gothic style, constructed a pool, married a starlet, and worked in a room imitated from one he had seen in Pompeii, his desk surrounded by a shallow moat of water set with sparkling blue mosaic, which proved an attractive background for the goldfish. The front door, which came from a ruined Hebridean castle, was flanked by a bust of Franz Liszt on one side and one of himself on the other.

He used to sit at his desk, the waves of light from the miniature moat reflecting on his forehead, and write every kind of music to order. He dressed in what he liked to call his "creation robe," fashioned in black velvet, with some Hussar motives worked on it in white cord. Occasionally he would stride over to a cream-colored piano and dreamily strum a few arpeggios. Lazily the borzois on the sheepskin rugs would lift an ear and then continue their picturesque activity of staring at nothing with the distinguished application of duchesses at a charity concert. He no longer thought in terms of music, but in terms of remuneration, cards, cocktails, and grandeur. His friendship with Gaylord de Race matured into a complicity. They would always play poker together, get drunk together, deceive their wives together, and the Marmon limousine of one was

rarely seen without the Pierce-Arrow convertible of the other parked alongside it.

Mabel Von Csumlay had been a show girl. She was platinum blonde, button-nosed, and foolish. The borzois accepted her as one of them. Occasionally Erhardt would make love to her, calling her "my violin, the one on whom I play my most exquisite melodies of love," and then see through his half-closed eyes her ecstatic face artlessly posed on its pink pillow, her mouth ajar to receive his kisses, her eyelids closed to contain her poverty-stricken heaven. Aside from these activities, in which he was an expert, more rational conversation was an impossibility. She was furniture, an inanimate object on which to hang jewelry as toys are hung on a Christmas tree.

LIFE continued comfortably enough until 1941, when without warning one November morning Gaylord de Race dropped dead at his desk during a casting conference. Erhardt had known de Race so well that he suddenly discovered that he knew practically nobody else. The chief of production called him in, and after some conventionally morose reflections about the great guy who had just passed to some greater studio, Erhardt was assigned to an anti-Nazi picture directed by a German expatriate who wore an Iron Cross from World War I on his shirt while at work.

Werner Plack was much more particular in his methods than de Race had been. He worked with his nerves rather than with his head. Erhardt wrote his incidental music with the same abandon that he had always done. To suggest the menace of the approaching gauleiter, he orchestrated the *Horst Wessel* song in an acidulated manner, while the background to the clandestine gatherings of the French underground movement was but *Frère Jacques* scored for tin whistle and side drum.

When Plack heard the music, he grew mad with anger. "All has been done before!" he ranted. "Without inspiration, without imagination, without stomach!" To the production chief he added, "How can a Hungarian understand the inner strength of the Resistance heroes and the demoniac sadism of the Nazis? All he does is to take the most obvious elements and dramatize them in the most old-fashioned way."

"Old-fashioned" is the word most calculated to frighten even the most old-fashioned executive, and so Erhardt was removed from the picture and given a Western to do. He had never done one before, since de Race had concentrated almost exclusively on Easterns. His attempt was not successful. The director growled, "What the hell's that waltz doing in there?" And it was

enough. Erhardt was removed again, and soon his contract elapsed and was not renewed.

All the same, he was sufficiently important not to drop out of sight right away. His noble chords in the various Biblical epics still reverberated in the minds of those old enough to regret the passing of greater days. For a time he did quite well as a climax consultant. He was no longer considered as a composer of full-length scores, but individual producers with climax problems would send for him and say, for instance:

"Professor, we have a scene here which is the climax of the picture, both pictorially and emotionally. The battle of Rappahannock is reaching its closing stages, see? The hero, Brick Johnston, is wounded. His buddy, Red Gogarty, is dead; around him all is death and devastation. Here we superimpose the vision he has of Marilyn Fry, a Southern girl, his sweetheart, in her crinolines. What he sees and what we see is a vision of enduring sweetness, of undying loveliness, of hope and beauty. Do I make myself clear? All his life, he's been a rough-talking, rugged guy with no belief in anything but his own guts and spunk, but now, faced with this vision — the picture's in color, incidentally — he finds a personal faith, which leads him automatically to prayer. He prays, 'Make me worthy of all this loveliness, and please, God, let Marilyn be there, waiting for me, just the way I see her now, when all this killing's over. I want her so badly, and I want her to want me. Please.' He prays that way because he's a rugged guy like I said and because he don't know any better. Now here's the melody which we have for the battle scenes, and here's the love tune. What we want is three minutes of real powerful emotional climax music blending the two themes in a triumphant, tragic, yet hopeful, inspirational surge which says to us, 'Yes, life's grim and tough at times, but there's always tomorrow, and every cloud has a silver lining.' Think you can do it?"

Erhardt would take the bits of paper home and compose some neurotic symphonic fudge in whatever key was indicated. The producers were always satisfied, since, although he was discredited as a writer of sustained scores — "Too old-fashioned," "Typical Viennese schmaltz" — he had become an expert on effective climaxes, the only expert, as though he were a surgeon who specialized in only one rare disease, a consultant.

Naturally his life could no longer be conducted on the lavish scale to which he had been used. The house was sold, and Mabel had the first of a series of nervous breakdowns. Her only gift was to be kept, and she had never realized that there was an existence which had to be budgeted. Erhardt moved into a large apartment house, keeping only the cream-colored piano out of all

the luxury. He did his work without regrets. Central Europeans are resilient. They have had to be so often.

One day, he was offered a picture all his own by a small independent company. It wasn't much, an outer-space fantasy about an invasion of astral gnats, but to Erhardt this was like a return to dignity. He was older now, some of the old facility had gone, but he strained every nerve to make this score a thing of power, of urgency, which would mark his return into the tight ranks of the accepted. The theme of the gathering gnat army was eerie enough, and he polished it as though it were a priceless jewel, until every note contributed toward the general architecture of terror. The song of the young lovers, the last inhabitants to be left alive in a world laid waste by the insects, was a tremulous and touching andante cantabile, scored for a mass of strings. The producers were satisfied.

Unfortunately, when the film appeared, two other composers sued the company, the one claiming that the theme of the gathering gnats was stolen *in toto* from his music to a television series about cattle rustlers in Texas, while the other maintained that the song of the young lovers was nothing but a bald paraphrase of a popular number he had composed for a celebrated crooner several years back, entitled *Love Me, Gaucho*. The lawyer for the defense tried bravely to prove that Brahms had once used a theme very much like that of the gathering gnats in a string quartet and that *Love Me, Gaucho* was very reminiscent of a violin piece by Sarasate, played slowly, but both plaintiffs won their cases, and Erhardt was finally and irrevocably finished, through.

HE THOUGHT back on all that with a little bitterness now. He had not consciously stolen those melodies, but he was over sixty and had heard so much music in his time. Watch enough television and some of the fragments, even of the advertising jingles, are bound to become embedded in the subconscious. Perhaps a composer should live in isolation, never listen to a note of anyone else's music.

"Hey, Professor!"

It was that damned cop again.

"If you want the Rhapsody Room, you should have taken a right two blocks back."

Why can't he mind his own business?

"Thank you very much."

"Take it easy now."

Erhardt retraced his steps. What had he done with his life? He had never been able to choose between high art and commerce. There was no

level on which he could even judge himself. Certainly, if by inner compulsion the old publisher had meant the willingness to starve in an attic for the sake of an avant-garde sonata, then he had none. Life is to be enjoyed, and to pretend that any piece of music is worth the sacrifice of its enjoyment is ludicrous. Basically, Beethoven was a fool. A few more schottisches and a few less symphonies, and he could have lived more comfortably, even have gone to the expense of an ear trumpet perhaps. Was he here to enjoy the glory? Did he get the royalties from his record sales?

And yet, why did Mabel jump from a sixteenth-story window? What had made her do such a rash thing? It was too late to guess now. He had hardly known her, since there wasn't really much to know. Perhaps there was? Could it have been a deficiency in his character which had frustrated her desire to give more of herself to the man of her choice? Was her incredible dumbness but a mask for a great timidity? He shuddered at the thought, and then, as he had done all his life, he gave himself the benefit of the doubt. Right from the beginning she had been latently hysterical, a child of her times. Women from the new world were different. They had none of the intellectual hocus-pocus which his first wife, the lady from Bucharest, had used in order to give love its savage flavor. But then while the Romanian was fine as a muse for advanced chamber music, she would have been hell in Hollywood. How Gaylord de Race would have hated her! He laughed aloud.

What are women, after all? Transitory comforts. But why had he no children, as his father had, yes, even his stupid father, and his grandfather, and so on, ad infinitum, back to Adam? Why did thousands of centuries of untroubled procreation have to end with him? He lived for love. He wasn't a recluse or a deviate, but for some reason there was no family, no responsibility.

Erhardt thought deeply as he walked, and found no answer. Then it occurred to him that perhaps he had never really matured, that that was the reason he had always seized whatever was available, like a baby, and played with it cruelly and dropped it to see if it would break. He had loved women, but had always foreseen with displeasure that difficult moment when an affair was over, and it had spoiled his pleasure even before he had attempted to enjoy it. He had invariably thought, and said, more or less wittily, that life was imperfect and therefore it must be lived to the full. Champagne must flow to drown the sorrows. But how superficial his sorrows were! Now poor Mabel had jumped from the sixteenth floor, and he really felt no great emotion, because he wasn't trained to. He hadn't known her. She had never penetrated.

By rights, he felt, he ought to be crying, and yet there was no trace of a tear. His face was white and very handsome, and all he could do was to sigh mechanically.

Perhaps he had no soul? Too much talent, and no soul. Certainly his early music was not beautiful, but surely it had something? It had inspired audiences to fury, and that was a valid mark in its favor. It could never be accused of being cold or lifeless. His later works had their value too, and they had not been entirely unsuccessful. They had afforded him a splendid house, a pool, some borzois, and a nomination for an Oscar. Incredible what people do with money. Who, in his right mind, wants borzois? All they do is sit around and eat enormous quantities of meat. He smiled. He was giving himself the benefit of the doubt again and sticking to his happier memories.

"Thought you'd never get here, Professor."

Now that infernal policeman was parked right in front of Antal Laszlo's Rhapsody Room and grinning in an atrociously friendly way. Probably there was a seasonal dip in the crime wave. Since there was a scarcity of juvenile delinquents, he had to pick on an old man who wished to remember what fresh air was like.

"Food good in there?"

"Excellent. I always come here."

"Take it easy."

Erhardt entered the restaurant, and the look on the face of the hat-check girl was far from reassuring. He kissed her hand gallantly and passed among the diners, furtively finding his way to a wooden door in the body of the hall, through which he passed. He was now in a small and cheerless room. With nervous fingers he searched for a key in his pocket, found it, and opened a locker.

Just then Antal Laszlo entered in the uniform of a Hungarian landowner of the last century. He was the proprietor of the establishment, and the nearest he had ever been to Hungary was Pittsburgh. For the purposes of trade he had learned the Hungarian words for "Welcome," "This way please," and "Come again," but for the moment he was too angry to speak anything but English.

"This is the last break I'm giving you, Csumlay, and I mean it. If you're late again, you're fired. I'd fire you here and now if I didn't know you'd just suffered a great personal tragedy. I'm a kind-hearted man, but there's limits, and boy, you've just about reached them."

Erhardt stammered an apology in servile tones and changed clumsily into gypsy costume. Taking his violin, he re-entered the restaurant and mounted the podium. The other musicians looked at him without expression. He wiped the perspiration from his brow and glanced over at the hat-

check girl, who was now smiling. Attractive she was, with her long legs in net stockings, her low décolleté, and her cheeky uhlan shako in royal purple. He gazed at her with nostalgia. Perhaps she was the woman for this phase in his career, one who could be thrilled by the hysterical trilling of a gypsy violin? He smiled back, sadly, with distinction. She settled like a cat before the fire, to listen, her pretty face resting on her hands.

The csimbalom cascaded down its full register, and the Hungarian medley was on. Closing his eyes rapturously, and investing his face with the bittersweet expression demanded of it by tradition, Erhardt began to play.

A far cry this, from the experiments with the International Society for Contemporary Music, or indeed from the gala premières at Grauman's Chinese, but the hat-check girl was listening, and he was playing beneath her balcony. The diners went on talking doggedly throughout his recital, even raising their voices in order to keep their conversation alive above the folklore, but Erhardt

didn't really care. Suddenly the orchestra stopped. This was the cue for him to embark on *Schön Rosmarin* as a solo. Yes, perhaps his early music was trash, perhaps his moving-picture scores were an arrant prostitution of a talent meant for finer things, but here he was, throwing his all into the interpretation of a salon piece by another composer, in a restaurant in which the goulash was inedible. He had not surrendered. Perhaps he had even found his level. Nobody could accuse him of quitting. The diners could go on talking if they wished, it's a free country, but nobody could prevent him from earning his living by music. What he was doing was perhaps not all he had hoped for, but it was something, it was something.

He opened one eye as he played. The hat-check girl was listening with her brows knitted in concentration, her hands joined as though in prayer.

Something? It was more than something. It was art. Valid art. "But all the same," he thought, "curse Stravinsky."

WOMEN

MAYAGÜEZ, PUERTO RICO

by IRVING FELDMAN

The rotted sun-weary shacks sit on the land,
Like a drowsy dog's tongue their doors hang idly out.
All around, the impatient weed and rutted clay;
Within, bare board, bed, table, chair. No more
Than this. No hearth, no picture, the window closed against
The sun. A baby weeps. The pot has business of its own.
And an aged woman retreats within the arms of a chair,
Her flesh thrown carelessly across her bones.

Her eyes wander through the dark to the empty wall,
To its broken altar where she has burned her hand, her thigh.
Flickering fingers recount her years in the wood,
And there she pours wine to her own sacrifice,
Kneels to the faceless board that devours . . .
And suddenly, quivering like an arrow, she is through —
Standing like Diana in the wood, and finds the leaf there,
The hound, the bow, an ancient mood of youth.

There the meadow and the spring, and there she hunts
White and secret through the bees and ivy. And finds
There forever her own body, whole, intact,
Like a sapling that holds still all its leaves,
As though inviolate and pure it hung the stars.
Now a wind blows and the door swings shut.



OUR IMPOVERISHED DIPLOMATS



BY DAVID L. COHN

Southern author and economist, DAVID L. COHN points out that the United States, the wealthiest nation in the world, pays its foreign representatives so poorly that the best qualified of them, unless they have private means, are unable to afford the most influential posts.



The rich United States treats its Foreign Service career officers with pinchpenny niggardliness. It thereby, to its disgrace, exacts heavy sacrifices of devoted men and sharply lessens our diplomatic effectiveness.

Annually, at the expense of their families' welfare, these men spend upward of \$200,000 of their own money in extending official hospitality to foreigners for the nation's benefit. Large sums are spent by men in such ambassadorial posts as London, Paris, Rome, posts open only to the wealthy because the salaries and allowances attached to them fall far short of the needs. These posts are in effect bought by rich men who contribute liberally to the winning political party in a presidential election. They are therefore nearly always barred to the career diplomat, even though he be the embodiment of Franklin, Talleyrand, Metternich.

How does this affect us in the field? In Paris the informed knew that the young officer being removed from our embassy there was exceptionally able, that his removal was the country's loss. Speaking of him, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "When I was in Paris . . . I had luncheon with some prominent French people; they said

what a tragedy it was that this fellow had gone. They said, 'Why did you take this man away?'"

He was removed because he had gone broke doing his job. Mr. Dulles continued: "He just could not afford to live there. He had already gone into debt and had neglected the education, health, and dentistry of his children. . . . So we had to pull out one of our most effective persons. . . . He spoke French perfectly and was our best at the operating level, the best counterpoise to the activities of the Soviet Embassy."

Thus the land of the \$80 billion budget removed an able diplomat from an important post to one politically inconsequential, because it would not spend money to enable him to do his job well.

Like Paris, like Rome. At our embassy there an officer recently spent \$1500 of his own funds entertaining official guests for the benefit of the United States. He is without independent income and has a family of four.

Why do these men make such sacrifices? It is because they cannot bear to see America poorly represented, because it pains them that their country should appear cheap and shabby in the eyes of foreigners, because they are professionals with the passion of their kind for perfection.

The whole difficulty stems from inadequate "representation allowances" appropriated by Congress. These are funds to cover the cost of hospitality tendered for America. They are not compensation for individuals. No personal advantage accrues from them.

For fiscal 1957 these allowances were only \$800,000. But although living costs are rising everywhere and our competition with the Communist world grows daily more intense, Congress sharply reduced the allowances for fiscal 1958 to \$600,000. For fiscal 1959 they will be \$750,000. This is less than the appropriation of two years ago, yet more men are in the field, and the need for money becomes acute.

The \$600,000 allowance for 1958 was spread thin. It was distributed among eighty diplomatic missions, two hundred consulates, and approximately sixteen hundred officers. Since it was insufficient, almost no one had enough money to meet his minimal responsibilities. What are these responsibilities?

Our Foreign Service officer ought to cultivate local leaders in all spheres so that dealings might progress on a friendly, informal basis if the need should arise. Occasionally he must entertain these leaders and acquaint them with visiting Americans. He should, moreover, be able to talk lengthily and informally with local nationals about matters of common interest away from their offices. This is especially important in Oriental countries. In Japan, for example, even businessmen conduct much of their business in teahouses and restaurants, and many Japanese regard as vulgar the foreigner who insists upon doing business in the office.

These activities require more money than the \$600,000 presently provided. Many American corporations spend larger sums entertaining customers and currying good will. Corporate expense spending, it is estimated, is now about \$5 billion a year. This is equivalent to one sixteenth of the whole federal budget and is deductible from taxable income. But the same government that is so lavish with businessmen's expense spending grudgingly grants pennies for the same purpose to the men charged with the awesome duties of discharging the nation's foreign policy and winning good will for it against intense Communist competition nearly everywhere.

Let us see how this policy affects one consulate general. Its consular area contains 12 million people. It is located in a key city of more than one million people, engaged in shipping, manufacturing, trading. Aside from routine tasks such as issuing visas, the consulate interprets to Washington local political and economic trends, advises and entertains visiting American indus-

trialists, calls upon and entertains local officials, businessmen, labor leaders, and all who may be useful to America in its economic competition with the West and its economic-political competition with the Communist world.

The consulate general has a representation allowance that, in the opinion of Congress, is large enough to permit it, among other things, to maintain close, friendly contacts with hundreds of persons at all social levels. It is \$345 a year, or about 90 cents a day!

Our consul general does not aspire to funds sufficient for the task. He merely longs for ample "lunch money." With it he could take local leaders to lunch and, he says, "do a little brain picking. I could entertain them for entertainment received and develop close contacts with labor leaders, teachers, and professional people, all of whom are important in opinion formulation."

The people here, as in huge areas elsewhere, are largely illiterate. For most of them the purchase of a radio would be unimaginable. "But," observes our consul, "here the personal approach pays rich dividends. Marvels can be achieved provided one enjoys personal friendships in the right places; lacking such friendships, the best laid plans may fail." How much personal approach, in terms of lunches, dinners, donations to local charities, may be had for 90 cents a day?

We compete with the Soviet Union and Red China throughout the continent where this consulate general operates. But our representatives are at a great disadvantage in terms of the personal approach. The Soviet Union, unlike ourselves, does not dole out representation allowances according to rigid formula. It allots them according to the demands of the task. Hence the representation expenditures of its embassies, and those of its satellites, are limited only by the number of people of present or potential importance who will attend their dinners and entertainments.

Look at our pinchpenny policy in the small, strategic Southeast Asian country of Laos. We have poured nearly \$150 million of aid funds into it. But our embassy officers in Vientiane recently dug into their own pockets for \$984 to pay for hospitality extended by them to Laotian and foreign officials.

We have also poured huge sums into neighboring Cambodia. There we are in direct, open competition with nearby Red China for Cambodia's good will. Officers assigned to our Phnom Penh embassy recently spent \$1750 of their own money for official entertaining. Last year a touring

American track team visited Cambodia. In order to obtain the maximum benefit from the visit, our ambassador held a luncheon in the team's honor to which he invited interested Cambodians. This display of patriotism on the ambassador's part cost him \$92.50.

One of our crucial posts is at Amman, in the beleaguered desert kingdom of Jordan. In the fiscal year ending June, 1957, every officer of our Amman embassy dipped into his pocket to do his official tasks. In this period, marked by the Suez War, nearly all Americans were evacuated from Amman for five months, as were all Britons and many members of other foreign communities. The prevailing blackout and curfew sharply restricted normal contacts, but even under these conditions our Amman Foreign Service officers had to use their own funds to do their work.

We have a new consulate at Kampala, Uganda, a remote African area rapidly growing in importance to us. Uganda is approaching self-government. Hence the demands upon our consulate are the greater because it must deal with the semi-autonomous government and Parliament of the kingdom of Buganda, which is destined to play a key role in determining the constitutional future of Uganda, as well as with the protectorate government and national legislative council of Uganda. Our two officers at this important, demanding post are granted a total of \$500 a year (about 65 cents a day each) for representation allowance.

During the first four months of this fiscal year these officers spent \$525 on essential representation. At this rate they will have to spend \$1000 of their own money during the year, in addition to their \$500 allotment.

Consider the plight of our consul at Tabriz, Iran. He was senior to his Turkish and French colleagues at a moment when the Shah was coming to Tabriz, and protocol dictated that our man must receive the Shah on behalf of the consular community. Protocol also dictated that he wear morning clothes for the occasion. The Shah could not know when our consul stood before him that the representative of the world's richest people owed his morning clothes to the willingness of a local tailor to wait a year for his money.

Our government requires its officials to wear the clothes prescribed by protocol, such as tails, morning clothes, and so forth, but it does not help pay for them. Thus recently an officer with a wife and five children was forced to borrow \$2500 to make essential purchases of clothing and equipment in preparation for assignment overseas. While abroad he must continue to pay income, real estate, and personal property taxes to his domiciliary state of Virginia. How much, then,

of his own money can this man afford to spend for the benefit of the United States?

We are the world's largest automobile manufacturers. Yet our diplomats use many broken-down cars. Regulations forbid the spending of more than \$5000 for an ambassador's car. The need is for a seven-passenger limousine, air-conditioned for the hot countries, with a window partition for privacy in talks. Such cars cannot be had for our top price. The State Department is therefore forced to purchase discarded cars of cabinet members, secondhand funeral-home limousines, and the old cars of foreign diplomats in Washington who are buying new ones.

Naturally, the rolling junk we send our diplomats causes them trouble. Some time ago Loy Henderson, deputy undersecretary of state, was our ambassador to Teheran. This able officer had been sent an ancient car for his use. "But," he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "we had so much trouble with it that we did not dare go very far from Teheran. I recall that on several occasions when we were going to the airport to meet distinguished guests it broke down on the way and we had to transfer hurriedly to other cars."

Our diplomats must do certain ceremonial entertaining. Everywhere they hold open house on the Fourth of July to all Americans and invited local nationals. It may consume a year's representation allowance. The Fourth of July reception in London costs the embassy about \$5700. This is \$700 more than the ambassador's \$5000 representation allowance for a year.

The expense account is a fixed American business institution. But while we believe that it is a good thing for business to make friends by entertaining customers, we are only partially convinced that it is a good thing for our Foreign Service officers to do. Hence, while an American businessman in Rome may be spending hundreds of tax-deductible dollars dining his customers, down the street an American diplomat may be digging into his own pocket to pay for a pedestrian luncheon for an important Italian official. How can we entrust our diplomats with grave responsibilities and yet treat them with such parsimoniousness?

Our diplomatic corps is the basis of the operation of our foreign policy. Personal diplomacy is sometimes effective, and the politically appointed diplomat may be successful. Yet there can be no substitute for the well-trained, devoted diplomatic corps. As Senator Lyndon Johnson puts it, "A nation which does not have such a corps does not have a foreign policy." Yet no diplomatic corps can be at its best when it lacks the best tools in abundance.

MARK VAN DOREN

Her hand in my hand,
Soft as the south wind,
Soft as a colt's nose,
Soft as forgetting;

Her cheek to my cheek,
Red as the cranberry,
Red as a mitten,
Red as remembering —

Here we go round like raindrops,
Raindrops,
Here we go round
So snug together,

Oh, but I wonder,
Oh, but I know,
Who comforts like raisins,
Who kisses like snow.

If I had a wife
I would love her as kings
Loved queens in the old days, or as princes
Maidens,
Met in the dew, by a stile, of a morning —
“How do you do, my pretty?”
And all of that.

If I had a wife
I would come home sometimes
Dressed like a stranger, and when she stared,
“Lady,”
I'd say, and woo her in wonder —
“How can there be such shining?”
And all of that.

If I had a wife
I would never be done
With remembering how it is now when, oh,
I am lonesome,
And no one is here but my dog and my cat —
“Well, old boys! Hungry?”
And all of that.

DUNCES' SONGS

Then I'll be four-footed,
And modest with fur.
All over, all under,
Seemly and still.

Then I'll be patient:
A part of the ground.
I will go slowly,
And lowly — oh, sweet,

Then I'll be one of them
He that made all
Looks after the longest,
And tenderest loves.

Then I'll be quiet —
You can be quick —
And lie down all summer,
All winter, and sleep.

A BEAUTIFUL GAME

BY RALPH SAMUELSON

A native of Seattle, now on the English staff at Humboldt State College, RALPH SAMUELSON took his M.A. at Columbia and his Ph.D. at the University of Washington. In his home near the ocean he is working on a novel and occasionally gets out on the tennis courts to practice up on his backhand.

I was at the edge of the right side line waiting for a return and just barely heard it. That moron from the South was always telling some filthy thing here at the Club, when as far as I'm concerned it should be a place to relax in and really get away from things like that. And what better way of getting clear of things than this?

Because tennis is a beautiful game. I had been hitting volleys and smashing lobs up at the net and now was back at the base line, and John and I were just rallying easy. It was a beautiful afternoon there at the Club; God, I loved it, it just gets you — the cool hazy early summertime before the heat sets in and the girls in their white skirts and brown legs and the brotherhood of tennis all mixed into one — like the Olympics, almost, the way it brings people together. A nice reasonable breeze was lifting up the Club's pennant on its pole as I hit one down the middle, and the corner of my eye saw these other things while I played, the pennant and Betty my girl's skirt blowing ever so slightly and Marg and Bill lazing in shorts in the empty stands with their Cokes. John came to the net and I lifted one in the air for him and as lightly as you hit a lob, my new strings sang even then, strung as they were to sixty pounds. I went back for his smash and lofted it up again for him, and while it was up there yelled at Betty and she blew me a kiss, secretly, and John heard me yell and nearly missed his smash.

We'd had about a half hour by then and didn't want to be too tired for tomorrow, so John said, "Let's get something wet, Herbie. I'm pooped."

I've taught George how to make the iced tea at the snack bar behind the dining room. I like it just a certain way, with a spoon and a half of sugar and two slices of lemon and lots of ice, ground up. John already had his Coke from the machine and was sitting in the stands above number-one court while I went back to order. George set down the milk-shake glass he was polishing.

"Hi there, old buddy. Time for my tea."

"Yes sir, Mister Jillson."

"George, let me sign the pad now so I can go back and sit down. I'm bushed. You can bring it out to me."

He pushed the pad at me and I signed and went out into the stands. John and Betty were watching some others who'd moved over to number-one court. "You're warm," Betty said, and put her cool white hand on my forehead while I was looking down at the court, watching a couple of squirrels play who couldn't hit anything, thinking how the Club would send me on a tour for sure this summer if I won the Junior Singles — and I would, with any luck at all — and right then I saw the Negro. Maybe it was *him* that guy had been talking about on the side lines so near where I was playing.

Before I had time to think about him, George

brought out, on a wooden tray, the glass of iced tea and a green plastic cocktail muddler.

"You look tired, old buddy," I said. He had kind of a strained look, as if his jacket was too tight on him.

"I been keepin' busy, Mister Jillson."

I hardly heard him, though, looking at the Negro down below. He was in shorts and walking along the bottom row of stands toward one of the far courts. Where did he come from just now? God but his T shirt was white! It was sure strange to see someone like him here, at the Club, aside from the fellows like George, of course. Well, more power to him!

John must have seen my face. "Haven't you seen him before?" he asked. "Boy, where you been? He's in the tournament."

"In the —?"

"Yeah. The committee turned him down last year but had to pass him this time because he's supposed to be good. They had a fight over it among themselves and finally let him in."

"I think it's terrible," Betty said. What she meant I wasn't sure.

He was still walking and went to the green wooden backboard with a white line across it, and he banged some balls against it. He hit some forehands so flat you could have read the label on the ball if you'd been close enough.

"Is he seeded?"

"No," said John. "He's never been in any tournament before. But he's played some other colored guys, I guess, on the park courts in the south end of town and beats them all. He's a fast son of a bitch, you can see that much."

John was right. Way over at the backboard the Negro was hitting the ball at angles to make himself run. It was so far from where we sat that you'd see the ball bounce off and a second later hear the bang on that wooden backboard, and the Negro would run to the ball, hitting it on the run and bang then again, and he was always where he should be when the ball came at him.

I drank my tea slowly and watched him. The tea was getting warm and watery. He couldn't have been older than I was, either, hitting the ball on that backboard, and Jesus he looked terrific way off there; there is nothing nicer than to see someone working out like that.

John was going to say something when that friend of my dad's who'd stood on the side lines, talking, walked behind us just then and said, "I hope that nigger gets his in the first round."

I looked at him close. He was visiting from the South and played tennis like a squirrel. Why don't they grow up down there? He had a gold-colored can of beer in his hand, and this close to him you could see how fat his belly was and how flabby his

arms were getting. In the shorts he looked like an enormous baby with diapers on.

"How does that black boy look to you?" asked the fat man.

"Darn good," I said. "More power to him."

He frowned and went off, swigging the beer.

Before my shower I walked downstairs to the lawn where the umbrella tables were set up and two waiters were bringing drinks from the bar outside to the Club members. Everybody but the waiters sat around in white. It was loud down there, lots of talking and laughing while the waiters brought drinks, and for a few minutes I sat on the grass near a table in the shade, away from the half-hazy glare of the sun you couldn't see but only feel. I got up then to go in for a shower and glanced through the fence for a last look at the Negro way off there. That white line cut him in half as he chased a ball.

In the locker room John was getting dressed.

I took my shoes off. "John, that Negro picks a silly way to warm up, that's all I can say."

"What's so silly about it? You mean hitting against the backboard?"

"Yeah. That's not the best way in the world to . . ."

John stood up, all dressed, and came close to where I was sitting, damn near pushing me off the bench.

"Herbie, wake up," he said. "How else would he get any practice?"

WHAT a day next morning was! I was down early. A slight breeze promised to blow all day and keep the players cool. I love a breezy, cloudy day myself, when the sun isn't closing in on you. Joe Evans, the Club pro, says on a cool day I'm capable of beating anyone. My match was at nine, and up on the veranda was the big white sheet full of names for the Junior Singles. It wasn't taped down tight on the board, and the lower left corner fluttered noisily for a second in the breeze, as behind it and down below on number-three court two of the better men in the state began warming up for their match, their white sweaters on.

"What a day, huh, old buddy?" I said to George on the veranda. He was putting on his jacket.

"It sure is, Mister Jillson."

Just then Mike and his brother Paul came along. They were both entered in the Junior Singles.

"Well, men," said Mike, "this is it, huh?"

"Let's do or die," said Paul.

"Let's die," said Mike, "except for the next champion here."

"How's the backhand?" asked Paul.

"It was fine yesterday," I said.

"I'm sorry to hear," said Paul.

"Say men," said Mike, "I've figured out what it is I don't have. It's just one thing: stamina."

"It's not stamina you need," I said. "It's just a simple matter of getting everything back."

"No, but look, Herbie — look at all these five-set matches. I was looking at a book last night about the Davis Cup. They say in there that the most famous Davis Cup was in 1938. It was America and Germany. It was two-all in team scores, and the deciding match was a singles between Budge and Baron von Cramm. And it went to two-all in sets — can you imagine the pressure? — and Budge finally took the fifth set with that sun burning down on him. The stamina — that's what did it. He finally took it away from that Nazi."

"What was it," I said, "a grudge match?"

"How should I know?" said Mike.

"It probably was," said Paul. "The damn Nazis and all."

"I doubt if they really hated each other, though," I said. "They'd be above that."

"Maybe," said Mike. "It was nice for Budge that he won, though."

All three of our opponents had shown up. There was mine already down on number-one court, waiting. After the first two minutes of the first set, with him scared and playing so bad he almost screwed up my game, I settled down and went through him in twenty minutes. John, playing later that morning, stayed in too. In the shower at about noon I asked John if the Negro was still in. The Negro had won his match by a default, John said, because Dick Martin, his opponent, refused to play with him.

Marg and Betty and Bill were all in the stands above number-one court, where I went after my shower. They'd all finally gotten out of bed (they lie around all summer) and come down to sit in their usual spot. They just seem to end up there.

"Don't let me forget it today, would you, Betty?" asked Marg. "I'm going to get a tan. I'm determined."

"How about this practically professional tennis player here?" asked Bill. "Is he getting some sun this afternoon? It might break through real good. How about the beach, boy?"

"No sun for me," I said.

John felt good from having won his match. "You better look out for me, Herbie, if I can stay on my game like today."

"You guys are all so buddy-buddy," said Bill. "But you'd cut each other's hearts out for that damn cup. You don't fool me."

Marg turned on the pink portable radio sitting between her and Betty. The five-day forecast was

for increasing sun, the morning haze lifting a little earlier each day.

"As long as you guys are winning . . ." said Bill. "I know how it is with you guys."

Hearing the forecast made me sticky, and anyway I was sick of listening to that squirrel Bill, who'd do just about as well on the court with a baseball bat, so I went inside the clubhouse where it was dark and cool and the waiters were setting the tables for dinner. That friend of my dad's from the South was slouched with a can of beer in a big chair, by another fellow.

"The papers were going to call him a dark horse," he said, chuckling.

Aside from that idiot, though, the next few days were tremendous. My game kept getting better. Even a backhand lob which I usually throw up too short was landing deep and solid in back court. In the round of sixteen, my man hit three smashes in a row down on my backhand, and I lifted each one back till on the fourth, he just swished the air. He was buggy by then. You hit even three of those things in a row, bending your neck and looking up into that sky, and you're ready for the nut-house. After that he just broke. That whole week was tremendous, with just a bit of wind to keep you cool and the morning matches starting early, the girls in their white short skirts out there too. It was a purification. I beat Paul and then beat one of John's close friends; and then I watched John go down playing the Negro. John got beat just as quick as when I play him. The Negro got to everything, like a backboard. At the net he was a cat, volleying with an easy crispness. It was beautiful to watch him take John, and he went on and on, getting stronger than ever in the last set. His serve had warmed up to the hilt by then, and it came in like a bomb. When he moved around you didn't hear his feet, his shoes didn't scrape or squeak at all; it was unusual for someone his size. But it was seeing them come off the court that made you look close. John was dragging across the court and dripping sweat just like a slug leaving a wet path on the sidewalk, but the goddam Negro just wiped his face once with a towel and looked ready for two sets of doubles.

They passed by me on the way to the shower. I called John to one side.

"John, what happened?"

"Well, the sun wasn't in my eyes, I didn't develop a blister or steel elbow or even get off my game. I just got beat, that's all — just plain got beat."

A TOURNAMENT is a queer thing, all right. It starts out with so many, and so few in the stands watching, and ends up with so few, but so many

in the stands. They had started into the Club that Sunday for the whole last day's activities, the Mixed Doubles finals and all. The Club frowned on it, but some people had brought lunch bags. Everything was clean, and just now the courts were being swept off and the new strip of white canvas across the top of the net on number-one court was being cleaned with a wet cloth. At the same time, two officials were measuring the height of the net and adjusting the center strap.

I had been down at the Club all day because frankly I had been too nervous to sleep late that morning anyway. I stood on the veranda but at the rear of the deck, out of the sun, and watched them adjust the net. There had been no haze at all that morning, and very little breeze. It made me hot just looking down at the court. You couldn't see haze, either, no matter how far out you looked, past even the far courts, over even into the green treetops among the thirty-thousand-dollar homes adjacent to the Club. All you could see in the air were heat waves rising from the courts.

My stomach was all tied up. Thank God it was about time. I took three snow-white balls and went down to number-one court. The Negro hadn't come out yet, and I flopped a towel over the end of the net and threw balls into the air and smashed them to the other side. The crowd was there, all in white, and they were quiet because of the Negro, you could feel it. They had been following the tournament and anticipating that the Negro would be beat out before now. They couldn't really relax and enjoy the tournament as they had in the past. He was kind of ruining their summer.

The Negro came out, and three colored fellows in the stands cheered for him. He hit a few smashes that I lobbed for him, and it was like a dream, the crowd stirring a bit now and the Negro laying smashes down in front of me, each one in almost the same spot at my feet.

The line callers were ready and the Negro won the spin of the racket and as he started to serve I noticed the flag go limp on its pennant as if a lead weight had been tied to the end of it. The breeze stopped dead. There was nothing but him and the sun and a great white splash of crowd in the stands on my right, and that's about all I remember of that set, running back and forth across court as he ran me, and his shots hitting those side lines as if they were two yards wide and no wind.

In the second set I was seeing red balls in front of my eyes from serving into the sun and blinking, and once I called him nigger to myself just to get up my game against him. I studied him once picking up a ball, and wanted to feel that he was as hot as I was under this sun, but he seemed com-

posed, as if the sun could do nothing more to him. I finished the set thinking of that thermos jug during the five-minute break, thinking of something wet going down my throat. I heard the audience clapping a couple of times near the end of the set, I didn't even know who for. The clapping came like a roaring sound and like part of the heat across my ears.

All of a sudden I was leaning my racket against the net — I'd lost the second set too — and was drying my shaking hand on the white towel as the crowd stirred slightly. There was Joe Evans the club pro saying something, but I was only waiting for a ball boy to bring that thermos jug.

"The *knees*," whispered the pro hoarsely, as I waited there for the jug. "Bend your knees on the backhand."

The boy brought the jug and some paper cups. All I wanted was to open the jug. I kneeled and unscrewed the lid. It was all cool and dark down there. Slivers of ice and pieces of lemon floated darkly around inside.

"Did you hear me?"

I poured, slopping some of it onto the court, and drank half the cup shakily, my arm too tensed up to hold it steadily, as some of the tea trickled down my chin. I slumped then into a deck chair brought out to the side of the court, while the Negro walked around.

I could talk after the first gulp. "Yes, Joe, but he keeps —"

"Yes, but bend your knees. And stand inside the base line on his serve. Try that."

I was drying my neck with the blinding white towel and still holding the empty paper cup. I began to stop Joe as he screwed the lid on the jug and gave it back to the ball boy to take into the clubhouse, but Joe gave me a look and then said, "Did you hear what I said to you?"

In the heat I tried to remember. "Yes, but stand *inside*."

"Take his serve on the *rise*, on the rise."

"But it comes in —"

"Yes, but try it."

The third set was hell, even though I won it. When I came to the net on his serve it felt like no man's land up there even when I made a placement, and suddenly we were into the fourth set and I kept up the net business, with him starting to throw lobs. Up, up they went, way up there, he could lob you to death, and I'd wait for it as it seemed to hang there like a fly ball against the blue sky with the whiteness to my right and my left hand up and shading the flaming sun and slapping that lob, wishing it was him who was bending his neck and looking into the sun, and slapping it once three times in a row and the fourth time into the net. The crowd went wild.

After that I was wondering who I was, waiting for his serve that kept getting stronger and beginning to see my backhands hitting the tape instead of clearing, and I thought of the thermos jug again as I ran from side to side and wondered when to go to the net and when not to, my right hand wet and trembling whenever I let go the racket to wipe the grip against my T shirt. All I could think of was to get a drink when this misery was over.

Suddenly there was a great yell and clapping, and I was walking to the side lines with my heart still pounding like drums from the last point and hearing only that and my own breath that was trying to get some air with not a whisper of it near.

The ball boy looked at me meekly in a strange silence of several seconds, and finally I noticed the Negro standing there, his hand out, so I shook it, and the crowd roared to see what good friends we were. This is one of the really fine things about tennis, all right, the way it brings people together — but, God, I was thirsty. I bent down and unscrewed the lid on the thermos jug and finished off the tea. There hadn't been much left. The Negro was kind of still milling around there as if he didn't know where to go or as if he was so amazed to have won he couldn't collect himself just now. There *have* been unseeded players who have won this thing in the past, though — at least two of them. I started for the shower room and then John and Mr. Evans came up to both of

us and started saying what a marvelous game we had both played. The Negro just stood there and took it all in. He was smiling, at me and at everybody.

"For God's sake," I finally said to the three of them, "what am I doing standing out here?"

I had to get out of that sun, all right. I ran up to the veranda, not taking my racket, and inside to the coolness of the clubhouse, back across the dining room all set for dinner, and over to George at the snack bar.

"Some tea for me right now, George. Like you make it."

"But sir, these gentlemen been waiting —"

"Aw, make it for *me*, old buddy. Come on."

I turned and flopped onto a couch till the tea came on a wooden tray with a green plastic cocktail muddler. I signed the pad as George held it.

"Put the glass right in my hand, George."

Whew! It's a beautiful game, but that tea sure tasted good! There is nothing like sitting inside in the coolness to bring you back to life. And maybe this too is what's so nice about being young — you bounce back so fast. Because already I was thinking what I'd do differently next time I played the Negro, though I knew I'd go on that tour anyway, because they'd never sponsor him. I sipped the rest of the drink slowly and then stretched out, feeling the sweat drying on my body. This was delicious. You can teach George to make awfully good tea.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For thirteen years the ATLANTIC has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We are happy to announce the following prize winners for 1958:

**First Prize of \$750 awarded to
ESTHER WAGNER
for "Beat Down Frigid Rome"
in the April issue**

**Second Prize of \$250 awarded to
IAN CROSS
for "Love Affair"
in the January issue**

C. S. LEWIS

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

Author and man of faith, C. S. LEWIS was for many years a fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford. He is best known in America for his provocative books, THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS and THE PROBLEM OF PAIN; his most recent volume, REFLECTIONS ON THE PSALMS, was published in November by Harcourt, Brace.



SOME years ago I got up one morning intending to have my hair cut in preparation for a visit to London, and the first letter I opened made it clear I need not go to London. So I decided to put the haircut off too. But then there began the most unaccountable little nagging in my mind, almost like a voice saying, "Get it cut all the same. Go and get it cut." In the end I could stand it no longer. I went. Now my barber at that time was a fellow Christian and a man of many troubles whom my brother and I had sometimes been able to help. The moment I opened his shop door he said, "Oh, I was praying you might come today." And in fact if I had come a day or so later I should have been of no use to him.

It awed me; it awes me still. But of course one cannot rigorously prove a causal connection between the barber's prayers and my visit. It might be telepathy. It might be accident.

I have stood by the bedside of a woman whose thighbone was eaten through with cancer and who had thriving colonies of the disease in many other bones as well. It took three people to move her in bed. The doctors predicted a few months of life; the nurses (who often know better), a few weeks. A good man laid his hands on her and prayed. A year later the patient was walking (uphill, too, through rough woodland) and the man who took the last X-ray photos was saying, "These bones are as solid as rock. It's miraculous."

Etching, "Girl Praying," by Käthe Kollwitz. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

But once again there is no rigorous proof. Medicine, as all true doctors admit, is not an exact science. We need not invoke the supernatural to explain the falsification of its prophecies. You need not, unless you choose, believe in a causal connection between the prayers and the recovery.

The question then arises, "What sort of evidence *would* prove the efficacy of prayer?" The thing we pray for may happen, but how can you ever know it was not going to happen anyway? Even if the thing were indisputably miraculous it would not follow that the miracle had occurred because of your prayers. The answer surely is that a compulsive empirical proof such as we have in the sciences can never be attained.

Some things are proved by the unbroken uniformity of our experiences. The law of gravitation is established by the fact that, in our experience, all bodies without exception obey it. Now even if all the things that people prayed for happened, which they do not, this would not prove what Christians mean by the efficacy of prayer. For prayer is request. The essence of request, as distinct from compulsion, is that it may or may not be granted. And if an infinitely wise Being listens to the requests of finite and foolish creatures, of course He will sometimes grant and sometimes refuse them. Invariable "success" in prayer would not prove the Christian doctrine at all. It would prove something much more like magic —

a power in certain human beings to control, or compel, the course of nature.

There are, no doubt, passages in the New Testament which may seem at first sight to promise an invariable granting of our prayers. But that cannot be what they really mean. For in the very heart of the story we meet a glaring instance to the contrary. In Gethsemane the holiest of all petitioners prayed three times that a certain cup might pass from Him. It did not. After that the idea that prayer is recommended to us as a sort of infallible gimmick may be dismissed.

Other things are proved not simply by experience but by those artificially contrived experiences which we call experiments. Could this be done about prayer? I will pass over the objection that no Christian could take part in such a project, because he has been forbidden it: "You must not try experiments on God, your Master." Forbidden or not, is the thing even possible?

I have seen it suggested that a team of people — the more the better — should agree to pray as hard as they knew how, over a period of six weeks, for all the patients in Hospital A and none of those in Hospital B. Then you would tot up the results and see if A had more cures and fewer deaths. And I suppose you would repeat the experiment at various times and places so as to eliminate the influence of irrelevant factors.

The trouble is that I do not see how any real prayer could go on under such conditions. "Words without thoughts never to heaven go," says the King in *Hamlet*. Simply to say prayers is not to pray; otherwise a team of properly trained parrots would serve as well as men for our experiment. You cannot pray for the recovery of the sick unless the end you have in view is their recovery. But you can have no motive for desiring the recovery of all the patients in one hospital and none of those in another. You are not doing it in order that suffering should be relieved; you are doing it to find out what happens. The real purpose and the nominal purpose of your prayers are at variance. In other words, whatever your tongue and teeth and knees may do, you are not praying. The experiment demands an impossibility.

Empirical proof and disproof are, then, unobtainable. But this conclusion will seem less depressing if we remember that prayer is request and compare it with other specimens of the same thing.

We make requests of our fellow creatures as well as of God: we ask for the salt, we ask for a raise in pay, we ask a friend to feed the cat while we are on our holidays, we ask a woman to marry us. Sometimes we get what we ask for and sometimes not. But when we do, it is not nearly so easy as one might suppose to prove with scientific

certainly a causal connection between the asking and the getting.

Your neighbor may be a humane person who would not have let your cat starve even if you had forgotten to make any arrangement. Your employer is never so likely to grant your request for a raise as when he is aware that you could get better money from a rival firm and is quite possibly intending to secure you by a raise in any case. As for the lady who consents to marry you — are you sure she had not decided to do so already? Your proposal, you know, might have been the result, not the cause, of her decision. A certain important conversation might never have taken place unless she had intended that it should.

Thus in some measure the same doubt that hangs about the causal efficacy of our prayers to God hangs also about our prayers to man. Whatever we get we might have been going to get anyway. But only, as I say, in some measure. Our friend, boss, and wife may tell us that they acted because we asked; and we may know them so well as to feel sure, first that they are saying what they believe to be true, and secondly that they understand their own motives well enough to be right. But notice that when this happens our assurance has not been gained by the methods of science. We do not try the control experiment of refusing the raise or breaking off the engagement and then making our request again under fresh conditions. Our assurance is quite different in kind from scientific knowledge. It is born out of our personal relation to the other parties; not from knowing things about them but from knowing *them*.

Our assurance — if we reach an assurance — that God always hears and sometimes grants our prayers, and that apparent grantings are not merely fortuitous, can only come in the same sort of way. There can be no question of tabulating successes and failures and trying to decide whether the successes are too numerous to be accounted for by chance. Those who best know a man best know whether, when he did what they asked, he did it because they asked. I think those who best know God will best know whether He sent me to the barber's shop because the barber prayed.

For up till now we have been tackling the whole question in the wrong way and on the wrong level. The very question "Does prayer work?" puts us in the wrong frame of mind from the outset. "Work": as if it were magic, or a machine — something that functions automatically. Prayer is either a sheer illusion or a personal contact between embryonic, incomplete persons (ourselves) and the utterly concrete Person. Prayer in the sense of petition, asking for things, is a small part of it; confession and penitence are its threshold, adoration its sanctuary, the presence and vision

and enjoyment of God its bread and wine. In it God shows Himself to us. That He answers prayers is a corollary — not necessarily the most important one — from that revelation. What He does is learned from what He is.

Petitionary prayer is, nonetheless, both allowed and commanded to us: "Give us our daily bread." And no doubt it raises a theoretical problem. Can we believe that God ever really modifies His action in response to the suggestions of men? For infinite wisdom does not need telling what is best, and infinite goodness needs no urging to do it. But neither does God need any of those things that are done by finite agents, whether living or inanimate. He could, if He chose, repair our bodies miraculously without food; or give us food without the aid of farmers, bakers, and butchers; or knowledge without the aid of learned men; or convert the heathen without missionaries. Instead, He allows soils and weather and animals and the muscles, minds, and wills of men to cooperate in the execution of His will. "God," said Pascal, "instituted prayer in order to lend to His creatures the dignity of causality." But not only prayer; whenever we act at all He lends us that dignity. It is not really stranger, nor less strange, that my prayers should affect the course of events than that my other actions should do so. They have not advised or changed God's mind — that is, His overall purpose. But that purpose will be realized in different ways according to the actions, including the prayers, of His creatures.

For He seems to do nothing of Himself which He can possibly delegate to His creatures. He commands us to do slowly and blunderingly what He could do perfectly and in the twinkling of an eye. He allows us to neglect what He would have us do, or to fail. Perhaps we do not fully realize the problem, so to call it, of enabling finite free wills to coexist with Omnipotence. It seems to involve at every moment almost a sort of divine abdication. We are not mere recipients or spectators. We are either privileged to share in the game or compelled to collaborate in the work, "to wield our little tridents." Is this amazing process simply Creation going on before our eyes? This is how (no light matter) God makes something — indeed, makes gods — out of nothing.

So at least it seems to me. But what I have offered can be, at the very best, only a mental model or symbol. All that we say on such subjects must be merely analogical and parabolic. The reality is doubtless not comprehensible by our faculties. But we can at any rate try to expel bad analogies and bad parables. Prayer is not a machine. It is not magic. It is not advice offered to God. Our act, when we pray, must not, any more than all our other acts, be separated from

the continuous act of God Himself, in which alone all finite causes operate.

It would be even worse to think of those who get what they pray for as a sort of court favorites, people who have influence with the throne. The refused prayer of Christ in Gethsemane is answer enough to that. And I dare not leave out the hard saying which I once heard from an experienced Christian: "I have seen many striking answers to prayer and more than one that I thought miraculous. But they usually come at the beginning: before conversion, or soon after it. As the Christian life proceeds, they tend to be rarer. The refusals, too, are not only more frequent; they become more unmistakable, more emphatic."

Does God then forsake just those who serve Him best? Well, He who served Him best of all said, near His tortured death, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" When God becomes man, that Man, of all others, is least comforted by God, at His greatest need. There is a mystery here which, even if I had the power, I might not have the courage to explore. Meanwhile, little people like you and me, if our prayers are sometimes granted, beyond all hope and probability, had better not draw hasty conclusions to our own advantage. If we were stronger, we might be less tenderly treated. If we were braver, we might be sent, with far less help, to defend far more desperate posts in the great battle.

RYAH TUMARKIN GOODMAN

SILENCE SPOKE

WITH YOUR VOICE

Silence spoke with your voice
As you slept.
Silence kept
Your singing voice
Locked in the cell of sleep.
Yet when you woke
Your orchard voice
Was warm as summer seas,
And silence, cold as a crow
On the bough of night,
Perched on your spray of speech.

An Atlantic Serial

SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND

BY MONICA STIRLING

An English writer who spent most of her girlhood in France, MONICA STIRLING represented the ATLANTIC in Paris in the months immediately after the Liberation. We have published her short stories and her first novel, LOVERS AREN'T COMPANY, and have saluted with respect her biography of Ouida which appeared earlier this year. This is the final installment of her tender, valiant novel, which will be published in February.

This is the story of a people who have lost their freedom, but not their character, behind the Iron Curtain. It is told by Resi, an appealing adolescent, not yet woman; she is sensitive, hungry for what life has not given her, resourceful in the face of the police. An orphan, she has been living since the war with her Aunt Natasha, once a beauty of the old order and still impervious to the discipline of the new. As the story opens, Resi is prowling the wards of the Racnik hospital in search of her aunt, whom she rightly suspects has been on a binge. On their way home they notice men running, they hear rifle shots and people shouting, the shops have all been closed up, and when they reach the block of their grim apartment, it is in flames.

Boris, Aunt Natasha's dearest friend, has been searching for them, and he secretes them in his big truck with his three circus horses, which are his livelihood. That midnight they drive away from the revolution and cross the border into the free world. During the ordeal of their escape, Natasha has been telling Resi of her lifelong love for Boris and of the scandal which prevented their marriage. Now with the other refugees, this devoted trio finds momentary happiness in a land of unpurchasable plenty. Then Natasha's health breaks: in high fever she is rushed to the hospital, where Resi roams the corridors. In tears, the girl stirs the pity of Mrs. Ruiz, a diplomat's wife, who takes her home.

WAKING with a jolt next morning, I didn't immediately know where I was. The smoothness of the sheets, the softness of my nightdress, the shortness of my hair, all flurried me. Then, remembering, I groped my way to the window and pulled back the heavy curtain. The street lamps were out, and a pale gray dawn made the snow that had fallen in the night look as if dirty fingers had been at it. In the distance, bells chimed. Shivering, I crept into the bathroom and turned on a tap, very slightly so as not to make a noise. Then I dressed and sat down by the window and waited for Mrs. Ruiz to wake.

At last someone moved in the next room. Presently there was a soft tap on my door. "Up already, my dear child?" said Mrs. Ruiz. She had changed clothes, and her blue pullover made her eyes look even more brilliant and jewel-like. "Did you sleep well? Are you ready for breakfast? I've telephoned the hospital. They say your mother has had an easier night, and you can visit her this afternoon. What's the matter?"

"How could she have had an easier night? It was her first night there. They don't know what the night before was like for her."

"I expect that's just their way of saying she had a good night." Mrs. Ruiz put her hand on my shoulder for a second. "Let's have breakfast, and you must meet Joe."

In the sitting room a young man in dark-gray corduroy trousers, a gray sweater, and wind-breaker left the newspaper and map spread on the low table in front of him and shook hands with me. Except for his eyes and smile, he was so unlike his mother as to appear of a different nationality. Although tall, he gave an impression of being stocky, and his smooth skin was almost as brown as his hair, so he seemed to be carved all in one piece and to be more solid than people with a wider range of colors.

"I'm so sorry you're having such a lousy time," he said. "I do hope we can help."

"Thank you very much." I was relieved at his speaking seriously. Having heard a good deal about the stress the English lay on humor, I had feared he might make jokes like the complicated ones in back numbers of *Punch*, which we had studied for Anglo-Saxon psychology one term at school.

Breakfast was even better than supper. We had big glasses of orange juice, at least three oranges per glass, and fluffy scrambled eggs with little sausages and crinkled twists of bacon, and hot toasted white bread and all the butter we wanted, and a great deal of coffee and milk and sugar. Determined to try to please them, so they would provide just such a breakfast for Aunt Natasha when she was better, I sat up straight, unclenched my hands, and prepared to answer unavoidable questions. But instead of prying, they offered me a choice of newspaper and then settled to their own, occasionally looking up to smile or pass a dish, and including me in the smiles and passings.

I was prolonging my last piece of toast when the telephone rang. Mrs. Ruiz waved her napkin at it and Joe answered, grimaced, and said, "Would you mind waiting a minute, I'll just see if she's still in her room. I know she was on her way out so —" then put his hand over the receiver and mouthed, "Hadn't you better? It's that woman again."

"What have I done to deserve this?" Mrs. Ruiz moaned softly.

"Married into officialdom, darling," said Joe and handed her the receiver, into which she trilled, "How are you, my dear? *No!* How simply frightful. . . ."

Putting down the receiver, Mrs. Ruiz said, "Oh dear, oh dear, now I shall have to go round to the embassy right away, and God knows when I shall be able to make my getaway."

"You daren't cross her?"

"Not today. Who knows what favors we may need? You'll look after Resi, won't you, Joe?"

I was going to say, "I can manage on my own," but was brought up short by the knowledge that this was a lie of the useless variety. Looking back,

it surprises me that I felt no embarrassment at being entirely dependent on the kindness of strangers. But I had always seen Aunt Natasha ready to share whatever she had and frequently called upon to put this readiness into action; and as the Ruizes owned a car, traveled, stayed in hotels, and neither pocketed lumps of sugar nor examined the prices on the menu before ordering food, their readiness to help others seemed to me at least as natural as the situation that made us require help. Above all, the Ruizes were not yet real to me, except as potential support for Aunt Natasha. I still assumed love to be exclusively beneficent, was still unaware of the fact that anxiety — sharpened love for one person — can make one deeply callous toward everyone else. Joe was near my own age, and my consideration was reserved for older people. So it did not occur to me to apologize for wasting his time when he said, after his mother had left, "How would it be if I were to show you something of the town until we go to the hospital?"

Before we started out, snow had begun to fall again, but lightly, flakes drifting sideways so gently that one could almost distinguish their individual shapes. Sometimes we were in taxis, sometimes on foot, once in a streetcar, where I was surprised to hear people talking loudly, obviously not afraid of eavesdroppers. At home no one talks loudly in streetcars. I began to understand why it was noisier here than at home.

As snow accumulated on the iron grilles beneath them, the bare-branched trees acquired the look of toy ones based on circles of white enamel. Presently the light changed, became violet, electric. Ordinary sights, such as half a dozen worn donkeys laboriously trotting into an amusement park, appeared in that light, at that hour, to have dramatic significance. Between the stream of lorries, trucks, streetcars, taxis, motor scooters, bicycles, and candy-colored private automobiles, warmly hooded people tried to scurry on booted feet. Soldiers marched stolidly across parallel lines traced in the snow by trams. Children in scarlet caps threw snowballs across a vacant lot.

Imperceptibly, I lost my sense of time, so that now I cannot remember how long we drove about, stopping here and there, Joe quietly telling me about what we saw, not seeming to expect comments, just plying me with diverse facts, as he and his mother had plied me with food, to keep me going.

At the hospital Joe came upstairs with me, sat down on a bench in the passage outside Aunt Natasha's room, said, "Go ahead, Resi, take your time," and drew a book from his pocket.

It was no longer snowing now, and brightness came into the air, showing up the cleanliness of

Aunt Natasha's fresh bedclothes. When I saw her looking so much better I felt so happy I almost cried. There was a mountain on her temperature chart, but a valley beside it. She had only vague recollections of what had happened yesterday, and asked me anxiously if I had had enough to eat. I produced the chicken sandwich which I had saved from my supper and told her about the Ruizes. She questioned me eagerly, and for a little while it was as if we were back home, each describing to the other the kind of day she had had. I told her Boris was on the way, and also of a plan I had thought out in one of the churches, namely, that Mrs. Ruiz should help Aunt Natasha and Boris and me obtain working permits, and then we should try to find a vacant porter's lodge where we could take turns at portering while I learned typing and helped Aunt Natasha start dressmaking again and Boris looked for a circus job. She liked the sound of this, and we discussed which part of town we should prefer, should we have any choice.

TO MY surprise and joy, Boris, who had been given my message by Horst only half an hour ago, was waiting downstairs in the entrance hall. With him was Ladislaus. When I introduced them to Joe, Boris beamed with delight. Like Aunt Natasha, he was always delighted if given half a chance to be. This made him comparatively easy to understand.

The only person who refused to contribute a mite of friendliness to the occasion was Ladislaus. He wore a hangdog expression and every now and again ran his hand over his chin as if searching for bristle where there was only down. I knew this gesture of his. He gave Joe antagonistic looks, Boris contemptuous, and me inquisitorial ones. In the past twenty-four hours he had acquired a peevish, grudging air. Boris was so relieved at Aunt Natasha's being better that he kept hugging me. Then, eager to celebrate, he suggested we should all go to a café.

No sooner were we seated than Ladislaus got up again, looking furious, and went and fetched a newspaper. After talking about Aunt Natasha — and despite his almost uncontrollable excitement Boris did not once forget that she was now officially my mother — we started discussing our future. Joe thought Boris' circus experience should be exploited, and said he had an American friend with influence at Ringling's Circus, might this not be useful? This reminded Boris of something, and in his enthusiasm he brought his fist down on the table so heavily that cups and glasses rattled. He had been forgetting, he said, to give us the most important news of all: he had seen a Red Cross

delegate who thought we might be able to get to America; after all, we were able-bodied. Boris referred to our able-bodiedness as if suddenly discovering rare, hitherto unsuspected merits in us. The account he then poured forth of prairies, cowboys, Coca-Cola, skyscrapers, glorious opportunities for all was not very plausible, but neither would the prospect of our sitting here, discussing going to America, have seemed plausible a few days ago. Suddenly all my fears returned, because some people, especially strangers, might say that Aunt Natasha was not all that able-bodied. In fact she was elderly, bronchially fragile, and given to drinking too much. The thought that Aunt Natasha and I might be separated against our will so appalled me that, hearing Boris dwell lovingly on the word "future," I burst out with, "America isn't the only place where the future can happen."

Immediately, as if he had been waiting for this, Ladislaus threw down his paper, all traces of bad temper gone from his face. "You see! That's just what I was saying to Boris! Why always look abroad for the future?" He made "abroad" sound like an obscene word. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. Because we have no business here." His face was flushed.

"What are you talking about?" Involuntarily, I spoke in the cold, balloon-puncturing voice I use when confronted with violent feeling of a kind I am determined not to understand.

"You know what I mean."

"I don't." But Joe's voice was friendly.

"Oh, well, *you*." Ladislaus spoke so rudely that I longed to slap his face.

A sorrowful look came over Boris' face. He put his gnarled hand on Ladislaus' thin one and said gently, "Keep your temper for when you may need it, my dear boy. Don't waste it on us."

"Well, we shouldn't have come," insisted Ladislaus, his voice rising. "The whole thing was a mistake."

"The fighting?" Joe did not sound at all friendly now.

"No, I did not mean the fighting," cried Ladislaus, gasping just as he does in philosophy classes when told to clarify. "I mean our being here — we ought not to have left."

I was still sorry for him, when he looked at Boris and added, "I'm not blaming anyone," in a magnanimous tone, which made me so furious on Boris' behalf that I snatched up the nearest glass and threw its contents in Ladislaus' face. A second's silence followed, during which I was invaded by remorse. Considering how little money we had, I ought not to have wasted Boris' beer. When Joe beckoned the waiter and ordered more beer I had difficulty in not crying. Boris put his arm round me and offered Ladislaus a large grubby

handkerchief patterned with horseshoes. It had been my name-day present to Boris years ago. Refusing this, Ladislaus wiped his face with the back of his hands and announced, "You can do what you like — no doubt you're already sold to the Americans. But you know as well as I do that it is our duty to go back and fight; after all, you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

"People aren't eggs," said Joe.

"What's it got to do with you?"

In tears of rage, Ladislaus rushed out of the café, trying to slam the door. Since it was a revolving one, he merely set up a whirring sound like that of a giant toy.

Looking as he did when one of his animals was ill, Boris got up, said wearily, "I'd better see to him," and followed Ladislaus out. But I sat on, hate churning in me. I felt Ladislaus had betrayed me by suggesting we go back, when he must have known as well as I did that we could not take a no longer young person who had just had pleurisy back to a burned-down apartment in a city with a housing shortage. It did not occur to me that, since she meant nothing to him, Ladislaus had merely forgotten Aunt Natasha's existence, and had it done so, this would have added to my fury. His anxiety on my behalf seemed to me ludicrous and importunate. A little vanity would have made me kinder to Ladislaus, but my vanity was not of that kind.

"I'm sick of hearing about the future," I fumed. But what I meant was, our future frightens me.

"I know." Joe put his hand over mine. "Let's think of the immediate present. You had a good sleep last night, so I dare say you don't want to go to bed early this evening?"

"No, I don't." All I wanted at that moment was for it to be tomorrow, and visiting hour at the hospital, and neither mountains nor valleys but only plains on Aunt Natasha's temperature chart.

"Then why don't you come to the opera with me? I've got two tickets."

"What about your mother?"

"She doesn't like opera."

"Really?"

"Yes. I know it sounds cockeyed, but it's true. She doesn't like bullfights either."

I nodded, not quite so grateful as I would have been half an hour earlier, but grateful enough to realize I had better make an effort to sing for my supper.

Joe's opera house was even handsomer than the one back home, in the same red plush and airy gilt style, full of cupids with dimpled bottoms of the same consistency as the pink clouds among which they gamboled, shedding musical instruments.

I had been afraid we would be late, but in fact we were early. The performance started at nine, instead of at seven thirty as at home, and the programs weren't free. Almost everyone there was dressed richly. I stared at the women nearest me, noting the stuffs their frocks were made of, so as to be able to give Aunt Natasha details of texture and color. Particularly impressive was an inflexible gold brocade, the surface alternately glittering and crusty. Its solid magnificence suggested upholstery and gave the woman inside it the look of an odalisque, of being more an object than a person. Aunt Natasha loved stuffs.

When I told Joe I had never seen tonight's opera before, he looked pleased and handed me a slippery, red-tasseled program in which I read that the poet Hugo von Hofmannsthal wrote the scenario of *Rosenkavalier* in three afternoons of February, 1909, then sent it to his friend, Richard Strauss, who was so captivated that he immediately began composing music for it.

"Now," said Joe, as the audience broke into excited applause. Sleek as a penguin in his evening clothes, the conductor was bowing from the waist. The house lights went out, and a deep rosy streak appeared along the bottom of the crimson curtain's sculptural folds, as if reflecting a fire in the orchestra pit. "Now . . ." There was complicity in Joe's smile. Then the tide of applause receded, the conductor's baton emerged from the fire, the overture started. A prickling sensation ran over my scalp.

The curtain went up on the Marschallin and Octavian in each other's arms. Almost immediately their tender smiles and amorous gestures, complementing the way they sang, splashing in the music as delightedly as birds in sunlit water, made their love seem exquisitely light. It was as if they shared not only a secret but a joke. Being a mezzo-soprano, Octavian was sung by a girl, but she was as fine an actress as a singer and gave her boyish movements an innocent, impetuous greed, an unreflecting instinct. She snatched kisses as a child snatches candy, yet was disarmingly ready to share their sweetness.

Suddenly, I was reminded of the kisses Ladislaus had given me among the drying cloaks and scattered rubbers, and it was as if something in me contracted, turned over. The sensation combined discomfort and pleasure, but more pleasure, so that I longed to recapture it. When the curtain fell on the first act, met by great waves of applause, Joe turned and asked, "Well?" I nodded, incapable of speech. Then, all at once, I was incapable of silence, oppressed by a physical need to talk, to laugh, to shout, to vent some of the feelings roused by the music.

"Do all English people love opera as much as

you do?" I asked, noticing the unmasked pleasure on his face.

"In fact, yes, many do. But I'm not English. Only my mother."

"What's your father?"

"Mexican."

"Oh." That half the world lay between us made Joe seem nearer to me than before I had known this.

"My father's Spanish. But he fought in the Civil War, against Franco, so had to get out afterwards. He was in a refugee camp in France, tried to get to America, couldn't get a visa, and at the last minute got to Mexico, where my mother joined him."

"They were married before all that?" Ready for the first time to be aggressive on Mrs. Ruiz's behalf, I remembered Boris saying, years ago, with a heavy sigh, "There is only one form of underground that never lets up, no matter how often it's defeated, and that is private life: the greatest resistance movement of them all."

"Yes, in Perpignan. That's the place in France where the camp was. Mother had volunteered to help the Spanish refugees."

I nodded, relieved at having at last found a logical explanation for Mrs. Ruiz's kindness to refugees. Today, looking back, I find it hard to understand why I kept wanting an explanation for this, except that when Aunt Natasha was ill, suspicion blighted all my thoughts.

DURING the second act, in which Octavian — white wig, white knee breeches, glittering sword — presented the silver rose, I began resenting Sophie. Although forewarned of the plot, I hoped irrationally to see Octavian faithful to his first love; oh, how I longed in those days for stability, how unwilling I was to admit its rarity, with what aching unreason I yearned for the static in a world too full of motion. Yet I was touched by the music that leapt like a fountain of quicksilver from the young lovers' encounter, so much so that self-reproach entered my voice when I told Joe that I found the Marschallin in every way more attractive than Sophie. Smiling, half agreeing, he added, "When you're young I guess it's probably a lot easier to go for someone older than yourself. Because with an older person, their past stirs your imagination, whereas with someone younger the past has got to be quite a bit one's own work."

"That would bring laziness into it," I said, interested and suddenly guiltily aware that it was laziness that had prevented my seeing the Ruizes other than as Aunt Natasha's potential protectors. Because I was excited by the music, I wanted to make up for this and, during the second inter-

mission, I asked Joe what his mother had been doing at the hospital the day I met her there. Visiting the sister of an Austrian servant they had had in Mexico, said Joe. What *about* Mexico? I said. How did I mean, what about it? Well, what was it like? Had he always lived there until now? No, said Joe, he was born and raised there, but had started traveling pretty young and had not been back for several years. They had come to Europe right after the war — his father was a Mexican delegate — and had traveled not only in Europe but all over. Joe had gone to school in England, but not for long; he wanted to learn languages, and his parents thought traveling more important than school, and anyway they all liked being together.

"Tell me what you saw," I begged, as we walked to and fro over the thick red carpet, under the diamond-dropping chandeliers. Hunger for the places Joe had seen was added to another hunger provoked by music. Imprecise thoughts of love stirred in me, and with them a new feeling of hopefulness. "Tomorrow" had temporarily ceased to be a threatening word.

Suddenly talkative, I harassed Joe with questions, and although he smiled, he took them seriously, his imagination coming more than halfway to meet mine. He knew instinctively that right then I wanted to hear about places, not people.

First he told me of his birthplace: the pure, eroded landscape, creamy yucca flowers rooted in white sand dunes; cottonwood trees pale gold against the lion-colored mesa, adobe huts and skyscrapers, cactus harvesting and rocket testing, sombreros and Coca-Cola, uranium mines and Spanish missions. Out of his words rose baroque towers radiantly white in transparent desert air, mountains purpled by distance, a spreading elf-owl-haunted cactus forest dominated by the ribbed green arms of the saguaro, stiffly upraised, like a giant candelabrum. Crossing the frontier to the United States, he remembered a house where he had been shown a wallet containing a faded photograph of Modjeska and a lock of hair, a relic of love washed up by time in the Arizona desert. He spoke of the mortician's handless clock ticking over Sunset Boulevard, of the cable cars rushing people up the colored canyons of San Francisco.

Standing in a cave in China he had seen a crowd in blue trousers and padded blue jackets silently watching an American film, *Weekend in Washington*; in the front row a young Chinese actress slowly tossed a scarlet chiffon handkerchief, drenched in synthetic orange blossom scent, to and fro beneath her tiny nose. Watermelon gaped from the stalls of the flyblown, nightshirted, hoarse-voiced lanes of Cairo, and terrorists in striped pants carried brief cases beneath desiccated palm

leaves. Between the rosy marble, the sweat-stained khaki, of Jerusalem's steep streets perpetually sneering camels climbed, bypassing the old city's Needle Eye gates and jostling blue-jeaned *kibbutz* workers who had laid aside their rifles for a few hours' amusement: the quick and the dead caught up among the tangled mythologies of ancient history.

Just as a composer will return to a motif, so Joe kept returning to Italy, speaking not only of its beauty — the painted past coming to light in the darkness of an Etruscan tomb, fountains flinging liquid fireworks across columned perspectives, the wild delicacy of a topiary garden — but of the people who live there, of their love of life. Even in sorrow, even in poverty, they treat life with affection; the opposite, added Joe, to his father's birthplace, where death got all the prizes.

Of course Joe did not tell me all this in the course of one talk between two acts of music. But because this was the moment of my geographical awakening, I came to associate much that I acquired later with this moment when Joe's place names seemed to be rushing into me on the same tide as the music.

My exhilaration grew during the last act of *Rosenkavalier*. When the Marschallin gave up Octavian, her singing of *Hab' mir's gelobt, Ihn lieb zu haben in der richtigen Weis'* drew tears from me. I remembered Aunt Natasha closing the eyes of the young man with a camera, and the shock of realizing that, for all his apparent youth and strength, he would never open them again; and as I listened to the beautiful voice singing of renunciation, I caught a glimpse of the fact that saying good-bye to a kind of love I was only beginning to understand might seem a death in life. Had Aunt Natasha suffered in this way?

As we walked back to the hotel, the snow friable under our feet, I was languid with enjoyment and gratitude. For the first time I had an inkling of the fact that the Ruizes' kindness was disinterested and therefore above price; I began to wonder, idly but definitely, not only where they had been, but what they had done there, what they were like.

WHAT are you going to be, Joe?" I asked as we got into our hotel sitting room, where the table was laid with ham, tongue, cold chicken, green salad, a bottle of red wine, and a bowl of apples, oranges, and bananas. The sight of fruit still seemed to me miraculous, and I ran my forefinger over the surfaces, liking the difference between the rugosity of the thick orange skin, the taut silky smoothness of the apple, and the other smoothness, more like linoleum, of the butter-colored bananas.

I did not have to appropriate food here. Mrs. Ruiz had already sent a big basket of fruit to the hospital.

"A photographer."

"Oh. Do you aim to do heroic things?" I asked uneasily.

"God, no." Joe laughed, then stopped, looked at me, and added mildly, "I mean that. False modesty seems to me as cretinous as boasting. I genuinely do not aim at heroism. Never mind how people die, what I care about is how they avoid dying, how they survive, how they live. But of course I'm inconsistent. Military service seems to me insane — making people waste time peeling potatoes in some goddam barracks, when war will be a matter of pressing buttons, and once the entire world's radioactive, much good it will be anyone's trying to occupy anyone. Yet I'm crazy about war stories, like that one about those British officers who captured the German general in Crete."

"Maybe you just like seeing a general made a fool of," I said hopefully. "But what about people resisting, like your father in the Spanish war; don't you admire them?"

"Oh, sure. I certainly do. But he — they — were *against*, they were underdogs, one can always see the point of the *against* side. But unless the world aims to bomb itself out of existence, a majority of relatively sane people have got to be *for*. . . . You can't remember the war, of course."

"Not much. Not that war, at least. You can't either, can you?"

"Not much. But nothing I've heard or read about it, nothing, not even Papa's stories about the Civil War, got me the way a book of photographs did. I saw it about ten years ago; I was still a kid. Photographs of a concentration camp. Piles of dead bodies, like a compost heap. Resi, do you think any idea's worth that?"

Slowly, I shook my head. "Except . . . perhaps . . . the idea that that sort of thing shouldn't ever be allowed to happen again."

"And maybe that's the most insidious of all. Years later, in New York, I met the photographer who had taken those pictures. He told me that while he was doing it he had to keep stopping to vomit. In one room, beside the ovens they shoved people into, was a whitewashed wall and, painted on it, the rear half of a wild boar, and astride it, the lower half of a man in riding breeches, and, printed alongside in Gothic letters, 'Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness — Don't Forget to Wash Your Hands.' Why, Resi — God, Resi, I'm sorry — why on earth did I have to go and talk about things like —"

"It's not that, Joe," I protested, fighting to get the better of a sudden dizziness. "In the end what else is there to talk about?" I was afraid I might be

going to faint, which I had never yet done. "There's always that going on underneath, always someone torturing someone in a vicious circle. Early Christians get tortured; then later, Christians do the torturing. No matter what the label, there's always someone doing it, and nine times out of ten doing it on principle." I heard my voice climbing steeply, trying to escape into the world of light the music had opened to me a few hours ago. But it was no use. There was no escape from the something clawing its way to the surface of my mind. Shivering, I muttered, "It's not that."

"Can you tell me what it is?" Joe's arm was round my shoulders.

"It was years ago; there, where the memorial tank is, only it wasn't the memorial tank then. Two huge trucks arrived, and all at once there was a crowd of women and children, crying out, and soldiers, and the sound of rifle butts on skulls. They were forcing the women into one truck and the children into the other, and then they drove them off in opposite directions."

A moment ago I had not been conscious of remembering this. Now it was as vivid to me as if happening all over again. The wind made my ears ache, and I heard the controlled terror in Aunt Natasha's voice as she snatched me up into her arms and whispered, "Don't be frightened, baby, there's nothing to be frightened of, we're only running because we're hungry, there's soup for supper, and we'll soon be home." She held me tightly, pressing my face against her coat, which smelled and tasted like an old blanket.

"I can see why you'd rather be a photographer than a journalist," I said shakily, seeing the outstretched arms, the frantic blue finger tips. "But you've got a great friend who's a journalist, haven't you? Your mother was telling me."

"Yes." The name Joe mentioned was vaguely familiar.

"I thought his name was Pip."

"We call him that." Joe looked surprised. "Why?"

"Have you heard from him lately?"

"Pip never writes. Just turns up. Right now he's due to turn up any minute. I'm surprised he's not over there already."

"He was." My hands clenched themselves.

"What do you mean? How do you know?"

"I saw him."

"You did? Where? When?"

"Back home. That morning."

"But why didn't you tell us —"

"I didn't know. Your mother said Pip. I only knew his real name. And you said a journalist. But he had a camera."

"Pip often takes his camera along, just in case. You spoke to him?"

I shook my head.

Joe stared at me, uneasiness spreading over his face, giving him a sallow look. His eyebrows drew together in a thick dark line of concentration.

Hunching my shoulders, I tried to think how best to tell Joe the news I could not prevent from hurting him. Then, abruptly, he asked me how it happened.

"I don't know, Joe. We were running down an empty street, away from a tank, and suddenly we saw a young man with a camera running in the opposite direction. He looked queer, I realize now; but at the time nothing did look queer, because everything was. Then suddenly he raised his arms, like the conductor tonight. And then he fell. Aunt Natasha and I ran to him. But it was too late. We looked at his papers. That's how I knew his name."

Tears ran down Joe's face, and he swore again and again, softly and monotonously. Suddenly he stopped, stared at me, and asked, "Who's Aunt Natasha?"

My heart gave a sickening jolt. Then, kneeling beside him, I said, "Oh, Joe, I'm so sorry about Pip, so very sorry. I know that's no help, but I am. Aunt Natasha's my mother, I mean she isn't, but I said so at the hospital so I'd be her next of kin, and they'd let me in any time."

On and on I went, explaining Aunt Natasha and Boris, Uncle Matthias' caviar, old Nina and Ladislaus, Boris' horses, the shutters slamming overhead as we ran, the smell of petrol, the dreamy smile on the young man's face, the Skaters' Waltz, Anna of the delicatessen, the sight of fruit. It was the first time I had ever tried to describe our life truthfully to any outside person. Joe had regained control of himself, but his sullen, almost military, look of grief made me angry with Pip. We were still sitting there, silent now, like two people who both have toothaches, so know that kind words will not alter the situation, yet slightly glad to be together, when the telephone rang.

HARDLY aware of what he was doing, Joe fumbled for the receiver. Now the stiffness had left his face, he looked slightly drunk. "What?" He gave the receiver a little shake. Then he looked at me, seeing me this time, and nodded and said, "We'll be right over," into the telephone and, to me, "Your mother, I mean your aunt, wants to see you, Resi."

For a second we stared at each other, then both moved, equally fast. Joe helped me into my coat, tossed over gloves and purse, put on his own coat, scribbled a message for his mother and, at the door, turned back for a scarf, which he thrust around my

neck. Then we ran to the elevator. Neither of us spoke. There seemed nothing to say. But Joe held my arm grimly, as if we were walking across a slippery surface and still had a long way to go.

Red lights were burning over the hospital entrance, as they had burned over the theater exits after the rest of the house lights were off. But I was back in a world where neither lights, carpets, curtains, nor elevators that work can camouflage the fact that nothing is too terrible to happen before one is shoveled into the ground and, no matter what does or does not happen, the final shoveling is inescapable. I asked Joe to fetch Boris.

Hurrying down night-lengthened passages, I gradually became aware of a steady humming, as if a giant bee were thinking aloud behind each numbered door. The nurse was outside Aunt Natasha's room, her hand on the knob. She had a smudged look of exhaustion. Turning the handle without a sound, she opened the door. A man in white overalls stood beside the cage of transparent shiny paper set up on the bed. Inside this lay Aunt Natasha, eyes shut, cheekbones flushed, and with a crumpled look that had not been there earlier. The nurse and doctor glanced at each other.

Now they were taking the oxygen tent away. Aunt Natasha's breathing was punctuated by small whistles, like those of a child longing, but not quite daring, to provoke chaos in a classroom. Then she opened her eyes. Her lips formed a crooked smile. "I could do with a little sip of something," she said, half as if she meant it, half in self-mockery. Instinctively, I looked around. On the under shelf of the bedside table stood the basket of fruit Mrs. Ruiz had given us. None of it had been eaten. Not even the pineapple, with which Aunt Natasha had been particularly delighted. My throat ached as it had done after I had my tonsils out. I touched her cheek. Although hot and dry, it felt softer than ever before, soft as a really old person's. Suddenly the emptiness inside me was filled by commotion. As if in a nightmare, every bit of me began silently screaming out against what I still would not admit was happening.

"You're going to be all right," I heard myself hoarsely whispering. "You are going to be all right, this is just the last lap, they wouldn't be spending all this money on you, and clean sheets again today, if you weren't going to get better, it's going to be all right about the working permits too, and the porter's lodge, I've got my eyes on just the one, we're going to do fine, the three of us."

She was still smiling at me, but fixedly, a long-distance smile. She had smiled that way once years ago at the railway station, seeing Boris off to join the circus on tour. We stood waving and, as the train moved, Boris leaned further and further out of the carriage window. For several minutes after

we could no longer see him, Aunt Natasha kept right on waving, but more and more slowly, as if her arm were a piece of machinery running down, and she smiled just as she was smiling tonight. Now, at last, my words seemed to reach her. Her smile loosened. She focused me. "Nice . . . and warm here," she murmured between whistles.

"The porter's lodge I was telling you about has such a good heating system," I rushed on. "Even if it's a bad winter we'd be all right there. And food's a bit cheaper than at home, I've been checking on prices."

Nearby a door was opened and shut. Someone had been running. When Boris knelt by the opposite side of the bed I was appalled by the greenish pallor in the depths of his face. Emotion could not alter his brick-and-leather tan, but his surface skin suddenly looked detachable from the rest of his face, like peeling wallpaper in a damp room. He managed to smile at Aunt Natasha, and she smiled back, and for a second, because we were all three together, we were in a lifeboat. Then Aunt Natasha's eyelids began fluttering. Kneeling closer, Boris and I willed her to stay alive, to fight back against whatever was trying to snatch her from us, from little sips and sordid worries, trivial treats and the power of love. Her concertinalike breathing was the only sound in the room.

Suddenly she opened her eyes and looked around. The crooked smile was still there, but instead of being behind it she seemed to have moved up, to be struggling to peer from behind her eyes, glittering now. "Darling," I whispered, "please, please." Recognition cleared her eyes for a second. She burrowed her head deeper into the pillow, gave a light sigh, as if of well-being, the kind of sigh I had often heard her give, glass in hand, when we were all three sitting in the kitchen at home, the heat working, something for supper, and no particular trouble in the offing. Then she turned her head, looked straight into Boris' eyes, laughed, and said, "Listen my darling love —"

The rest of the sentence was submerged by a sound like that of an engine refusing to start. Her hands fluttered, helplessly reaching for nonexistent help. Her beautiful eyes were empty as a window from which someone had just stopped waving. Boris' head collapsed against his arms. In between sobs I heard the pipes gurgling. But there was a sound missing. I listened for it with maniacal attention. Then something seemed to explode in me. There was a scream. The screaming went on, hurting my head, and was followed by words: "Aunt Natasha, Aunt Natasha, no no no."

People came running. Doors banged. This sudden banging, unaccompanied by shushing, made me realize with my mind, as well as with my nerves, that Aunt Natasha was dead. Tears rushed

down my face, a bead curtain between me and an unfamiliar nurse who was saying, "She's coming, dear, do try and — all right, dear, your aunt's right here." Abruptly, Boris and I stopped crying and jerked our heads round, staring at the nurse. Now that it was coming in gasps, our breathing replaced the sound Aunt Natasha had made. Insanely hoping we stared at the door.

When Mrs. Ruiz ran to me, followed by Joe, I cried out accusingly, "Why did she say Aunt Natasha was coming? Why —?" but I couldn't say more.

Reminded that even the dead are not exempt from filling in forms, I stumbled round the bed, away from that basket of fruit, to Boris. He took me in his arms, pressing my cheek against his jacket with its familiar smell of stables. Grief shared is not grief halved, but we both tried to muffle our sobs. From force of habit, we did not want to wake Aunt Natasha.

SIDE by side on a wooden bench, Boris and Ladislaus are waiting their turn in an office now being used as a refugee repatriation center. An amnesty has been proclaimed. Once again, revolt has been quashed. Once again, haggard pedestrians trudge through corpse-littered streets and ask themselves why without even expecting an answer. This is fortunate, since they do not get one. The atmosphere is cold and foggy. It is easy to mistake anguish for apathy.

Before this, the office was a travel bureau. The posters on the walls offer music in Salzburg, cures in Baden-Baden, skiing in St. Moritz, the Colosseum in Rome, the Eiffel Tower in Paris, Horse Guards in London, bays in Naples and Rio de Janeiro — worlds that, so far as most people here are concerned, do not exist.

As I come in from the street with a gust of cold air, a small boy not yet inured to waiting manages to clamber up, tears down a bit of skyscraper, and thrusts it into his mouth. His mother promptly emerges from a fiercely whispered conversation with her neighbor and slaps the child. With a powerful shriek, he relinquishes the sodden fragment, and his nose begins to bleed. One or two women glance in his direction and say, "It's a shame," but perfunctorily. Though glad of an opportunity to be censorious, few of us have by this time any energy for minor shames.

At the prospect of struggling yet again to dissuade Boris from going back, I feel very tired. Apart from an obscure conviction that officialdom will always play in our daily life the part moths play in closets, I still have remarkably few political ideas. My earlier anger at Ladislaus' attempt to

drag us back was due not to any considered desire to change places, but to my determination that Aunt Natasha should convalesce with a roof over her head. This point no longer has to be considered.

Ladislaus does not dare utilize this fact. He is reluctantly but genuinely intimidated by my black clothes, with their strong but inoffensive neutral smell of stuff that has not yet needed cleaning. Alert for opportunities to be angry, I despise him for this. Everyone's motives seem to me suspect, except those of Boris, Kitty, and Joe; or it might be nearer the truth to say that I understand Boris' motives, and hardly think of Kitty and Joe as having any. For me, these two still live on the further side of an invisible frontier. This makes their company unexacting. Occasionally, Joe crosses this frontier, as when he and I turn the pages of an illustrated weekly containing photographs of and by Pip. New print smudges under our fingers. "He never made the front page before," says Joe savagely. "How they like you to be dead. Do anything for you then. The only infallible way to win friends and influence people. See my best seller, *Dying Can Be Fun*."

It is Joe who insists on my being supplied with mourning. When first he speaks of this, Kitty looks distressed and says Oh, why, darling, too young, Aunt Natasha surely wouldn't have wanted it. "That's not the point," says Joe, not waiting for my answer — I am still incapable of uttering more than a few words without bursting into tears — "The point is Resi. How's she to handle herself? She may not need mourning right now, not here where half the town's in mourning. But she's going someplace else eventually. And she's young enough for people to ask her cockeyed questions, hell bent on getting enthusiastic answers. 'Aren't you glad to be here?' That sort of crap. Which you don't ask a person in mourning, for God's sake." And a look of disgust comes over his face.

For this look of disgust I am at present more positively grateful to Joe than for anything else. Like the severity with which his face meets grief, it reveals a capacity for impersonal irritation, that fragile but unique prop of justice. But the black clothes do have a keep-off-the-grass effect, and I am aware of this, even in the dazed state in which I move about, trying to cause no inconvenience except to officials, against whom I now feel malevolent impulses. I don't understand these impulses, nor do I try to, and they are encouraged by my conviction that I have nothing to lose.

As we start to argue, Ladislaus' face assumes a recently acquired look. Every inch a chieftain. The fact that his present decision concerns life and death instead of to keep or not to keep white mice

ought to touch me, but doesn't. Not at the time. Grief has not ennobled me. Nor have I yet met anyone it has ennobled. This seems to me natural. Neither courage nor courtesy can alter the fact that grief is an amputator. So instead of making an effort to understand Ladislaus, I wish ferociously that he would remove himself. Presently he does just this, but takes his time about it, thrusting his hands into empty pockets with ostentation, in order to show that he is only going to the window because his legs need stretching.

Boris refers again to the amnesty. As we have known other amnesties, his belief in its viability is as fragile as my own. But he speaks as if this were not so. There is something unnatural about the courtesy with which Boris and I attend to the other's views. We are overdoing it, on purpose. Each afraid the other may have lost the capacity to feel, we both deliberately manifest a type of consideration that would be superfluous were this the case. Then, seeing Ladislaus turn back to us, I say, "Well, but, Boris, amnesty or no amnesty, there's still fighting going on —"

"That's not official," he says quite seriously.

"Still, you don't want —"

"I want to be somewhere familiar." When he speaks naturally, his voice is slurred by exhaustion. "I've nothing to lose, so I may as well lose it at home."

"Then I'll come too."

He shakes his head. "You'd be in the way."

"You only say that because you think it's the only argument likely to have any effect on me, you know you do."

He smiles dejectedly, then says, "I know it doesn't seem so now, Resi, but you've got the future."

"The future?" An emotion I don't understand seizes me. "I hate the future," I cry, and at that moment this is true. "I hate the future. Ever since I can remember, everything dreadful's always been done because of the future, excused because of the future. One might as well be a Christian and shift everything onto the back of the afterlife. Oh, Boris, don't sound like Ladislaus. It isn't as if you can be consistent the way he is, he really thinks we owe it to the future to go back, but you wouldn't have gone back if Aunt Natasha were still alive, you know you wouldn't, oh, damn, damn, damn," because I am crying again. Not that this makes me conspicuous. Tears are commonplace in this former travel bureau.

"It's true." Boris puts his arm round me, gentling the anger out of my sobs. "It's true I wouldn't go back if she were alive. Not till she were well. And not unless she wanted to, even then. I couldn't do that to her again." A haggard look comes over his face, then he rubs the bridge

of his nose and says, "I only meant that as long as you've someone to care for, you've got a future."

"I care for you, Boris," I say, meaning it, yet helplessly aware that I am offering him less than a shadow of what I gave to Aunt Natasha. With her, the world outside seemed to me unpredictably hostile; without her, I have no inside world, and my capacity for loving is diminished accordingly.

"So do I for you, Resi dear," says Boris, and I know he is up against the same difficulty.

"Ladislaus says —"

"To hell with Ladislaus."

My astonishment at Boris' tone shows me that I have never before heard him curse a personal acquaintance. Like Aunt Natasha, he tends to see three sides to every question, and has even been known to suggest that civil servants and policemen are human.

"If it's the last thing I do," he continues, glancing with uncharacteristic animosity toward the window, "if it's the last thing I do, I'm going to stop Ladislaus' ruining your life the way I ruined Natasha's."

"The way *you* —"

"The way I ruined Natasha's."

"But you loved her."

Sighing explosively, Boris runs his fingers through his already upended hair. "All the more reason. Listen, Resi, you may not think so, but I'm asking you something important."

"What?"

"You don't love him, do you?"

"Who?" Suddenly nervous, I am prepared to be on the defensive.

"Ladislaus."

"Ladislaus? Of course not." My scorn is genuine. I am still at an age to imagine that only certain categories of person are romantically lovable: the wicked perhaps, but not the dull; the emaciated possibly, but certainly not the obese. It has never occurred to me that I might love Ladislaus.

"In that case," says Boris with faint satisfaction, "there's no reason, no reason at all for you to pay attention to what he says. Because he'll go the way I went. When he finds himself at the liberty-what-crimes-are-committed-in-thy-name stage, he'll be stunned to discover you can no more make a robot out of the incalculable than you can catch the wind in a net. You'd have to go a long way to find a better specimen of the type made to be shot by both sides."

"But," I am greatly struck by this, "but, Boris, suppose that's the type I like?" As I say this I am convinced that for once Boris is wrong; Ladislaus is not at all like that.

"Then I'm going to try to make sure you like it someplace where liking it is feasible. You're not going to repeat Natasha's mistake."

"But she never said —"

"I don't suppose she did. I don't suppose she ever saw that situation the way it was."

"How was it?"

Boris runs his hand over his face. "She was all right in Paris," he begins, and suddenly I know from his tone that he has argued this way, against himself, over and over. "More than all right. She wasn't pining. Not she. It wasn't in her character. She just had to love someone. Or rather, she just had to love. If a lamppost was all there was available, she loved that, and made a success of it." His voice is honeyed by the indulgence into which time has changed his jealousy. "There was nothing inevitable about it," he continues. "She'd given up searching for me. So had I for her. What was the good? You can't defeat history. And that would have been that, if only she'd not run into that taxi driver."

"But, Boris, whether or not she was still looking for you, she wanted to find you. She told me so."

"Of course she did. So did I want to find her." A little ardor flickers in his face. Then he looks at me with tenderness and exasperation. My throat tightens. I sense that this tenderness and exasperation are intended not for me but for a young Natasha I can only guess at. Yet the expression is familiar. Someone else has recently looked at me in just this way.

"You'll understand when you fall in love." Boris speaks in a tone suitable to "when you have scarlet fever." "Of course we wanted each other. All the same, if want had been our master she might be alive and happy. There's only one thing I can do for her now: prevent you from making the same mistake without the excuse of love."

"If you go and I stay we shan't see each other again, and, Boris, we're all we've got."

Shaking his head, Boris puts his free hand under my chin and tilts my face toward him. "You make everything personal. Just like Natasha."

"Am I at all like her?"

"A little. But you have some of your grandmother's ruthlessness too. Maybe that will safeguard you against emotional improvidence."

Still inside the circle of Boris' arm, still looking at him, I slowly realize that I have already lost him. He is trying to protect me for Aunt Natasha's sake. I am doing the same for him. Equally ghost-ridden, there is nothing more we can do for each other. I shall never forget Boris. But here among the posters is our last station platform. Our smiles are fixed, our throats stiff. Now the past is over. And I don't want the future; then, suddenly, as if she were beside me, I hear

Aunt Natasha say, "Nothing's ever over and done with, there are prolongations in time." I am still shivering when Ladislaus strolls over and, eying us complacently, says, "So you've decided to come back with us after all?"

If there were either affection or anxiety in his voice, I would try once more to persuade Boris to take me along. But Ladislaus' manner is hectoring, his voice febrile, and he keeps looking over his shoulder. It does not occur to me that he is derailed among broken images and exhausted by his struggle to convince himself that this is not so. Instinctively, I want to do the opposite of whatever he advises. I don't want to share the future with Ladislaus, and suddenly I know that I shall forget him, forget him to such an extent that one day his name will escape me. As if sensing my thoughts, he exclaims angrily, "You're going to America! You are! Go on, admit it."

"Don't be a bloody fool," says Boris harshly. "Resi's going to —"

"Resi's going to choose," says a fourth voice. Joe has just arrived to pick me up as arranged. Involved with Boris, I had forgotten this arrangement. But Ladislaus must have seen him crossing the square. Hence the backward looks.

"Yes. I don't have to" — suddenly it dawns on me — "right now I don't have to go anywhere." For the first time in my life, this is true.

Making this discovery, I am startled by Joe's expression. It is one I haven't seen on him before. He looks pale, furious, despairing. Something stirs in me. If Aunt Natasha were there to be told about it, this something would be identified as pleasure. But I'm on my own now. So I don't understand my feelings, let alone anyone else's.

"I don't have to go behind curtains, nor across oceans," I say, slowly groping my way. "And it needn't be always the future. Not if I can choose. Because I can choose the present."

Tears come into my eyes. Looking at Boris, I again remember him calling private life the greatest resistance movement of them all. Ladislaus puts out his hand. I clasp it. Inside me something cold and hard is splintering. As I look round the room at the ill-treated faces, a rush of emotion replaces my apathy. No longer one of them, I immediately want to help them.

Words fly from me. Joe's hands grip my arms. I don't know whom I love, but suddenly I know where I'm going. To Italy, right back where I started from. To the country I can't remember, the country where I was born of displaced parents who once hoped to see their children native-born citizens. There, perhaps, I shall one day re-enter the strange land of love, where tomorrow is not always a threatening word.



DOUGLAS BUSH here voices the complaint which has been recurring with increasing frequency among American readers: *Is so much sex necessary in our fiction, and must it always be so sordid?* Gurney Professor of English at Harvard University, Mr. Bush is an avid reader and the author of a number of well-respected and scholarly volumes.

SEX IN THE MODERN NOVEL

BY DOUGLAS BUSH

I AM getting tired of reading current novels, and I do not think I am alone in that. It may be only the familiar experience of surviving into an alien — and conceivably a wiser — generation, of growing old and crabbed. That is perhaps not the only reason, yet the odds are heavily against anyone who would suggest others. To discuss the technical methods of current highbrow fiction and to deal in the impressive clichés of the age of violence is to be an intellectual in good standing. But to ask if current fiction, highbrow and lowbrow alike, does not provide a surfeit of sex and sensationalism is to expose one's self as an antique of softened brain and hardened arteries. Before such a prospect strong men blench.

However, as Juvenal said, the penniless traveler whistles in the face of the highwayman, and one who has no claims to being an intellectual cannot be read out of the party. A case could probably be made for some dimness of moral vision in both conventional novelists and their conventionally approving critics, but a more strategic ground for complaint might be found in artistic considerations alone. One may then set forth the proposition that our novelists' common and exclusive concern with sex grows out of an unrealistically and inartistically narrow conception of the novel (if not of life) and that the common fictional products are inexpressibly monotonous and tedious. These and subsequent remarks have to do not with exceptions but with general tendencies both in subcritical fiction and in the serious writing that may be thought to suffer from the prevalent contagion as well as from a partly misguided literary creed. Further, these remarks are not prompted by the recent sensation, *Lolita*, which is too well written and astringent to deserve the cruder labels thrown at it but which can hardly disown the label of abnormal psychology.

Although the freedom of utterance that came with or brought about the decay of censorship was hailed as the arrival of American adulthood, a frequent result has been a regression to adolescence; or perhaps the exploitation of unadulterated sex should be called a new toy. It used to be that the curious reader in quest of the risqué had to go to the scrofulous French novel, but how pallid it was and is, compared with the modern native product. If, a century from now, the social historian should read many best sellers of our time, he would be forced to conclude that male and female Americans of this period were wholly engaged in amorous and extramarital affairs, with incidental excursions into business, politics, war, and so forth. For nowadays affairs are as automatic in a novel as corpses in a detective story; the only question is how many are required. The emotional and moral tension that might be set up by an effort at self-control hardly comes into the contemporary view of human nature.

In that charming old idyl, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the innocent vicar early announces that "all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown." This last phrase, somewhat reinterpreted, may serve to summarize a mass of modern and especially American fiction. Everyman and Everywoman seek their souls' salvation through a pilgrimage from bed to bed, and the more laps the race entails the finer is the resultant spiritual integrity. But there is a degree of sameness. After one has absorbed a dozen modish novels, one becomes an expert in the routine and the patter. This is, to be sure, subject to variations — you may have clinically anatomical reporting with a pseudomystical shimmer, or clinically anatomical reporting without a shimmer — but in general it runs in a standard groove. The resources of the

human anatomy and vocabulary being alike limited, no one can really win the Frankness Stakes, and the contest, however profitable for author and publisher, is for the adult spectator a considerable bore.

The decorum of a family magazine hardly permits a parody, but, since the same close observation of life and the same fearless honesty are carried into the rare glimpses we are given of non-sexual activities, one might compose a sample, in such an innocuous area, of one popular technique:

I reached for my shoe and pulled it on with a jerk. It split over the base of the big toe. I began to lace it. The lace broke. I stood up and poured myself a drink. It burned my throat. I hunted for another lace. There wasn't one in the drawer. I tied the broken pieces together. The knot wouldn't go through the eyelet. I took another stiff drink. The sky turned purple. A bird sang outside.

In case the gentle reader misses the complex point, it may be explained that this grim vignette symbolizes the crushing weight of the modern industrial megalopolis, the shoddiness of its standardized manufactures and civilization, and the lonely desperation of the frustrated individual unable to realize himself in a stagnant and repressive society, a desperation barely mitigated by possibilities of Dionysiac rebirth. But this technique, as I said, must be shifted to the realm of sex. In the current novel all human drives and needs and activities must be channeled into sexual terms, must be translated, as it were, into the Basic of our time, and into many, many pages.

"Oh," says the modernist, "you want our writers to be like the nineteenth-century novelists, from Jane Austen to James, who never used a word that, as Dickens' Mr. Podsnap said, would bring a blush to the cheek of the young person." Of course no one would want to revert to the rigorous propriety that Mrs. Grundy demanded from those novelists (and that irked some of them), and we may rejoice in the new freedom, even if it has not yet given birth to many novelists comparable in stature to the older ones. But to say this is not to grant that our self-conscious, stereotyped, blow-by-blow recording of incessant sexual encounters is artistically more effective than the method of reticent suggestion. Would Becky Sharp be in the slightest degree more vivid in her corruption, or would Sir Pitt Crawley and Lord Steyne have any more satyrlike actuality, if they had been handled in the modern manner? Mature readers are interested in feelings, states of mind.

But if the modernist, who is no less rigorous in his way than Mrs. Grundy was in hers, insists that most of the older British and American novelists were squeamish and mealy-mouthed, we might

think of the other great novelists of the century who cannot be charged with minimizing sex — Stendhal, Balzac, and Flaubert, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, and Tolstoy. So far as I remember, not one of these went in for seeing and telling all. Notwithstanding the portentous examples of Joyce and D. H. Lawrence, one may argue that, whether a novelist is depicting joyful ecstasy or joyless lust or a complex mixture of emotions, the piling up of physical detail constitutes, as a rule, a failure rather than a triumph of imaginative understanding and communication. To go a long way back, Virgil's brief account of the meeting of Venus and Vulcan has been justly described as one of the most sensual passages in all literature:

ille repente
accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit;

yet the means employed are no less reticent than potent.

BUT if the method of suggestion, though it has been the method of almost all the great masters, be questioned by modern practitioners and critics, there can hardly be any question about the overwhelming and myopic concentration on the theme of sex in modern novels. And, for our present concern, themes and attitudes are more important than methods. Sex, being a universal and urgent force in human nature and life, is inevitably and rightly a central theme of literature. Moreover, even the most squalid levels belong to the writer's proper world, though one could ask if emphasis on those levels represents a rational and aesthetic balance; but that question may be passed by. Instead, taking sex in all its manifestations, we might ask if current concentration on that theme provides anything like a rounded picture of life. Such a narrowly limited vision is not found in any of the great novelists from Cervantes to those of the twentieth century.

Is the ignoring or slighting of sex in the older British and American novels a greater distortion of life than the ignoring or slighting of everything except sex? The French and Russian novelists, who enjoyed more freedom than those of Britain and the United States, treated sex as one element in the immensely varied patterns and confusions of the human psyche and society. To run over their names, and the British and American names as well, is to be reminded of the infinite wealth of themes and material and characters they embraced and created: national strife, all kinds of moral problems, the comedy of manners and morals, the pursuit of money or power, social oppression and revolt. One can hardly count up

the areas and levels of individual and social experience that make up the totality of life, areas and levels which the older novelists got into their books and which seem to be deliberately excluded from the world of most of the newer modern writers. Many of the older novelists even dealt with love — and not merely love between man and woman but all the relationships that go under that name.

One readily imagines of course all sorts of indignant replies. Perhaps the most obvious would be, "Life is like that." Well, some parts of life have always been like that, but, if we must rely on individual testimony, the many great older novelists, as we have observed, did not see any such one-sided picture. One significant contrast, by the way, between the older fiction and ours is that, while our writers would go to the stake rather than sentimentalize (or perhaps even admit) a good character, they have not the slightest hesitation about sentimentalizing the bad — if one may use such simple categories as signposts.

There are many other possible replies. "We know that only a part of life is like that, but Freud and Company have focused the modern mind on sex as the matrix and medium of all human interests, and the activities that other novelists treated per se we are bound to render in sexual terms." "The American bourgeois scene is in the main so respectably dull that it cannot generate a passion, an emotional crisis, and art must deal with characters who can be passionate." "In a world newly accustomed to wholesale brutality we have to use shock tactics; people nowadays have no ear for the still small voice of Jane Austen or James." "In the modern world the individual is consciously or unconsciously the victim of forces that he is powerless to alter; the novelist, confronted with the enormous complexities of life, can study only private behavior." "The old capacious novel of manners is extinct; one must conform to the current vogue." "There is no use in talking about what an artist should or should not do; he can only put down what he sees and feels; if you can't see the truth he tells, it is not his fault." "Of course the novelist cherishes moral values as much as anybody, though he is groping toward new and more valid ones; anyhow, the sophisticated writer has to present these by indirection and implication." And so on.

The serious modern novel doubtless commands an enthusiastic following, considerable in intelli-

gence if not in numbers (not to mention the millions who follow pornographic lures). But it may be thought that such defenses as have been suggested do not add up to a convincing argument. This is not the first and only age in which mankind has lived with a half-paralyzing consciousness of disorder, though a number of intellectuals seem to have a defective historical sense and to assume that life on this earth was fairly rosy until a generation ago. Moreover, our world being in a very bad way because people feel and act as they do, one might raise the naïve question of why our extreme candor about sex is attended by such extreme reticence about virtue; novelists may be reluctant to hazard guesses as to what that is and how it works. The emphasis on sex and sensation may be related not only to moral dubiety but to lack of creative power; a reader cannot respond sympathetically to people embroiled in messes if they do not come alive as persons but remain figures moved about in accordance with an abstract diagram. If it is urged that American life is so oppressively standardized that sex is the only area in which individuality can assert itself, it may be answered that such self-assertion has become as standardized as anything else, that rebellion against convention is the most effete of conventions; and, if sex is made the vehicle for the whole complex of human experience, it is quite inadequate and much too easy.

Perhaps the best answer to all pros and cons would be the appearance of a new novelist big enough to create characters of vitality and dignity and to grasp many strands of life, as the older novelists commonly did and as Boris Pasternak has lately done; one might even entertain the bizarre notion of a novelist's touching on the beauty of goodness. Assuredly novelists are free to, are obliged to, obey their compulsive vision (though one is not sure that this vision, even for writers of integrity, is unaffected by fashion). But readers are free too, and a number of them have had more than enough of changes rung on aggressive, sensual, frenetic egoism, whether it is or is not enveloped in a haze of sentimental morality. The critics who predict the doom of the novel, for subtler reasons than are offered here, may be right; one hopes not. Meanwhile some intelligent people are turning to the older novelists, to biography, history, science, perhaps even to poetry; they want something that the current novel seldom gives. It is conceivable that they have reason.



BOOKS AND MEN

How numerous and conscientious must an author's footnotes be? A widely known British authority, H. F. ELLIS, examines the possibility that almost everything is plagiarism in one degree or another. The misappropriations, he believes, can even go so far as to include a writing style as well as schemes and inventions.

THE NICETIES OF PLAGIARISM

BY H. F. ELLIS

IT HAS been pointed out to me that there exists a similarity between the scene of Umslopogaas frightening Alphonse with his axe and a scene in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. I regret this coincidence, and believe that the talented author of that work will not be inclined to accuse me of literary immorality on its account."

The words are Rider Haggard's. Not fugitive or ignoble words, and it surprises me that in all the dozen or so times I must have read *Allan Quatermain* they never caught my eye before. I wouldn't claim to have read the *whole* book a dozen times; the customs of the Zu-vendis, for instance, I generally skip. But to the description of how Umslopogaas held the stair I return, as a hart to the water brooks, at regular intervals; as also to that earlier episode, "A Slaughter Grim and Great," in which Quatermain himself establishes for all time ("I put on a light Norfolk jacket over my mail shirt") the correct rig for slaughtering Masai.

The book ends with a kind of postscript entitled "Authorities," and it is here that the author makes his chivalrous apologia to Thomas Hardy. He does much more. He acknowledges his indebtedness to "Mr. Thomson's admirable history of travel *Through Masai Land*"; to his brother, John G. Haggard, R.N., "H.B.M.'s consul at Madagascar and formerly consul at Lamu," for details of the mode of life of the same tribe; to his sister-in-law, "who kindly put the lines on page 202 into rhyme"; and to "an extract in a review from some book of travel of which I cannot recollect the name" for the idea of the great crabs in the valley of the subterranean river. "There is," he gratuitously adds, "an underground river in *Peter Wilkins*, but at the time of writing the foregoing pages I had not read that quaint but entertaining work."

"There is an underground river in *Peter Wil-*

kins . . ." So sensitive an admission suggests either that novelists of Rider Haggard's time had a delicacy of conscience that has not descended to their successors or that critics and readers of the eighteen eighties (*Allan Quatermain* was published in 1887) were notably hot on anything that smacked, however faintly, of plagiarism.

I am willing, with Haggard's example of manly frankness before me, to admit that I have not at the time of writing read *Peter Wilkins* (indeed, I will go further, now that I have looked up the plot of it in a handbook, and admit that I have no intention of reading it in the future; it is about a mariner cast up on a fabulous shore who marries a beautiful gawrey, by name Youwarkee, and accompanies her to Nosmnbdsgsrutt), but I know that it was published in 1751, and on that evidence alone would be inclined to acquit Rider Haggard of the faintest suspicion of dishonor. Even if he *had* read the quaint but entertaining work, what is wrong with dragging in an underground river again after a lapse of a hundred and thirty-six years? I doubt whether a modern writer would feel the compulsion to enter a disclaimer. It is not as if Robert Paltock, the author of *Peter Wilkins*, invented underground rivers. There is a well-known one in the *Aeneid*—and even that was pinched by Virgil from Homer without a word of apology. Rider Haggard's is the first on record, so far as I know, in which the water was actually boiling and the heat sufficient to shrivel up the feathers of dead swans. He had no earthly need to feel shifty about it.

The curious case of Umslopogaas and Alphonse is on a rather different footing. Haggard is a little vague as to whether he had or had not ever read *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The likely inference is that he had not, but felt that a categorical admission of the fact would not help to soothe its

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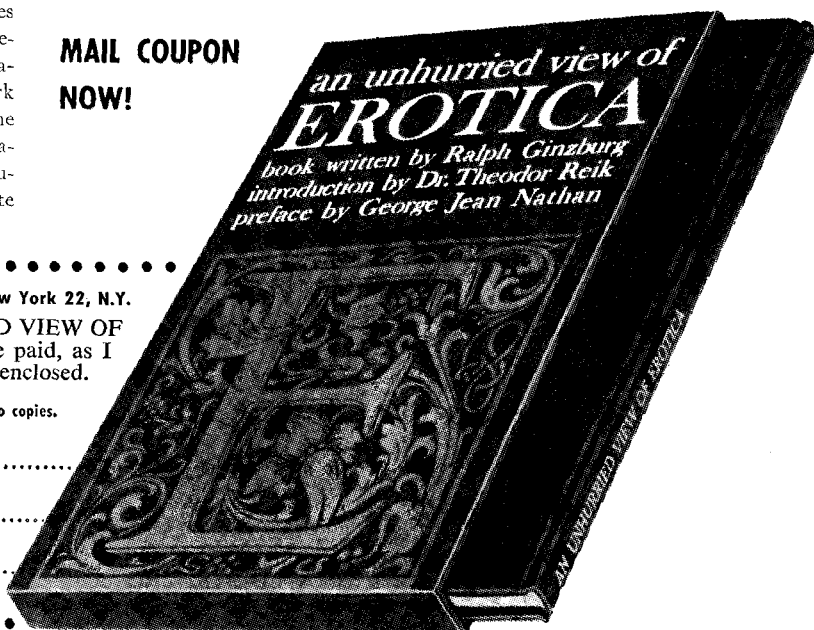
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talented author. Perhaps, like so many of us since his time, he scarcely knew whether he had or hadn't. It is a characteristic of Hardy's works that few people remember precisely which ones they have read; a broad general impression of fallible womanhood against a background of peasants, stooks, and thunderstorms remains, the incidental details escape one.

In any case, any fair-minded man will agree, I think, that when Rider Haggard sat down to describe how a Zulu chieftain, of the blood of the Chaka and a captain of the regiment of the Nkomabakosi, terrified a small French cook at the mission house of the Reverend Mackenzie on the Tana River in Central Africa by whirling his ax round and round his victim ("it seemed to literally flow up and down his body and limbs"), finishing up by chopping off one of his victim's curling mustachios, it was reasonable for Haggard to believe that the thing had not been done before. He could hardly be expected to glance through Hardy's ten published romances in case a somewhat similar scene had occurred to the interpreter of the Wessex countryside.

The shock must have been great to a man of Rider Haggard's sensibility — a man so honorable that he could not come upon a passing reference to giant crabs in a review without acknowledging his indebtedness — when some busybody "pointed out" to him the scene in "The Hollow amid the Ferns" in Chapter XXVIII of *Far from the Madding Crowd*. There it all was, Sergeant Troy of the Eleventh Dragoon Guards showing off his skill with the broadsword on the dainty form of Miss Bathsheba Everdene, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. John Everdene, of Casterbridge ("she was enclosed in a firmament of light, and of sharp hisses, resembling a sky-full of meteors close at hand"), and cutting off a lock of her hair in the process.

It is true that the two scenes were not entirely parallel. A broadsword is not an ax; the veranda of a mission house on the Tana River differs from a saucer-shaped pit near Weatherbury; the caterpillar that settled on the front of Bathsheba's bodice and was promptly spitted by the Sergeant ("I merely gave point to your bosom where the caterpillar was" explained Troy afterwards, in his rough, soldierly way, "and instead of running you

through checked the extension a thousandth of an inch short of your surface") makes no appearance in the African scene; Bathsheba rather enjoyed the experience, if anything, and got a kiss at the end of it: Alphonse did not.

But Rider Haggard scorned to call in aid such trifling divergencies. He might have argued that there is no copyright in the cutting off of hair and whiskers; swordsmen and others have been doing it since dueling began. Brigadier Gérard bagged half an Englishman's mustache with a bullet, and Conan Doyle never dreamed of explaining in a footnote that at the time of writing he thought the incident unprecedented. But Rider Haggard — who, as we know from the dedication of *Allan Quatermain*, held "the state and dignity of English gentleman" to be "the highest rank to which we can attain" — had standards all his own. It is as well, perhaps, that later novelists have been content to take their similarities and coincidences for granted; otherwise the list of "authorities" at the end of their works might assume the proportions of a bibliography.

There is, for all his care, one regrettable omission in Rider Haggard's acknowledgments. He might have told us where he got the idea that Zulu chieftains and High Priests and Queens of Zu-vendis speak, and should be addressed, in the prose of the Authorized Version. "Dost" and "hast" and "peradventure" are meat and drink to them. "Am I a good man to laugh at, thinkest thou?" cried Umslopogaas to the shrinking Alphonse, only to be sharply rebuked a moment later by Quatermain himself with a "What meanest thou by such mad tricks?" Sir Henry Curtis has the trick of it too. "Dost thou mean that thou wilt marry me, even now?" he asks the shy Queen Nyleptha, and she very properly answers, "Nay, I know not; let my lord say."

We have a right to know where Rider Haggard picked up this convention, which in later years became almost obligatory for all Unknown White Races, Tibetans, Martian Princesses, Green Venusians — any un-English types, in fact, whose normal speech would tend to be unintelligible. In his own interests he should have fathered the idea on somebody else, perhaps on the author of *Peter Wilkins*. It is too heavy a responsibility for one man alone to bear.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

EDITORS, even an editor as iconoclastic as Henry L. Mencken, are at heart believers. Mencken, who never ceased to rage against ignorance and hypocrisy, lived with the belief that in the American language our native writers, blending the heritage of many blood streams, would one day produce literature of surpassing freshness and vitality. He looked for signs that this was coming and found enough of them to keep him buoyant. Indeed an editor, like a teacher, must fix his eyes on a polestar of such magnitude, if he is to maintain his sense of direction in the midst of all the alarms and crosscurrents which daily become more distracting in this atomic age. The star by which I steer is literature, and the concern I wish to share with you is whether enough of our young people have anything more than a flickering interest in the light which has warmed and sustained me. Is it true that English, whether written or spoken, by high school seniors and college freshmen, has been steadily deteriorating in this country for the past fifteen years?

The evidence is contradictory. Since the end of World War II, I have spoken on the campuses of more than a hundred and sixty of our colleges and universities. On such visits I invariably hear from the deans of admission and from members of the English departments the complaint that the entering freshmen are ill prepared, that they are doing less and less reading — in short, that most of freshman year has to be spent getting them ready to study freshman English. Yet on these same campuses, I frequently find small magnetic groups of upperclassmen who are throwing off sparks in the writing which they are doing under the direction of an inspired teacher. Wallace Stegner at Leland Stanford, Hudson Strode at the University of Alabama, Carroll Towle at the University of New Hampshire, the Avery Hopwood classes at Ann Arbor, English 77 at Yale, the personal direction which at Harvard Theodore Morrison provides in fiction and Archibald MacLeish in poetry —

these are just a few of the electrically charged circles which, like Robert Hillyer's classes at Delaware, lift the student out and up into a different world.

Both things seem to be going on at the same time: among the many, a slackening of interest and effort, a blindness toward poetry, and a disdain for reading; among the few, that blazing intensity of endeavor which a beginning writer must experience. I am concerned lest that apathy be enlarged. To me the love for books is inseparable from that sense of wonder which we all know, however briefly, in our adolescence, and what I am seeking is some way to exhilarate the experience of learning, especially the learning of English, when we are at the sunrise of our education.

All education is an awakening, and the teachers of English are the buglers who bring us to our feet. My friend George F. Kennan, our former ambassador to Russia, came to New England a month ago to address the school audiences at Exeter and Andover. He spoke to them much as he would have spoken to a college convocation, about our relations with Russia and his calm reasons for believing that we shall avoid war, and he was deeply impressed by the eagerness, the maturity, and the spirit of inquiry which he found at both of those great academies. "What responsive open-minded boys they are," he said to me afterwards, and then after a moment's reflection, he added, "They seem so different from the guarded, diffident, rather lonely undergraduates one sees on campus." We are all aware of that change and of the inner uncertainty, the dread of Army life, the feeling of nervous insecurity which bring it about. So it seems to me appropriate to discuss a prescription for opening minds and for keeping them open to the beauty of writing.

In the beginning was the word — and it was read aloud. Our very first memory of books is of the voice of a woman — mother, favorite aunt, or teacher — who gave us the unforgettable pictures we retain of Bob, Son of Battle, of Mowgli, and of

Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. My family were great ones for Mark Twain. I cut my teeth on *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, and when I first heard Mark's description of the Yankee standing before all the court as naked as a pair of scissors, I literally rolled on the floor with laughter. I think Mark Twain is much better to begin with than Dickens; there is something too brutal and too bleak about Dickens. A book like *Life on the Mississippi* is an American adventure told so naturally that a boy can identify himself with the cub pilot who ran away from home. There is something very persuasive about being read to, and in these days when there is so little privacy in the home and when television and recorded music fill every evening hour, perhaps the one sure place a child will hear a cultivated reading voice in quiet is in the schoolroom.

The veneration for the beautiful but dumb athlete has long since passed its peak in the Eastern colleges, and on many a campus the boy of intellect, the boy in the top tenth who can edit, act, or write is as highly regarded as a halfback. This form of compensation has been slow to reach the Big Ten and slower still to reach down into the high schools, but it is coming and as it comes it will enlarge the opportunities for what Gilbert Murray and John Masefield so encouraged at Boar's Hill, the reading of poetry aloud; it will improve the chances for a more serious school play — no one can possibly act in Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* without yielding to the compassion of the lines — and in prize speaking and debating it will give students a memorization of forceful, lucid English such as they never will hear in our singing commercials.

We live in a country which places too little value on the precise use of words. Partly this is the fault of our advertisers who commercialize cheap, bad English; partly it is the fault of the ghost writers who prepare the speeches for public men; mostly it is the fault of parents who are too careless to correct their children. America is the home of the five-cent cigar and the nickel phrase, the cheap cliché endlessly repeated; the home of bastard words like "contacted" and "winterize," of barbarisms like "think modern" and "taste good like a cigarette should," of glibness like "as of now" and "but definitely," of sheer nonsense like "irregardless" and "most unique" ("unique" is one of a kind; either it is unique or it is not — throw away the qualifier!). Even our Secretary of State, in his infatuation with phrases like "massive resistance" and "agonizing reappraisal," joins the vogue, and a spokesman for the State Department can hardly open his mouth without having four "massives" drop out.

I am not inveighing against American slang or

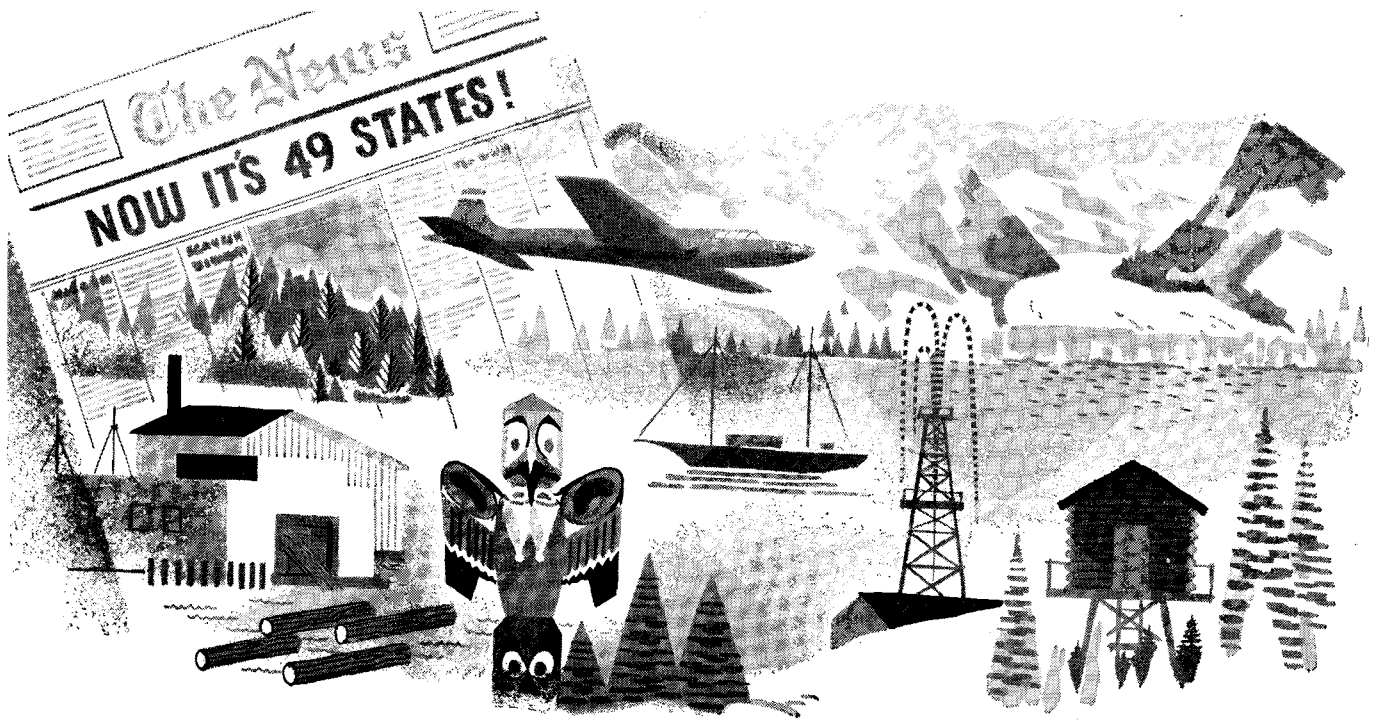
American idiom, for they are, both of them, a very vivid muscular part of our new writing. What I am inveighing against is the American habit of using cheap, popular clichés without thinking.

How can teachers arouse their classes to an awareness of words? I know it can be done, for it was done to me. At Harvard, when I was trying to build up my vocabulary, it was Dean Briggs who encouraged me to carry slips of paper in my pocket. On one side I would write down a word that was new to me and that I was trying to learn how to use, and on the reverse I would write down its meaning and a sample phrase in which it was used. All Harvard undergraduates shuttle back and forth between the austerities of Cambridge and the amenities of Boston, and on those subway rides I played the word game with myself.

When I joined the *Atlantic* staff in 1924, I should think that one short story in every four was written in dialect. They came to us in Pennsylvania Dutch, in the dialect of the Kentucky mountaineers, and from the Cajun country in Louisiana. They were written in Swedish, Jewish, Irish dialect and in the accents of the Negro. Today dialect is fading from the scene, and the reason is clear enough; writers want to be thought of as essentially American, not as part of a minority, and what is more, they remember that those old stories in dialect were too often an excuse for farce or for sentiment rather than the heartfelt truth. But local color is irrepressible in this country and always will be; it crops out everywhere and students should be encouraged to look for it and use it to good effect.

The economy of the war years is to blame for the watering down of instruction in English. Reading is not as well taught as it used to be. I agree that the flash-card system is swifter, yet it has enormously increased the difficulty of those who are inclined to be left readers, and although there is no way of proving it, I believe it has produced some of the worst misspellers the country has ever seen. As for writing, the only way to learn to write is to write, and I deplore the doing away with of the daily theme and of the essay type of question on examinations. There is no doubt that the writing of the vast majority has suffered.

Finally, and most important, how can we induce in the eighteen-year-old a curiosity and then a desire for books? Required reading won't do it — not when you can read *A Tale of Two Cities* in a Classic Comic; and while you love to think of parents and children being surrounded by books in the modern ranch home, the truth is that what they really want to surround is either the television screen or the hi-fi. Teachers and their allies, the librarians, are, I sometimes think, our last resort in these impressionable years. The libraries today are often a sanctuary for the quiet, reflective



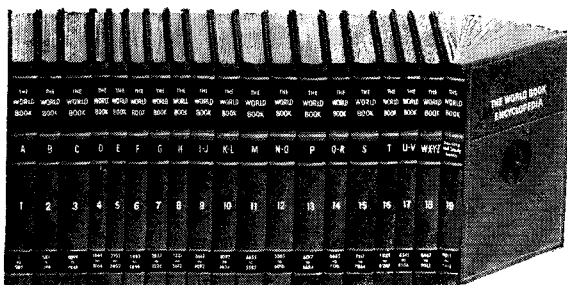
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child. Some children, a few, are as fond of quiet as their parents, and here in their part of the library with the low shelves, the comfortable chairs, and the story hour, their minds can begin to feed and to imagine. If the zest for reading is aroused by ten, it won't stop. As we grow older, we begin to take tips from those we respect. I remember in my freshman year a Sunday afternoon walk which I was privileged to take with Geoffrey Parsons, then an editor of the New York *Tribune*. Parsons was an omnivorous reader, and in that walk by the sea he fired my imagination by what he said about three books I had never heard of: *Winesburg, Ohio* by Sherwood Anderson, *The Brass Check* by Upton Sinclair, and *Oscar Wilde* by Frank Harris. One way or another I managed to borrow all three of them in the course of the next week.

These were impressive experiences, and I embarked on another which went deeper and lasted longer when I heard Chris Morley tell of the excitement of reading Keats's poems against the background of Keats's letters. One has to be a little bit in love to get the best out of that experience, and I was. Today if I found myself walking with a freshman as eager and inquisitive as a boy I remember, I would surely tell him about that book so full of youth and zest and wisdom, *As I Remember Him*, by the great American doctor Hans Zinsser; I would speak about Virginia Woolf's luminous essays in *The Common Reader*, which seems to me the quintessence of biography and criticism; I would talk to him about Archibald MacLeish's new play, *J.B.*, and about the courage, the unshakable values, and the magnificent writing in *Doctor Zhivago*.

But first and last it is the teacher of English we come back to. She knows us with an almost medical intimacy, and she has it in her power to give us prescriptions which will change our lives. If she notices that we have a strange attraction for frogs, mud turtles, and garter snakes, she will see that a book about animals, a mature book like Tom Barbour's *Naturalist at Large*, comes into our ken. If our eyes light up at the mention of the knights of the Round Table, she will know how to make Malory and Tennyson approachable. If we talk of a grandfather who came across the country in a covered wagon, she will remember *The Oregon Trail*, A. B. Guthrie's *The Big Sky*, and that other fine book, *Forty-Niners*, by Archer B. Hulbert. Lincoln's birthday may prompt her to read aloud some chapters from *Marching On*, that picturesque novel by James Boyd, and the day before Washington's birthday she might read to us Samuel Eliot Morison's superb essay on Washington as a young man. And even if we resist books with all our might, even if the sports page is all we hanker for, she may leave with us, deep in the subconscious, echoes of a beauty we can never quite forget.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The new novel by JOHN O'HARA, *FROM THE TERRACE* (Random House, \$6.95), is the nine-hundred-page life story of one Alfred Eaton, the second son of Samuel Eaton, owner of an iron and steel company in a small town in Pennsylvania. It describes Alfred's years at prep school and at Princeton; the romantic loves of his youth and his sowing of wild oats; his rise, after World War I, as a partner in a private bank, to eminence in the New York financial world; the emptiness of his marriage to an unfeeling beauty with a keen taste for promiscuity, and the fulfillment he finds in a long affair with a girl who finally becomes his second wife; his service in World War II as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in which position his high-principled patriotism earns him the hostility of powerful businessmen; and his post-war decline into the role of rich clubman with time on his hands and not a thing to do.

In an overture to the story, O'Hara cryptically announces that his purpose is more ambitious than to characterize Eaton and the people (there are more than a hundred characters) whose lives touched his. Presumably this purpose is to achieve a picture of upper-class America in the first half of the twentieth century and to show why in this society a man like Alfred Eaton — simple, attractive, with a high standard of integrity and great competence in business — fails to consolidate his early success and finds himself on the shelf before he is fifty. Unfortunately, the picture which O'Hara offers us is formless, pretentious, and embarrassingly simple-minded. And the climactic insight, the moment of truth, is the banal pronouncement that in the great world of business, background, brains, and luck are not enough: you need to make "friendly connection[s]" — and "Alfred didn't."

The recent jumbo novels of O'Hara are a dismal example of what happens to a writer when his

ambition becomes much greater than his resources of intellect and talent. *From the Terrace* strikes me as the work of a once brilliant minor writer who has fattened himself up into a major anti-artist. The artist seeks to impose order on the chaos of life by selectivity and symbolism, by an act of the creative imagination. O'Hara, in contrast, devotes prodigious energy and considerable technical skill to reproducing raw experience in all its pointlessness. His credo is essentially that of the reporter: to get all of the facts, set all of them down, and let them speak for themselves. He is fanatically faithful to the most tiresome of all literary fallacies — that it is data which make fiction real; and he goes to grotesque lengths in the inclusion of irrelevant detail and the quotation of page upon page of inconsequential dialogue.

In this relentless accumulation of fact and speech, there is a rapt display of knowingness about the great world, and a naïve bedazzlement by it, which one cannot help associating with the snobbery of the parvenu. To cite just a couple of examples, O'Hara catalogues in full the food and wines served at a dinner in a banker's house, though they are not in the least surprising or significant, and he treats the reader to a recurrent seminar on the benefits of belonging to the right clubs on the Eastern seaboard.

No less embarrassing is the treatment of love and sex. A solemn to-do is made about the difference between them, but this difference remains hard to detect in the behavior of the characters. Mr. O'Hara's handling of love at literally first sight is altogether unconvincing, and the reams of sex palaver, most of it sophomoric, are of a vulgarity which one doubts his well-bred characters would descend to even under the influence of Eros. (Eaton's idea of playful bedroom humor is to address his slim, exquisite innamorata as "Fatso.")

But the operative point about O'Hara's novel is simply that it is strangely uninteresting. You cannot create a living world by cataloguing its contents.

THE NINETEEN FIFTIES

In *MORE IN ANGER* (Lippincott, \$3.50), a collection of essays about the contemporary American scene, **MARYA MANNES** makes forays over a broad front: manners and mores, politics, the arts. Her theme is stated at the outset: "We have been suffering for some time from a sort of spiritual leukemia: an invasion by the white cells of complacency and accommodation. . . . We are beginning to look like our pictures [in the mass media]: dull, amiable, with an appetite for things and none for ideas, a people overnourished physically and undernourished in mind and spirit."

Some of the particulars in Miss Mannes' indictment are as follows: A spurious and flattening concept of equality has destroyed our manners, our sense of deference, our respect for authority — everyone's as good as the next man, and anything goes. Suspicious of privacy, which seems undemocratic, we glorify exposure from the hearth (Togetherness) to the gutter (*How Blind Was My Alley*). Overanxious to be liked, we smile too much and walk too little. Men are obsessed with money, women with weight; the gents talk boringly of gain, the ladies of loss. Our life has become so soft, passive, and bland that the aggressive instinct has no healthy outlets — hence the cult of violence in our entertainment, the brutality of high school kids, the hysteria of our witch hunts. Our politics are debilitated by the virus of cagey noncommitment. In sum, "An American who can make money, invoke God, and be no better than his neighbor, has nothing to fear but truth itself."

These strictures are hardly original, but Miss Mannes has expressed them with considerable cogency, wit, and imaginative brio. To those who share her outlook she offers the delight of hearing one's opinions voiced with an exhilarating felicity of phrase and form — in imaginary portraits and interviews, letters, playlets, and brilliant parodies. I, for one, thoroughly enjoyed her performance, but I am forced to add that her kind of social criticism impresses me as somewhat self-indulgent. She has simply voiced the familiar complaints of the civilized mind about the shiny barbarism of the age and has neglected the more taxing job of delving into the why and wherefore of what irks her. As a stanch liberal Miss Mannes must be in favor of technological advance and economic democracy. And a more searching analysis would have shown her that most of the things she deplores are intimately bound up with the goal of a technologically advanced democracy, which is to get the maximum quantity of goods into the hands of the maximum quantity of people. In other words, her thinking stops at the point at which the crucial challenge to the liberal mind begins.

A spirited commentary on the cultural climate of the nineteen fifties in England has also just been published, *THE ANGRY DECADE* (British Book Centre, \$3.95) by KENNETH ALLSOP. Focusing on the writers who have been loosely grouped under the label Angry Young Men, Mr. Allsop has turned out an effective combination of literary criticism, capsule biography, and topical social history. His book is intelligent, well written, and briskly readable.

Mr. Allsop finds it more accurate to call these writers, who have widely disparate outlooks, "the dissentients," for the quality they share is disagreement with majority sentiments and opinions. He

divides them into three groups: the derisive neutralists (Amis, Wain, Hinde, Braine, and others); the emotionalists, whose chief thunderer is John Osborne; and the spiritual bomb throwers (Colin Wilson, Stuart Holroyd). The most significant thing about the dissentients, who by and large are products of the welfare state, is that in striking contrast to the spokesmen of previous literary generations in England they have a militantly anti-upper-class (in the cultural sense) perspective. They are anti-good-taste, anti-highbrow, anti-cosmopolitan, scornful of all forms of refinement. Although they represent a new class which is clearly on its way up, they believe that the social revolution has been something of a bust. As they see it, the old snobberies still flourish, and the establishment or power elite is still permeated by upper-class loyalties and conventions. This disillusionment has made them contemptuous of ideals and political programs, emotionally self-centered. They agree with Osborne's Jimmy Porter that "There aren't any good, brave causes left. . . . If the big bang does come . . . it'll just be for the Brave New-nothing-very-much thank you." What stirs them is that on all sides they see flaccidity, half-living, and pretentious humbug, a meretricious and decaying society. As a group, their literary gifts are impressive, but they appear to have no positive ideas. (One cannot take seriously Colin Wilson's recipe for a spiritual revolution led by mystico-Nietzschean Outsiders.)

Mr. Allsop sums up the position of the dissentients as "a state of talent largely surrounded by indecision." Their heroes, state-educated above their origins and raspingly class-conscious, are the directionless rebel, bristling with rage, self-pity, and shaky defiance; the cheerful scoffer who plays it safe, goes in for toadying and fakery to keep his job, and wages a concealed, farcical sort of guerrilla warfare against the upper classes; and the go-getter, who loathes the rich and their graces but wants his share of the big money. "They are scum," Somerset Maugham has said of them. But their creators have unquestionably brought to English letters a fresh accent and the harsh, invigorating vitality of the upstart.

This fresh accent and this vitality are evident in *EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON* (Criterion, \$2.75), a play recently produced on Broadway which JOHN OSBORNE wrote in collaboration with ANTHONY CREIGHTON five years ago. It does not pack the electrifying punch of *Look Back in Anger*, but I found it more satisfying than the later works which have made Osborne famous. *Epitaph for George Dillon* is more human, more coherent, more sympathetic; its characterizations are more varied and in sharper focus.

In contrast to Jimmy Porter, a blob of indignation that only the English social revolution could have formed, George Dillon, jobless actor and unproduced playwright, is a universal type: the man dedicated to being an artist but with no proof of his talent. "Eternal bloody failure" has brought out the worst in him, and at thirty-four he is a chronic sponger and jeerer, incapable of gratitude. He plays up to Mrs. Elliot, a sentimental woman of the lower-middle class who has given him a room in her household, but he is snide to Mr. Elliot, patronizes their daughters, and seduces the pretty one with the "jazz trousers." "They not only act and talk like caricatures. They *are* caricatures," he says to Mrs. Elliot's sister, whom he mistakenly takes to be a kindred spirit because she is an intellectual like himself. In the taut, brilliantly modulated scenes between them, Dillon reveals himself fully in flashing outbursts of sincerity, wit, and bravura followed by weary admissions of his fears and self-contempt.

But *Epitaph for George Dillon* is more than a portrait of the cad-hero as an artist. A major theme (class loyalties are a secondary one) is the importance of feeling. Feeling is, to paraphrase a line in the play, "the harshest detergent"; it cleanses, but it hurts. And by hurting it keeps people genuinely alive, saves them from the painless, grubby half-living which Osborne so passionately detests. George Dillon retains a measure of our sympathy because his sensitivity exacts of him the full price for his failings. As he says, he has "a mind and feelings that are all fingertips." When he surrenders to a shaming travesty of success, he is unsparingly honest with himself. He knows that George Dillon the artist has died a ludicrous death, and he proceeds to bury him with a damning epitaph.

BRIEFLY NOTED

After his disastrous attempt in *Some Came Running* to cope in a big way with ideas in the novel, JAMES JONES has written a novelette, *THE PISTOL* (Scribner's, \$3.00), which confirms that he is most at home in the sphere of primitive emotions. The setting is Hawaii, where, in the chaos following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Pfc. Richard Mast finds himself the possessor of a pistol

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(assigned to him for guard duty) which normally he would have been required to return. The pistol makes him feel "a real soldier," and soon it becomes a symbol of salvation; he has a recurrent waking nightmare in which he is wounded and without the pistol, and a Japanese major cleaves him in two with his sword.

The story is pinpointed on Mast's frantic struggle to hang on to the pistol, which his companions try to take away from him with offers of money or by theft, violence, the authority of superior rank. Even the compression required by the novel-ette does not eliminate redundancies from Jones's writing, and he sometimes misuses words in a gauche pretentious way. All the same his story is forcefully told and its feeling rings true; it dramatizes with extreme simplicity the desperation with which men at war latch on to a token of survival.

Admirers of *Doctor Zhivago* who wish to read more of BORIS PASTERNAK's work now have two additional items to turn to. One is *SAFE CONDUCT, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER WRITINGS* (New Directions, paperback, \$1.35), a reissue of a

volume which appeared in a small edition in 1949. The other is a short novel never before published in English, *THE LAST SUMMER*, which is included in *Noonday I* (Noonday, paperback, \$1.25), a new literary magazine in book form edited by Cecil Hemley.

Pasternak has composed his brief autobiography as a poet rather than as a chronicler of personal history. He seeks to recapture the emotional essences of his experience and makes no attempt at giving us a conventional life story. His unfamiliar technique and the fact that his poetic prose clearly presents formidable problems to the translator together pose something of a challenge to the reader. The return that Pasternak offers is a rare combination of qualities: simplicity of heart, subtlety of mind and intensity of feeling; the radiance of an artist of large integrity. The opening themes are his early love for music and his idolization of his family's friend, Scriabin, his study of philosophy in Germany, and the *Sturm und Drang* of youthful love. In the latter part of the book, the dominant presence is his beloved friend, the poet Mayakovsky, whose

"strangeness was the strangeness of our times," and whose suicide in 1930 brings Pasternak's memoir to a close.

In *The Last Summer*, which is largely autobiographical, the central character relives in a dream the recent but already remote past, "that last summer [of 1914] when life still appeared to pay no heed to individuals and when it was more natural to love than to hate."

The journal which PAUL GAUGUIN kept for two months not long before his death in Tahiti has recently been reissued in an edition containing fifty-two illustrations, twenty-eight of them from the original manuscript. The title is *PAUL GAUGUIN'S INTIMATE JOURNALS* (Indiana University Press, \$3.95; paperback, \$1.95), the translation by Van Wyck Brooks. "I should like to write," says Gauguin, "as I paint my pictures . . . following my fancy, following the moon"; and this in effect is what he does. Continually diverse and diverting, the journals jump from talk of his contemporaries ("A devil of a painter, this Cézanne! [His] blues are white and the whites are blue") to a reflection on his childhood in Lima, from comments on his relationship with Van Gogh to swaggering jibes by Gauguin "the savage" at the restrictions of a "whimpering civilization." The book is slight, a footnote to a personality, but fascinating because the person is Gauguin.

ERICH HELLER'S *THE IRONIC GERMAN* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.00) is probably the best study of Thomas Mann published in English to date. The singularity of Mann, Heller argues, is that in contrast to Proust and Joyce, who sought new forms in which to express change and dissolution, Mann's experiment was to present the dissolution of established patterns of living within the traditional form of the novel: he "set out to build a tradition . . . solid house on a metaphysical . . . condemned site." This is an ironic enterprise, and it is Heller's thesis that a pervasive irony is the energizing force of Mann's work. It expresses itself most powerfully in Mann's vision of knowledge as the enemy of life, the fatal tempter — a theme which recurs more than any other throughout his writings. Mr. Heller is a critic whose close study of the text does not degenerate into pedantry and who manages to be both sympathetic and searching.



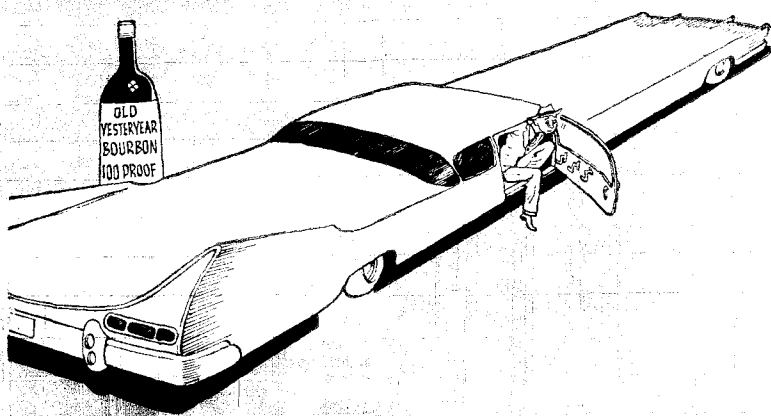
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Accent on

WE HAVE been given to understand over the years that anything undertaken by a big company trying to sell something to the American consumer is always in direct response to his profound wants and needs. There is no guesswork, no wishful thinking, no stab in the dark. It's all beyond argument: by infinite wisdom and a quality of research worthy of a Pasteur or an Eddington, the company has found out what the consumer really wants. That the company has actually done this by a bit of sampling through loaded questionnaires, and by hiring a few competing market analysts (who are simply earning an honest penny for a day's work on their own), and by a modicum — just a pinch — of good sense is beside the point. The people, we learn, have signified what they want. (Democracy: . . . the theory that the common people know what they want, and deserve to get it good and hard. — H. L. Mencken.) So, hard it shall be.

It is not easy to judge the public mood about Detroit automobiles and bourbon whisky, but in each of these commodities certain recent adjustments seem to warrant comment. The automobiles have received more attention than the whisky, and a brief summary of what the public is demanding from Detroit is sufficient.

The kind of car demanded above all others by the public is, then, the biggest ever, the most powerful, and the most expensive. Its speed will be far in excess of its braking capacity, its suspension conventional (in the sense that bumpy-toed button shoes for men were conventional in 1910), its trunk is big enough to take in a piano, and its rear-seat passengers will be more comfortable if they are not taller than 4' 10". This is what the public has told the major producers it wants, and neither party will entertain any heckling in behalf of Larks, Ramblers, and those rascally foreign importations.

Equally singular is what the public now insists its bourbon whisky must be. A distinctively American form of spirits, bourbon was nonetheless believed by successive generations to need much the same treatment as other spirits. Aging in the wood for a few years resulted in a better whisky than one made night before last, and it was no rare thing in the days before Prohibition to sample and buy direct from the cask in houses like S. S. Pierce, Park & Tilford, and Acker, Merrill & Condit eight- or ten-year-old whisky, or older, according to one's taste and purse. Distillers advertised their own brands of well-aged bourbon and rye; almost any good bar offered

a choice of them, and so did the dealers.

A federal tax, until recent changes in it, tended to penalize the distiller who aged whisky in bond for more than eight years, but even so, there are only a few brands of any great reputation on the market today that are even eight years old. Most of the bonded whisky is withdrawn and sold after the minimum, for "bonds," of four years. But quite beyond demanding that his whisky must be youthful, the consumer is now determined that it must also be weaker. He is unwilling, that is, to buy certain of the more conspicuous 100-proof whiskies until they have been reduced, by the addition of water at the distillery, to 86 proof. The possibility that the consumer could add the water himself, in seeking a strength that suited his taste, is repugnant to him. The distiller knows best, so the story runs, and after devout study of what the consumer wants, is going to give it to him in abundance: more water, less whisky.

Back in the 1940s, a friend from the Middle West brought me a bourbon which seemed just right in all respects: six years old, 93 proof, and quite reasonably priced. It was not available locally, but the distributor yielded to our requests, and for the next decade the brand enjoyed

and deserved a sizable following hereabouts. It lost a year in the war, regained it later, and the quality was unvaryingly high. But a year or two ago, the proof dropped abruptly to 86. The price stood firm. It was more water for the same money, a phenomenon approximated more recently by one of the bellwether bonded brands.

The bond in this case, although it had always managed to speak reverently of its great age and tradition, was a four-year product selling at \$6.69 a fifth. But when the proof

dropped to 86, amid such words as "modern" and "milder," the price dropped not to \$5.75, which is where my arithmetic would place it, but to \$5.99.

Somewhere in the transaction 24 cents of the customer's money seems to have fallen down behind the counter. But on reflection, it seems reasonable to suppose that even so simple an operation as watering the whisky can be expensive. Someone has to take out the bungs, run the pumps, and tidy up the finish. At today's wage scales a team of skilled

de-proofer is bound to cost money. And think what the water bill must be!

So it is that the public taste guides the big producers into novel and more constructive channels. Malcontents will persist in affecting the small car, the spirits at proofs lamentably above what most consumers want, but these will be the few. The enlightened majority will have its cars dearer, longer, and wider, and its whisky in ever-diminishing strength.

CHARLES W. MORTON

R. P. LISTER

PIPE AND STRINGS

The strings of my guitar are E
And A and D and G and B
And E again; at which I stop.
The bottom string is at the top,
That is, the uppermost is low;
They climb in a descending row,
Or else rise upwards as they sink,
Like Baudelaire inspired by drink.

As for the pipe on which I play,
Two fingers and a thumb make A,
Two fingers only make D-flat,
C-sharp, B-double-sharp; and that
Complex, allusive, triple coat
Covers the one, small, bleating note.
A hole half-covered by the thumb
Makes a quaint, squeaking octave
come,

Half A below, half A above,
Like two hands in a single glove.
Harmonics, too, to tightened strings
The lightly resting finger brings;
It halves, in some mysterious mode,
The leap from node to antinode,
Making of F a higher F.

My neighbors, luckily, are deaf.



The Hemline

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

Playwright and author of light prose, ROBERT FONTAINE lives in Springfield, Massachusetts.

In the thirties, which is where I arrived as far as normal mental processes concerning skirts go (I had been concentrating on beads and pasting colored advertisements into my scrapbook up to that time), I noticed that skirts no longer showed the knees but were crawling around down by the ankle. Whether legs had shortened or skirts had lengthened was never clear to me. The whole thing saddened me so I gave up all participation in normal life and got married.

I didn't give a hang about skirts for a long time, until very recently when I noticed my wife was going around the house all the time with scissors in her hand, a grim look on her face, and a tape measure around her neck. Skirts were going up and, after declaring a hundred times she was no slave to fashion, she was warming up to shear yards and yards off all her skirts and coats.

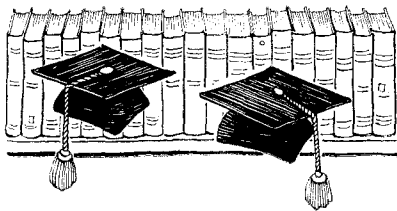
This brought on the skirt-marking era, the *modern* skirt-marking era, or "Oh, hell" as it is called in our house. Dinners were late. Beds weren't made. Eyes were red. The children were neglected even if their skirts weren't. *I* was neglected.

For days on end I barely saw my wife. She was down in the sewing room in the basement with the door closed and, for a time, all I could hear was the relentless snip, snip, snippety-snip of the scissors. Now and then she would emerge, pale and listless, and order me in a hollow voice, beset with doubts, to blow chalk from a little red bulb on her skirt. Several times, in desperation, I had to put on the skirt while she blew the chalk. I borrowed a set of bagpipes from a neighbor to hold in my hand just in case the trash men collected while I was standing there having my hem taken up.

Everything is all right now. Hundreds of skirts are up to my wife's knees. She is tired but happy. A smile plays over her worn face as she lies in bed gaining strength.

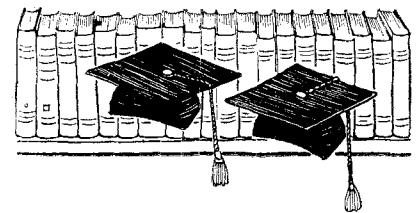
Well, to tell the truth, I think she is just about back to normal now. Most people would be content just to be able to *say* their skirts are at a fashionable length, but my wife is beginning to want to get up and wear them. In fact, and I pale at the thought, only yesterday she looked at me with narrowed eyes and said, "Aren't your trousers awfully long? They hit your *ankles* when you walk."

Well, fellows, when you see an ordinary, decent-looking, law-abiding citizen walking down Main Street with dimpled knees, you will know what happened. A husband has to go along. What's the use of quibbling when a happy marriage is at stake?



FACULTY CLUB

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

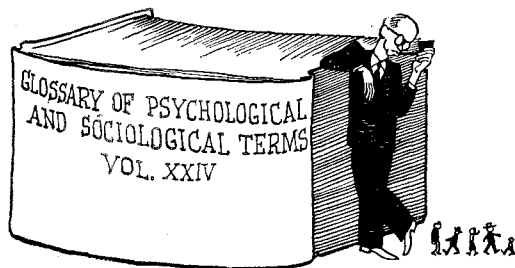


THE SOCIAL SCIENTIST

Behold the Social Scientist,
That most extraordinary bird!
He gives the language such a twist,
I cannot understand a word.
He works at meaning with a will;
His center is called Jargon Hill.

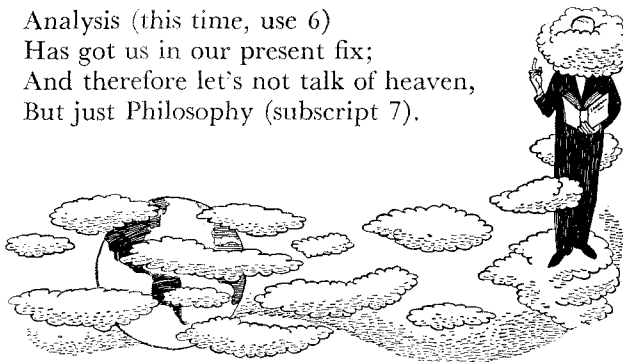
When you or I behold a child
Beat at his mother with his fist,
We call him naughty, bad, or wild;
Not so the Social Scientist;
He cries (and keeps his face dead-pan):
"Inner-directed little man!"

He speaks of role analysis;
He wants to operationalize;
He thinks communication is
The proper way to make men wise.
Perhaps at some not distant date,
He will be excommunicate!



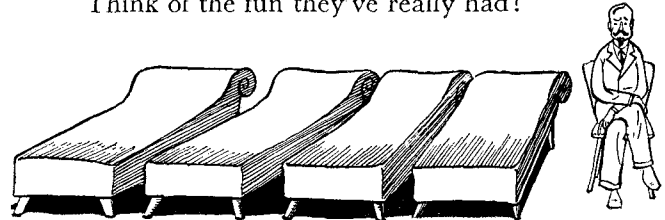
THE PHILOSOPHER

Philosophy (write subscript 1)
Is something that cannot be done;
Philosophy (try subscript 2)
Is something we ought not to do,
Because (this time try subscript 3)
I'll not let Plato mislead me!
And hence Philosophy (now 4)
Loses the horse and shuts the door,
Then cries: "Hurrray!" and "Sakes alive!"
Philosophy (we've got to 5)
Cannot go wrong if it stays blind
Alike to matter and to mind!
Analysis (this time, use 6)
Has got us in our present fix;
And therefore let's not talk of heaven,
But just Philosophy (subscript 7).



THE PSYCHOANALYST

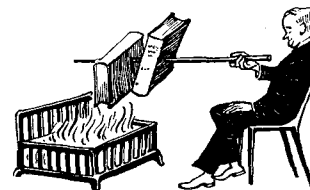
Psychoanalysis makes me tremble,
But Psychoanalysts make me mad;
Under their beards they just dissemble —
Think of the fun they've really had!



THE HISTORIAN

Oh, think of the Historian!
He does as much as any man
Not to condemn the universe.
He does not show a face averse
When nations go from bad to worse;
He never pales at massacre,
But murmurs, "Men are what they were";
When rapine makes a bloody blur
Of victory, he writes it down;
Treachery does not make him frown,
And he wears murder like a gown.
Well, then, if madness does not fire
The barrels of his moral ire,
Nor crime nor folly him inspire
To language that Isaiah hath,
What sort of thing across his path
Kindles his hot, professional wrath?
Oh, would you know?

You would, would you?
Then watch him slowly, slowly stew
Some colleague in a book review.



THE ANTHROPOLOGIST

Sing a song of mores!
Tell us of taboo!
Sort out sexy stories!
Watch how menfolks woo!
Study twenty slatterns
Clad in wool and weed!
Call them culture patterns!
(Words by Margaret Mead.)



The Good Bad Movie

BY NORMAN N. HOLLAND

As film critic for educational station WGBH, NORMAN N. HOLLAND keeps a sharp eye on trends in the movies. He is assistant professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The film critic goes to "name" movies for one simple reason: the public expects him to peer behind the pretensions of advertising.

Yet these, the much-advertised, the big, the imported, the stereophonic, the radiantly colored, are the impostors, the films that pretend to be so much more than they are. When they are good, they are moderately good. When they are bad, they are the bad bad movies. Every once in a while, though, there swims into the critic's ken some honest trash with no pretensions at all: a good bad movie — that is, a picture that is so bad it's funny. Then, ah, then, being a critic seems worth while.

Take, for example, the typical science-fiction picture with a title like *The Thing from Betelgeuse* or *The Sirius Danger* or *Destination: Alfa-Romeo*. There is an exploring party headed by a scientist who wears a beard and is absent-minded (these being the two symptoms of intelligence known to Hollywood). Second in command is a sturdy Air Force captain, followed by his faithful buddy. Then there is a starlet who is either a stowaway fiancée of the Air Force type or else the expedition's biologist (why always the biologist?). She has seven Ph.D.'s but quickly falls in love with the muscular captain, much as though Dame Edith Sitwell were suddenly to get a crush on Gorgeous George.

Through some mishap — a simple space-time warp will do — they fetch up at the wrong destination, a new planet or, in particularly low-budget pictures, the standard set (complete with dinosaurs) for the Mexican Alps. After a brief sightseeing tour, during which someone remarks, "It seems too quiet," a couple of crew members (never, alas, the principals) get eaten up by a Thing, which nobody can describe. The Air Force type promptly announces, "I'm going to blast it off the face of —" (fill in the name of the appropriate planet). "Wait a minute," says the beard,

"maybe it's trying to communicate with us." The starlet, with the last vestiges of her intellectuality, sides with the beard, thus giving us complications emotional and organizational during which several more crew members can be chewed up and "serious damage" inflicted on "the ship." Finally the Thing appears — it usually looks like an overgrown boll weevil wearing an aqua-lung — and Dr. Hassenpfeffer, who is probably a Communist anyway, makes a final effort to befriend it. The Thing promptly does Hassenpfeffer in, thereby proving that the captain was right all along. Somewhat belatedly, the captain observes, "Our weapons are powerless against it."

At this point, two endings are possible: either the group tries to escape or the starlet discovers that the Thing can be destroyed simply by plugging it into a 110-volt outlet. In either case, faithful buddy will say, "But, captain, we need a positronic cosmos generator. Ours has been destroyed."

"Here," says the imperturbable captain, "can you do anything with this?" He holds out a portable radio. "Some twentieth-century tourist must have left it here."

"Say," says faithful buddy, "once I took a course in these things." He examines the radio, looking puzzled.

"Hurry," says our captain, "we can't hold out much longer."

"Hm. Let me see," says faithful buddy, and, unfortunately, we do.

It was pleasant when all Things were only Frankenstein monsters, werewolves, or vampires gamboling about the Carpathian mountains. Now, though, the "undead" have immigrated.

Consider the family of good bad movies with titles like *I Was a Teen-age Narcissist*. Some scientist has gotten a grant from a foundation to read the long-lost books of Dr. Frankenstein or Bela Lugosi or somebody. He is probing, we are told by his cautious friend, "the secrets of life itself." Now, however, he needs a final experiment to round out the paper he is planning to read at the next meeting of the Parabiological Association in Dubuque. "This will revolutionize science," he says.

At this point, some happy-go-lucky teen-ager rocks and rolls his way onto the scene, and in a trice the doctor has him turned into a monster. The kid, who is going through the difficult period of adolescence, just wants to go on with his ordinary activities, dancing, dating, mugging, slashing tires. All those nasty adults, though, don't understand; they scream when he turns into a werewolf. "I just want to belong," he says plaintively. "I just want to be like other people."

He keeps saying things like this until it percolates into his lycanthropoid mind that the mad doctor has pretty well ruled that possibility out. Annoyed, he takes out after the doctor, and with a certain amount of hurly-burly, the two monsters (get that!) perish together in the burning house.

The local police chief arrives just in time to watch, having finally been convinced of the nature of the difficulty by an old Carpathian janitor. The chief, his face lit by the fire,



solemnly pronounces the moral: "He went too far. He tried to become God. There are some things that man must leave alone." Somebody should tell Hollywood.

But surely the best and the worst of the good bad movies are the Tarzans. There are three reasons why they hold a special place in the sclerotic heart of a film critic. For one thing, 1958 was their anniversary. Forty times birds fly away, forty times birds return since first Tarzan picture. In other words, in 1918, mighty Elmo Lincoln first flexed Tarzan's muscles in celluloid. The Tarzan pictures have another special charm, their durability. In a world of shifting, changing values, they remain forever at the same low

level. Of course, there are a few concessions to the outside world: during World War II, a German spy would occasionally turn up, and now Boy has been legally adopted by Tarzan and Jane — a gesture, I suppose, in the direction of the new respectability of the fifties. For all practical purposes, though, the Tarzan formula has never changed.

The latest one, for example, deals with the adventures out in Tarzan country of one Dr. Sturdy. (Wouldn't it be comforting if *your* doctor were called Dr. Sturdy?) Anyway, Dr. Sturdy, or Doka-teri Sturdy, as he is called by the natives, is rooting around in darkest Africa, looking for all the world like Albert Schweitzer. He is experimenting on a serum against what is known in the picture simply as "fee ver" (and pronounced that way). His presence, however, is resented by the medicine men's local, headed by a method actor named Futa. "No Ngassi man," says Futa with Stanislavskian difficulty, "no Ngassi man go Doka-teri Sturdy hospital, give blood, make white-man magic. Save blood for Mongo [evidently some deity]. Curse of Mongo on Ngassi man go give blood to Doka-teri Sturdy."

Doka-teri Sturdy no can work now. Then young chief get fee ver. Futa try cure, but Futa lack courage of convictions. Futa steal white-man magic, will feed to young chief with Mongo mumbo-jumbo, win either way. But Futa get wrong bottle, deadly poison. Now who come in nick of time? Tarzan. He make Futa sample medicine before feed to young chief. Futa die. Cheers. Nobody like Futa anyway. He method actor. What he do in Tarzan picture?

You see, it could have been written any time, lo, these forty years. But there is another reason, more profound than mere durability, why Tarzan pictures are the critic's special delight among all good bad movies. They show a sort of earthly paradise, a Garden of Eden, for in Tarzan's world nothing is evil but snakes and man. The little round house in the tree, the unnationalistic natives, the carefree chimpanzees (not to be confused with the Tarzan family itself) — this Garden of Eden takes the tired critic back to an earlier time, the time of his lost innocence when he went to the movies just for fun.

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quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

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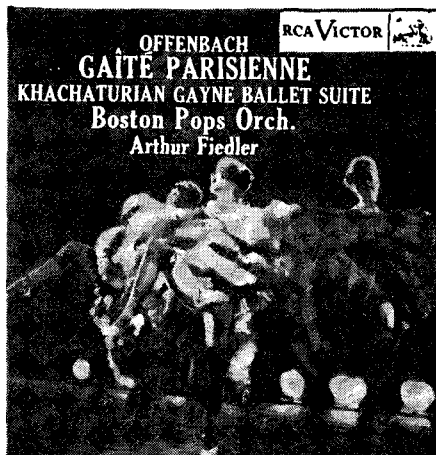
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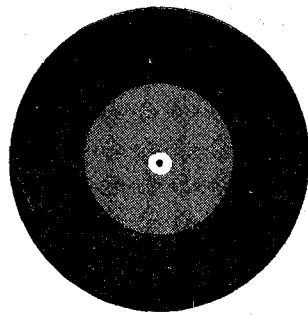


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Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Barber: *Vanessa*

Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Nicolai Gedda, other singers, Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra; RCA Victor LSC-6138 (stereo) and LM-6138: three records

Last year when the Met mounted the première of *Vanessa*, much clamor was made about it as a belated triumph of American opera. The only trouble is, *Vanessa* is not especially American. Admittedly its authors are American, Samuel Barber by birth and Gian Carlo-Menotti, the librettist, by adoption. However, their opera is Continental in locale and sounds to me very much like a Richard Strauss opera translated into English and given some semisec recitative to show it is modern. This doesn't mean it is bad; it is quite good, if perhaps not up to the Strauss standard. The plot concerns a woman who marries her dead lover's son, although he loves her daughter. It stays interesting, with the help of some very clever music. The première cast performs beautifully, and the recording is highly satisfactory in both monophonic and stereo presentation.

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 6*

Bruno Walter conducting Columbia Symphony Orchestra; Columbia MS-6012 (stereo) and ML-5284

Walter plays the *Pastorale* gently, singingly, as if it were a retrospective work, and of course it may have been. The brook is more eloquent than the thunder. The recording is appropriately smooth and tasteful, with a good orchestral feel about it, especially in the stereo edition.

Berlioz: *Harold in Italy*

Charles Munch conducting William Primrose, viola, and Boston Symphony Orches-

tra; RCA Victor LSC-2228 (stereo) and LM-2228

This is Primrose's third *Harold* on microgroove, and not his best. I list it because the sound is bright and new and available stereophonically. My suspicion is that the participants stayed working at this recording session about three hours longer than they should have. They achieved flawlessness at the price of spontaneity. Still, the earlier Primrose-Beecham and the ancient Primrose-Koussevitzky, however lively, are simply not aurally acceptable today, and the new RCA Victor recording is the one to have.

Handel: *Organ Concertos, Op. 4, Nos. 1-6*

E. Power Biggs, organ; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia K2S-602 (stereo) and K2L-258: two records

Handel will have been dead two hundred years this spring. In observance of this, Biggs, Boult, and the London Philharmonic journeyed last summer with recording equipment to a church in Great Packington, Warwickshire, where there was an unaltered organ Handel had helped design. Many hazards attended, prime among which was the fact that the orchestra could not be tuned to the organ. Accordingly, the organ was disassembled and tuned to today's pitch (with provision, by sliders, to restore its original tonality). As Mr. Biggs says, "What the deuce! That's what Handel would have done." The product of this endeavor will fill several albums with (to judge from the first) rare treasure of sterling British stamp. German-born though he was, Handel as composer became thoroughly English. This music marches with a mighty Georgian tread, managing to be at once dignified and lusty. Brisk Sir Adrian and British-born Mr. Biggs never have been better than they are at this work, and they got yeoman assistance from the engineers. The stereo version is a little short of bass, nothing serious.

Weill: *Die Dreigroschenoper*

Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg conducting Lotte Lenya, Erich Schellow, Johanna von Koczian, other singers, orchestra and chorus; Columbia C2S-201 (stereo) and O2L-257: two records

Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht, two angry young men of Berlin in the hopeless days of the Weimar Repub-



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ATLANTIC—LITTLE, BROWN



lic, rewrote John Gay's lusty *Beggar's Opera* (1728) into this piece of very clever horridness. It is so unbelievably grim that I have never been able to enjoy it, but many people do, partly by virtue of its German rag-time tunefulness. In any case, here is undoubtedly the definitive version. Lotte Lenya, Weill's widow, directed the production and sings the part of Jenny, the kitchen maid. The fine recording, full of bite and shudder, was made on the home ground, Berlin.

Stereophonic

These are stereo disc versions of recordings issued earlier in monophonic editions.

Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique

Ataulfa Argenta conducting Paris Conservatory Orchestra; London CS-6025

A tasteful performance, more refined than clamorous, in authentically spacious tridimensionality and realistic sonority.

Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra; Peter Grimes: Four Sea Interludes and Passacaglia

Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster WST-14010

Clean, rather close sound; interesting directionality in the *Guide*, good vista in the *Grimes* bits, especially when the chimes come in. Rather dry interpretations.

Gilbert and Sullivan: The Mikado; The Pirates of Penzance

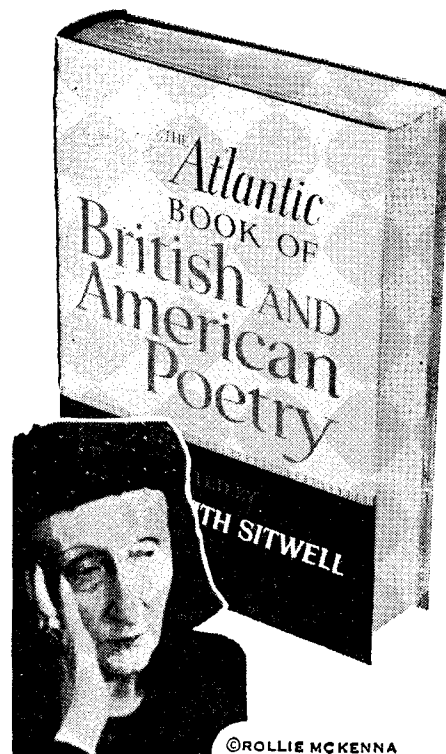
Isidore Godfrey conducting D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and New Symphony Orchestra; London OSA-1201 and OSA-1202: two records each

These never reached me in monophonic versions. In stereo they are delicious things, with a marvelous quality of the live stage to them. Equally marvelous is the way new D'Oyly Carte personnel manage to sound just as their predecessors did. There is no spoken dialogue, but I did not miss it.

Verdi: Il Trovatore

Alberto Erede conducting Mario del Monaco, Renata Tebaldi, Giulietta Simionato, other singers, Florentine Chorus, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande; London OSA-1304: three records

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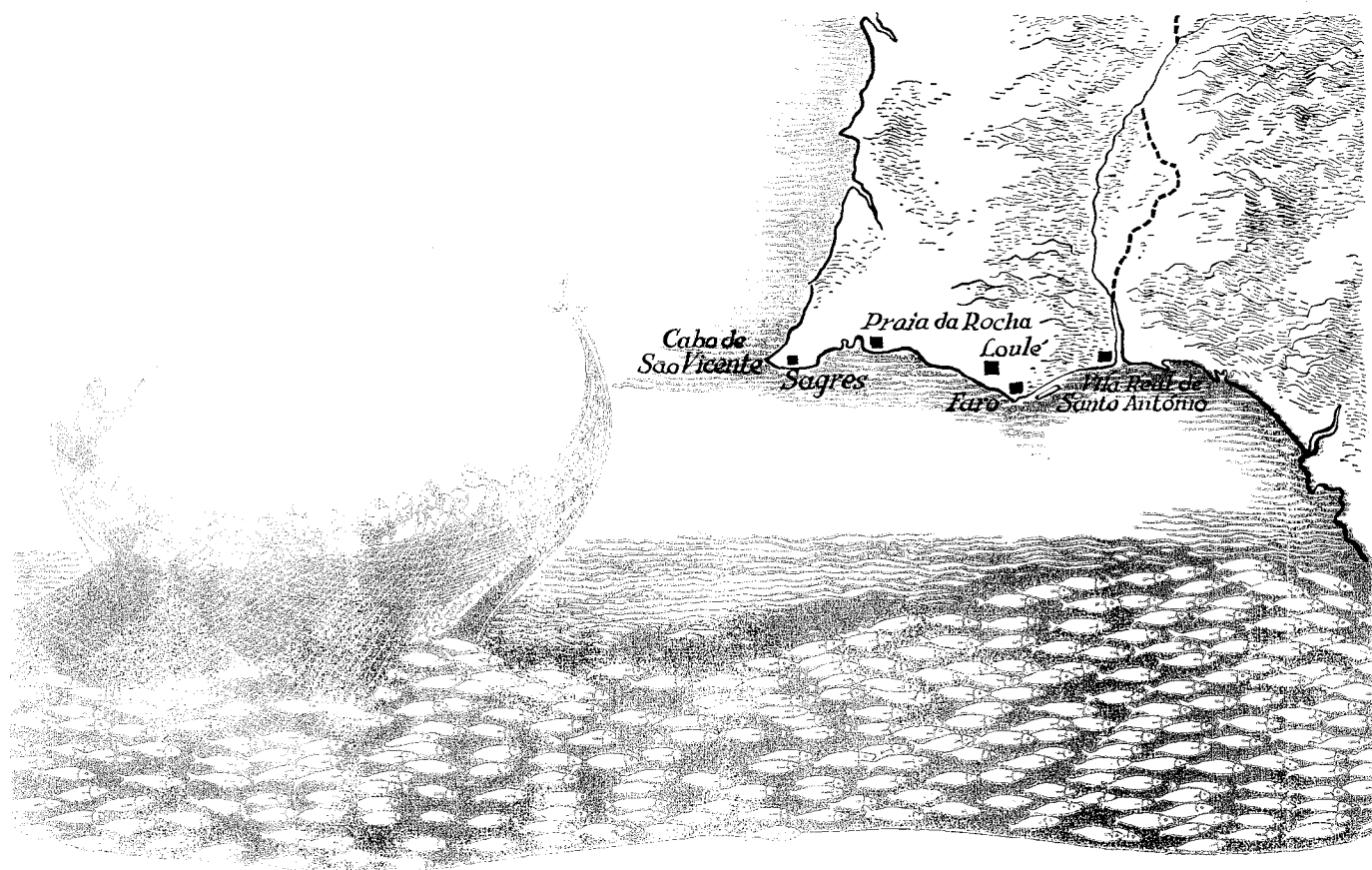
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pleasures and places



SOUTHERN PORTUGAL

BY ROBERT S. KANE

It is the strangely isolated quality of Portugal's southernmost province that most strikes the visitor, perhaps because it is so unexpected. Algarve, as the region is called, is not cut off from the rest of the country by towering peaks, a parched desert, or a dividing river. Nor is it tucked away in the interior and geographically inaccessible. On the contrary: Algarve's southern and western frontiers are the Atlantic Ocean. To the east is Spain and to the north Alentejo, the rich breadbasket province of rolling wheat fields and cork groves. This was the corner of Europe from which Prince Henry the Navigator sent Vasco da Gama and other explorers over the horizon centuries ago from his navigation school.

Today, though — unlike the southern coasts of France and Spain and

the shores of North Africa — it has not even a major port or a substantial city. It is sparsely populated, and its people are poor. No one has really paid much attention to Algarve since the Moorish invaders left their mark. Once Portugal achieved its national identity, the kings concentrated more on developing the central and northern regions, and even in recent years, Algarve has remained a province apart.

One feels, driving through the countryside, that this is one of the loneliest parts of Europe. Between the tiny villages is only the occasional solitary farmhouse or mule-transported farming and fishing folk to vivify the scene. It must be added that Algarve is also one of the loveliest areas of Europe, although the beauty is quiet and without the

charged drama of, say, Taormina or Marrakech or the fjords of western Norway.

There is one exception which calls for superlatives, even from the Portuguese themselves, who are surely the least demonstrative of the Latin peoples. It is Praia da Rocha, the only Portuguese resort — and one of a very few in Continental Europe — where winter swimmers need not be polar bears; the climate is delightful every season of the year. Directly on the South Atlantic, Praia da Rocha's beach extends for several miles. It is unusually wide and its sand extraordinarily fine-grained and white. High cliffs form its backdrop, and before them are immense, grotesquely handsome rock formations.

The result is a stunning panorama, viewed either from the beach or from the terrace of the one first-class hotel, named the Bela Vista. One approaches the Bela Vista from the road. Unlike the back of the building, done in clean white and facing the ocean, the front façade is an

example of what might be called Portuguese Victorian. A former private villa, its stucco walls are a shade somewhere between rust and orange. They are offset by a turreted tower, the windows of which are of cheap but brilliant stained glass. Occasional balconies, inset tile mosaics, and other bits of gingerbread add to the busyness.

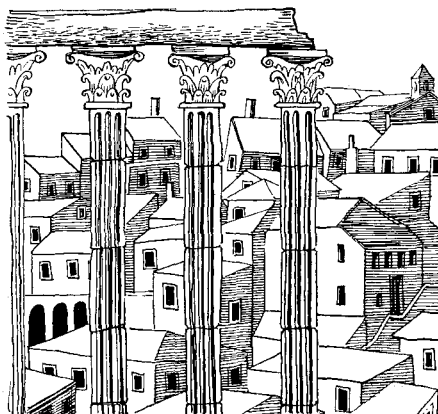
The main floor is a maze of heavily beamed lounges, elaborately furnished with the overstuffed chairs one sees so often in Europe, designed to seat comfortably a small elephant. The bedrooms — and there are less than twenty — are spacious, blessedly white-walled, and some have terraces. Rates are *en pension* (there is virtually no place else to eat in Praia da Rocha, anyway), and with private bath, cost five dollars single, eight dollars double.

The Bela Vista is operated by a charming Portuguese lady, Senhora Ofelia Bovar de Vasconcellos, who is all smiles and who speaks not a word of any language but Portuguese. Her entire staff operates under much the same handicap, with the single exception of the receptionist, who is the most popular resident of Praia da Rocha with the English trade and the infrequent American who wanders this far south. Even the waiters have steeled themselves against any language fluency. None admits to understanding the slightest bit of foreign table terminology. And the townspeople are all much the same. I



asked an English-speaking Portuguese, down from Lisbon, what lay behind the southerners' language curtain. He called a waiter over for his views and translated the reply: "Why," the waiter asked, "should we learn another language? Why don't our visitors speak Portuguese?"

There are any number of reasons why people don't speak Portuguese, but none seemed to make sense at the moment, and I couldn't answer the waiter's question. I found, though, that he and his countrymen are most gracious with visitors and



indeed patient in trying to understand them. One need only resign oneself to not being surprised at occasional difficulties in getting directions, ordering meals, shopping, and so forth.

Aside from the Bela Vista, there are only a handful of hotels and pensions in Praia da Rocha. (The Penguin Pension is next best.) There are a casino (not at all elegant, but fun) and a charming outdoor café in what used to be a grim fortress guarding the sea.

The entire province is within excursion distance from Praia da Rocha. Portimão, a pleasant fishing center, is a mile down the road. Its spotless cannery reveals the secret of how sardines get from the ocean into the crowded tins. It is open only when there has been a big catch, and at such times visitors are welcome. Portimão is also the site of an institution known throughout Portugal, a candy shop called the Pastelaria Almeida. The kitchen is right behind the selling counter, and Senhora Maria Machado dos Santos, the manager for three and a half decades, is happy to show visitors about. The confections are Algarve adaptations of Moorish sweets: ingenious concoctions of the figs and almonds of the province, combined with sugar, butter, and often chocolate.

Prince Henry's headquarters were at Sagres. The fortress, where he founded his navigation school in 1418, still stands. A modern weather station adjoins it, but the old walls, cobbled inner courtyards, and corner towers are still as they were. The

fort is at the tip of the long, narrow cliffs of Cape Saint Vincent, and if I were to go again, I should arrive at about the same hour: late afternoon, just in time to watch the sun set over the southwestern tip of Europe.

Probably no other country in Europe has fairs in the quantity and variety of those in Portugal. Lagos, one of the chief towns of west Algarve, is a center for them in this region, and with a little advance investigation one should be able to visit there on a fair day. I happily hit upon a livestock exposition and sale, and the fairgrounds were a mass of bulls, cows, calves, and mules attached to the gaily decorated covered wagons typical of the province. Thousands of black-hatted farmers and their families were in town, with most of the youngsters overworking the battered carousel, which is a requisite at every Portuguese fair, regardless of



its theme. An entire section was devoted to food stalls and small shops: men hawking colorful, hand-made mule saddles, women selling earthenware and pottery displayed on the straw-covered ground, waitresses darting through the narrow aisles of tent-café.

Lagos has old monuments, too: ruins of the seventeenth-century governor's palace, the Sacred Art Museum of Santo Antonio Church, and a sixteenth-century aqueduct. But further east, in Faro, there is even more to be seen: a fascinating maritime museum, with an unusual display of fishermen's costumes; the superb wood carvings and painted tiles of Saint Francis Church, the Roman ruins of Termas de Milreu, and the formal gardens of Estoi Palace.

The influence of the Moors is present in every Algarve town. The people are darker than in the north,

the houses are whitewashed stucco, streets are narrow, and wrought-iron grillwork is Arabic in origin. But in most towns, other ages and eras have crept in, and one finds, understandably enough, an architectural mélange. Olhão, though, is the exception to the rule. Still small, it is perhaps the purest Moorish-style town of the province. The houses are not only white but cube-shaped, much as they are in Morocco. And the chimneys, unique throughout Algarve, are at their most elaborate here. They are whimsical adaptations of Muslim minarets, octagonal, hexagonal, or round, with intricately designed open plasterwork through which the smoke escapes.

Alentejo, the province immediately to the north of Algarve, has two places eminently worth visiting. Beja, the first, is one of the most historic of Portuguese cities. Built on the site of Pax Julia, an ancient Roman settlement, it was captured by the Moors and retaken by Portugal's first king in 1162. Souvenirs of its past include a Roman-Moorish castle, the tower of which is 135 feet high; a museum of Roman, Visigothic, and Moorish tombs; Saint Amara, an exquisite pre-Romanesque church; and a fifteenth-century hospital.

Évora is the old city of which the Portuguese themselves seem fondest. They refer to it as the "museum town," and it is just that. The ruins of the Roman Temple of Diana in the center of the town date from the second century and are unique in the Iberian Peninsula. Just across the square is a graceful, simple-lined Romanesque cathedral, built ten centuries later. And, for those with strong constitutions, there is the *Capela dos Ossos* of Saint Francis Church. The word *ossos* means bones, and the chapel is a great hall with walls and ceilings completely covered with the skulls and skeletons of the sixteenth-century monks who founded it.

Évora's black-and-white Praça do Geraldo is one of the handsomest squares in Europe. Its architecture is almost completely symmetrical: a white stucco church with black trim at one end, arcaded palaces (now shops and public buildings) bordering the other three sides, and black-and-white mosaic tiles lining the square itself, which is illuminated by the gas of delicate wrought-iron



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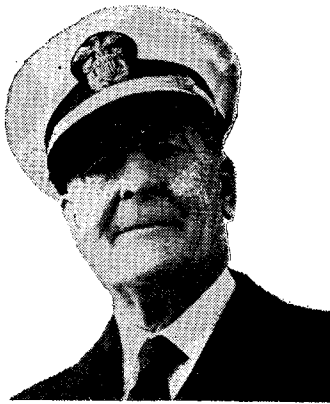
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LITTLE, BROWN

lampposts, the city's coat of arms on a gold plaque above each.

Portugal is almost too convenient for visitors from across the Atlantic. I suspect that may be one reason why so many tourists pass it by. I flew there directly on a nonstop Swissair plane, leaving New York at cocktail time and arriving at Lisbon's modern airport just after an early breakfast aloft. (Swissair's cuisine, incidentally, is excellent, and its service manifests the reputation of that little nation of hoteliers.)

From Lisbon to Praia da Rocha, there is a choice of a daily five-hour express train, private car (several agencies rent autos with or without guide-chauffeurs), or packaged bus tours. I would recommend the second, for with a car at one's disposal there is no limitation on activities, and only time restricts the variety of the itinerary.

For the drive south from Lisbon, I suggest a lunch stop at the Pousada de Santiago do Cacém, one of a chain operated by the Portuguese State Tourist Department along the lines of the Spanish *paradores*. They are

small, first-class inns, handsomely decorated in authentic Portuguese style, serving the cuisine of the region, and often selling tasteful, hand-crafted souvenirs, not always easy to come by in Portugal.

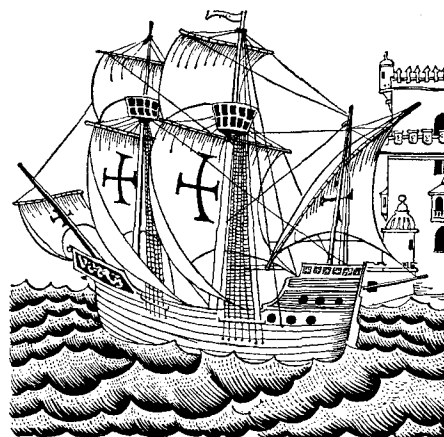
Returning north, one might go by way of Évora and stop off en route at another excellent *pousada*, Saint Braz de Alportel. *Pousada* rates are about the same or a little less than those of the Bela Vista in Praia da Rocha. And unless one gambles a great deal at the casino there, or drinks more than average, expenses in the south are modest. Shopping is not much of a budget item, for there is relatively little to buy. The most interesting souvenirs are the candies of Portimão. The *pousada* at Saint Braz sells attractive handwoven women's belts and handbags, and there is a good shop in Évora, Urbano, which specializes in the copper products of the region and gay blue-and-white pottery. A three-piece hand-wrought copper coffee

service sells for about \$30; a four-candle pottery candelabra, \$2; belts and bags, \$1.25 to \$3.

Portugal is too often regarded as a smaller version of its Iberian neighbor, Spain. Comparisons are inevitable, of course, for these countries share the same peninsula which isolates them in so many ways from the rest of Europe. Their languages are similar (the Portuguese tongue has few supporters, least of all those who speak Spanish), they are both Roman Catholic countries, and they have strong cultural and historical associations.

Nonetheless, the Portuguese personality is quite distinctive. Like the Spaniard, the Portuguese is charming, polite, and scrupulously honest in his dealings with visitors. But he seems softer spoken, less volatile, more inhibited than his neighbor.

He is more of a moderate. His government is not democratic or representative, but it seems not to have the harshness of the Spanish regime and permits opposition, however ineffectual it may be. The Portuguese fights bulls, but not to the extent



of his neighbor: the bulls are not killed in the ring. He is religious but without the intensity of the Spaniard, and his church is not as all-encompassing as that of Spain. (Portuguese schools, for example, are staffed by lay teachers, although there is compulsory religious instruction.) He likes his wine, but he is quite understanding of the visitor who drinks water; he often takes it himself, with meals.

What he eats and drinks is quite different from the Spaniard's regimen. There is much emphasis on seafoods, many of which are prepared with a great degree of inventiveness and subtlety. Meats are not always of the quality one finds elsewhere, but can be good, and table d'hôte dinners are the most gargantuan meals in the Western world. There is, inevitably, an appetizer, a thick soup, a fish course served with both vegetables and potatoes, an entree with still other vegetables and more potatoes, salad,

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dessert (often fruit or pastry, seldom cheese), and coffee. The visitor who is able to delete a course without offending the waiter is an unusual diplomat.

The Portuguese are avid wine drinkers, but rarely touch port. "Too sweet for us," they'll tell you. They concentrate on other wines of their own or those from Portuguese Madeira. Many vintages are from the Douro valley, the home of port, but others are from the provinces in which they are consumed. The Algarve table wines — both white and red — are sometimes without the delicacy of French counterparts, but they are always adequate, often excellent; so are those of Alentejo.

Portuguese food is at its best when it is frankly Portuguese, and not in French disguise. One of the finest dishes is *ameijoas con carne de porco*, a combination of tiny clams in shells and minced pork, sautéed with garlic and black pepper in olive oil. It is regularly served at the Hotel Alentejo in Évora. The Bela Vista is known for its fresh-broiled lobster and lobster salad. And every restaurant serves the national staple, fresh grilled sardines, easily four or five times the size of those which are tinned and exported. Other interesting dishes are the infinite variety of seafood chowders and stews. Veal, beef, and poultry are popular, too. The coffee, much like that served in Brazil, is the thickest and blackest in Europe. I found it delicious, but many (including Portuguese) prefer a *carioca* — coffee diluted with hot water after brewing.

I wish that I could recommend a good guidebook to the Algarve. Unfortunately, most that I have seen skim over this province or neglect it entirely, so untraveled is it by the great majority of tourists from abroad. The Casa de Portugal, information bureau of the government, at 447 Madison Avenue, New York, is extremely helpful, and most towns of any size in Portugal maintain tourist offices. Their staffs rarely speak English, and their literature is seldom in that language, but is profusely illustrated. The tourist agents point at the picture, and then point the visitor in the proper direction. The destination ultimately arrived at is not always the one intended, but distances are not great and the sensation of original discovery, particularly in Algarve, is not to be underestimated.

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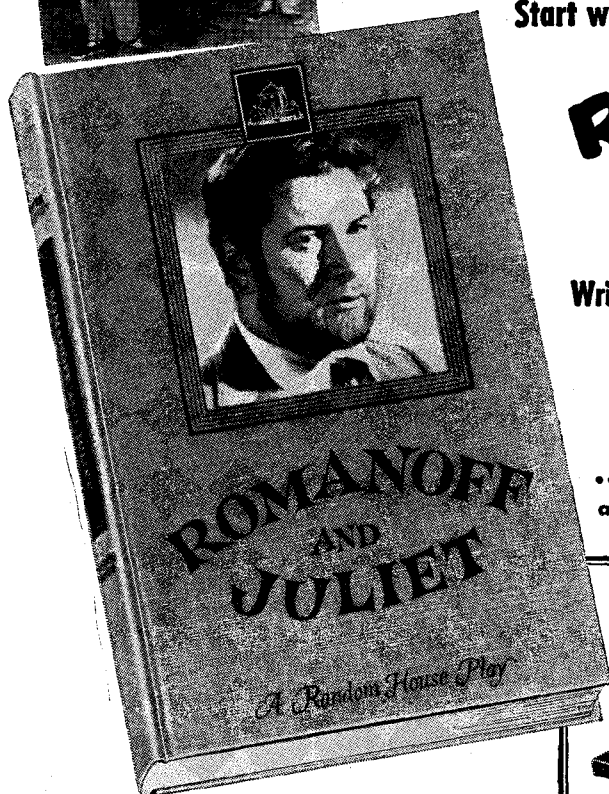
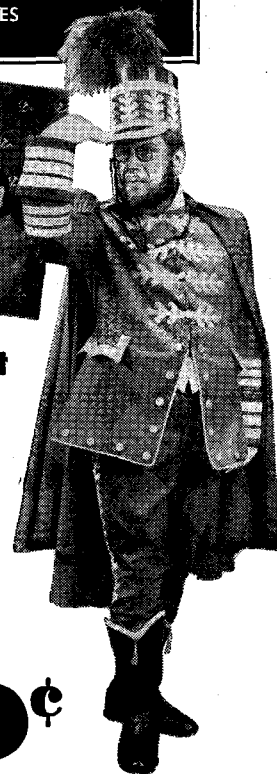
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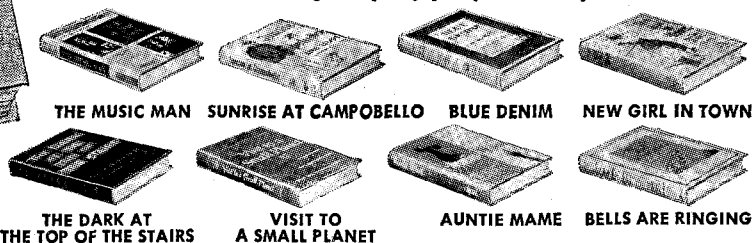
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